N-S EDITION

PICTORIAL REVIEW

15¢

NOVEMBER, 1922

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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RENEW PROMPTLY — The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW keeps on growing and growing. We have use for every copy we print these days. Therefore please send your renewal promptly and give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

Am I My Sister's Keeper?

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

MORE than twenty-six thousand strikes within the past ten years! That is America's appalling record of industrial disharmony. These strikes have directly involved more than eighteen million people. Millions of dollars wasted. Millions of hours of productive labor lost. Millions of women miserable and desperate. Millions of children hungry and cold.

But what has that to do with me? You ask. I am a modern woman, very busy with my family, my church, and my club. *Am I my sister's keeper?* You resent the intrusion, and your bridge-game goes on.

Yes, there's the rub. Most of us are using our clubs and our churches as shock-absorbers. We listen to a speech on peace, and we think we have done something to prevent war. We pass a resolution condemning the waste of child life in the factories and fields, and we feel satisfyingly altruistic. We put an impressive bank-note in the collection-plate, and we glow with virtue over the act.

Have We Risked Anything?

AND how trivial and futile these things are when compared with the tragic business in hand! Out there storms are raging and ships are sinking. Have we plunged in to save? Have we risked anything to help? No, we stand safely on the shore and toss pebbles in the waves!

Down in the coal-fields of West Virginia a woman indulges in a wanton extravagance. She spends a penny for a newspaper to read hope in the head-lines about the strike. *But the rats are leaving the mines, and the last time the rats left, the mines were closed for six months.* How uncanny is their sense of prophecy! She figures that the rats are as likely to be right as the newspapers.

She stirs the last cup of oatmeal, and wonders how long she can stay up before the new baby comes!

But remember this. For every innocent sufferer in the coal-fields there will be a thousand in the crowded city tenements, the hospitals, and the schools. That strike bill has got to be paid—not by capital or by labor, but by you and me in the price of baby-shoes and butter and coal.

Yes, we *are* our sisters' keepers. Strikes are our business, and we can not escape their consequences any more than we can escape the consequences of a bomb-explosion in our own basement. The tariff is our business—decidedly so! It is our business what goes on in allied conferences in Genoa and The Hague; how the reparations question is settled.

We can't ignore great national and international issues if we will. The challenge has been thrown out to us. We must meet it. Now the acid test is about to be applied.

"A new political instrument is now available," says Mr. Felix Frankfurter; "it is the women's vote." He is speaking in connection with the recent decision of the Supreme Court invalidating the Federal Child Labor Law. Mr. Frankfurter puts it squarely up to women in general and to the League of Women Voters in particular to take the matter in hand. He sees the need of better civic understanding of these fundamental questions and a strong will to do something about them.

Mr. Frankfurter says, "Why should not the League of Women Voters in every State make it the order of the day to put a wise child labor law upon the statute-books of every State and—what is almost everywhere forgotten—an adequate corps of inspectors in the field for its enforcement? What possible competition for the woman interest *in action* can there be to that of securing a wholesome and just child life? If the women should will it, not only would child labor be prohibited by paper legislation, but the enforcement of such laws, and an environment fit for children to be born into and to grow up in, would quickly become the possession of every State in the Union. Indeed, the States would furnish competition, not in child labor, but in child welfare."

There is the challenge. How are we women going to answer it? These questions can not be disposed of through the reading of a paper or two at a club-meeting or two. We are always looking for ready-to-wear opinions.

The editor of a well-known literary magazine accuses us of wanting to know things, but he says we are "yet below the intellectual level necessary for reading, as shown by the enormous vogue of popular lecturers on current events." Listen to him: "The thirsters after audible information, who are usually women because they have more leisure to learn, would certainly be better off if they could absorb the thoughts of half a dozen persons instead of one. To start a newspaper in New York or Chicago is a matter of several millions of dollars; 'hire a hall' costs next to nothing, and the expense could probably be met, for, curiously enough, the same persons who object to paying a few cents for much carefully sifted information printed on paper will cheerfully pay two dollars to hear far less of the same thing badly and inaccurately delivered."

So there we are! Editors and various statesmen are saying that women must get down to basic things.

Certainly we have fumbled and stumbled along in the fringe of public affairs long enough. We have a feeling that it takes great skill and knowledge and gigantic brain-power to tackle the problems that men are tackling. This is not true. We are just as capable of understanding these things as men are. We've simply never tried to understand them.

The New Teacup Diplomacy

AND we will not have to adopt masculine methods, for *men have adopted our methods*. Formerly world affairs were discussed and settled through diplomatic notes, passed, with great ceremony, from one group to another. The War brought in a new system—diplomacy by conference. Now we have diplomacy of the teacups and the golf-links! And in these realms we are quite at home.

Mr. Lloyd George of England and M. Briand of France play a game of golf at Cannes—and lo! the papers next day record a change in the international situation. A few months later Mr. Lloyd George of England and M. Poincaré of France have tea together in Downing Street, and presto! another international conference is called. The glow of a new hope spreads over a worried old world!

So we don't have to stop playing bridge. We only have to stop gossiping over it and take up the discussion of great affairs.

Let us remember then that we *are* our sisters' keepers. That so long as any innocent women and children suffer in the coal-mines or the railroad-centers or the industrial world, there is something for us to think about, something for us to do. Just as women, working with men, have done much to bring statesmen to see that arbitration is the sane method of settling international disputes, and that war is hideously cruel and appallingly expensive, so women can convince labor and capital that there must be some way of settling honest differences except by strikes.

We *are* our sisters' keepers!

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FORTY-NINE MARRIAGE LAWS, NO TWO ALIKE

No Wonder Individual Lives Are Wrecked and the American Home Is in Danger of Being Undermined—The Second Article in Our Campaign for a Uniform National Law

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

THE movement for Better Marriage Laws inaugurated by PICTORIAL REVIEW had already been indorsed by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Federation of Professional and Business Women, the League of Women Voters, and the foremost leaders of thought and activity, both women and men. In our December issue will be an expression of opinion of great importance.

IN a city of South Carolina, about ten years ago, a girl of fourteen and a boy of eighteen were married. Their parents had consented, making it all right with the law. Four years later the wife was unfaithful to her marriage vows. His self-respect bade the husband leave her. South Carolina has no divorce law, and as he was just a day-worker and it took money to go to another State for a divorce, he had to be content with a legal separation, which signified that this boy of twenty-two could never, within his own State, enjoy Everyman's heritage of a home and a family.

He was a hard-working boy and human, and romance often called to him with the high, beguiling pipe of youth. As a married man no "nice" girl would have more than a passing word with him. And this meant that instead of the joyousness of youth's call to youth, he was doomed to the grayness of isolation.

After a time his work took him to another town in the same State. No one knew him there, and he went about a lot with the young people. The inevitable happened. He fell in love.

Now, altho South Carolina does not permit divorce, it does recognize concubinage by a law which limits the amount of money a man may leave his concubine. Some such expedient might have presented itself to this boy if he had been that sort. He was not. He wanted a wife and a home and babies. The law of his State said he could not have them.

And then he did a very cruel thing—not because he was consciously cruel, but because he was young and impulsive and desperate, and he thought no one would ever find out about his past. He married the girl he loved and who loved him.

Their lives were ideal for several years. Two babies, a boy and girl, were born to them. Their little home was just about paid for, when one night as they were leaving the movies they came face to face with the boy's first wife. The next day he was arrested for bigamy. The girl he loved, the mother of his children, could not believe it of him. Neither could the neighbors, nor the man for whom he worked. He had always been so faithful and steady.

The case against him was proved. He is serving a prison term. The second wife stands firmly by him and is working to support her babies. When his penalty is paid they will sell their home, go to another State, get a divorce, after which they can be legally married. In her own State she may be his concubine without fear of the law, but she can not be his wife.

In Tennessee last Summer a girl of sixteen tried to commit suicide. She had been married three times—twice with consent of her parents, once without. In Tennessee there is no statutory provision regarding marriageable age with the consent of the parents, and the common-law ages of twelve for girls and fourteen for boys are recognized, while a boy or girl of sixteen may marry without the consent of parents or guardian. In this case, according to the authorities, the parents of this girl were not of normal mentality. Consequently the girl, too, was badly balanced. Deserted and without a home, she had asked to be sent to a public refuge. But she was married and did not come under the provision of the welfare laws. So she tried the only way out that the weak-minded know.

A WOMAN in New York, desiring a divorce and not wishing to cause a sensation by bringing suit on the ground of infidelity—the only ground recognized by the law of that State—went to Nevada, where she took up a residence of six months and got her decree on the ground of cruelty, the court awarding her the custody of the two children. She returned East, going to New Jersey to live. After a time she married again, having two more children by her second husband. As this was legal in Nevada she thought, of course, its legality would be recognized in all other States.

When she got her divorce in Nevada she had tried to follow the law of New York, which insists that when a resident of that State is the respondent in a divorce suit he must be served personally and given a chance to appear personally or to be represented in court when the suit is tried. But the law of Nevada says that if personal service is not possible then service by three months' publication is perfectly all right. Every time the wife, through her lawyers, tried to serve the husband in New York he was away on his yacht. Finally she was content with service by publication.

Everything might have been different had she stayed in New Jersey. But she and her second husband took the children and went for the Winter to New York. The first husband found this out, and instituted proceedings to have the divorce set aside on the ground that he had not been properly served. He won his suit, and his children were taken from their mother and given to him. In addition, she found herself in the position of a bigamist. Her divorce void, her second marriage must therefore be void, too. So they just packed up and went back to New Jersey, where they are legally man and wife and their children legitimate. Across the river in New York the wife is a bigamist and the children by her second marriage are illegitimate.

FOR sixteen years a woman of standing and integrity in Texas stood abuse and neglect from her husband. She was afraid if she got a divorce she would lose the custody of the children—that being the tendency of the Texas law. Through these sixteen years she had done all of the supporting, while he was a merry adventurer, coming home intermittently when his funds were low and there was no place else to go.

In order to avoid public scandal she paid out $70,000 for him, which he had fraudulently done away with. This almost ruined her business, which was her sole means of livelihood. So she brought suit for divorce. He asked for a jury trial and his petition was granted. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

The Markings on the Map Below Tell a Grim Story

¶ The numerals, coupled with the letter "D," indicate the number of grounds on which divorce is granted.

¶ "M" together with numerals, indicates the ages at which a young couple can marry with parental consent. For example, "M 12—14" means that a girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen can marry with this consent. Where "M" is absent, the marriageable ages with parental consent are 16 and 18.

¶ "L" together with numerals, means the ages at which a couple can marry without parental consent. Where "L" is absent, the legal ages are 18 and 21.

¶ In the States of Washington and Georgia, the interrogation-point in place of the boy's marriageable age indicates that no age limit in his case is decreed by law.

¶ "O" means "interstate provisions," the State recognizing other States' laws in certain ways. Crossed circle means the absence of such provisions.

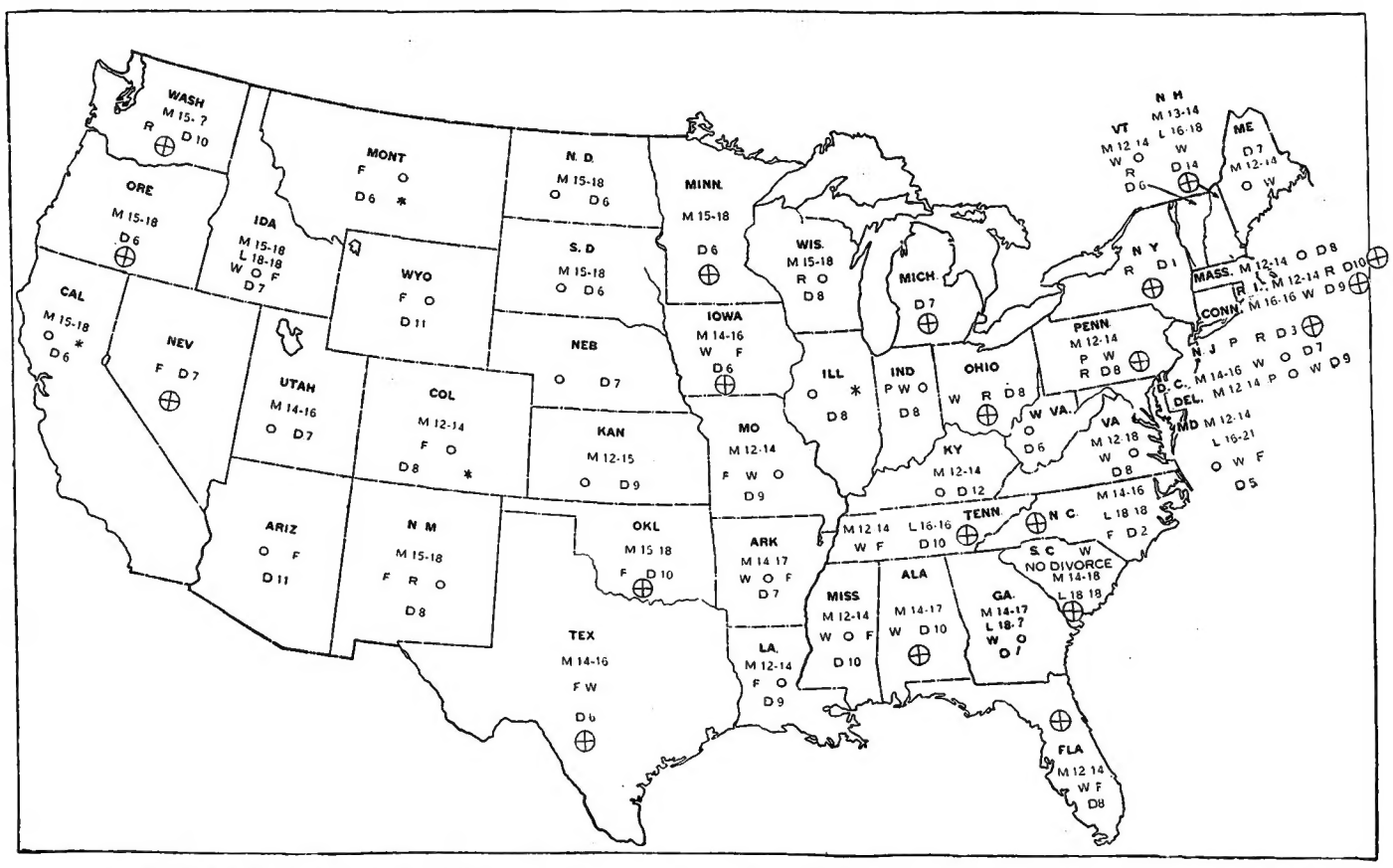
¶ "R" means that marriages between different races are legal.

¶ "W" signifies "Witnesses to the ceremony not required."

¶ "F" means marriage of the feeble-minded not forbidden.

¶ "P" means that paupers are forbidden to marry.

¶ The asterisk indicates "interlocutory decree," an interval required before second marriage.


WASH M 15-? R D10
ORE M 15-18 D6
CAL M 15-18 O D6 *
IDA M 15-18 L 18-18 W O F D7
NEV F D7
MONT F O D6 *
WYO F O D11
UTAH M 14-16 O D7
COL M 12-14 F O D8 *
ARIZ O F D11
N M M 15-18 F R O D8
N. D. M 15-18 O D6
S. D M 15-18 O D6
NEB O D7
KAN M 12-15 O D9
OKL M 15 18 F D10
TEX M 14-16 F W D6
MINN. M 15-18 D6
IOWA M 14-16 W F D6
MO M 12-14 F W O D9
ARK M 14 17 W O F D7
LA. M 12-14 F O D9
WIS. M 15-18 R O D8
ILL O * D8
MICH D7
IND P W O D8
OHIO W R D8
KY M 12-14 O D12
TENN M 12 14 W F L 16-16 D10
MISS M 12-14 W O F D10
ALA M 14-17 W D10
GA. M 14-17 L 18-? W O D/
FLA M 12 14 W F D8
S. C W NO DIVORCE M 14-18 L 18 18
N. C. M 14-16 L 18 18 F D2
VA M 12-18 W O D8
W. VA. O D6
PENN. M 12-14 P W R D8
N. Y R D1
VT M 12 14 W O R D6
N. H M 13-14 L 16-18 W D14
ME D7 M 12-14 O W
MASS. M 12-14 O D8
R. I. M 12-14 R D10
CONN. M 16-16 W D9
N. J P R D3
D. C. M 14-16 W O D7
DEL. M 12 14 P O W D9
MD M 12-14 L 16-21 O W F D5

MAP SHOWING A FEW OF THE MANY DISAGREEMENTS IN OUR MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAWS

Save this map for future reference. It shows in a pictorial way the desperate need of uniformity in these laws.

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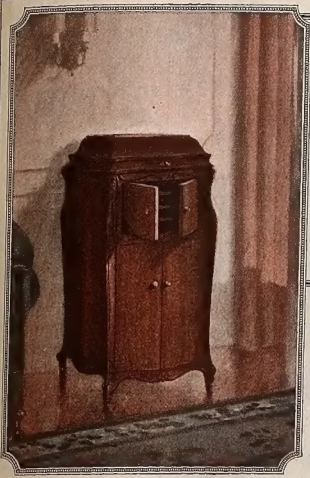

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Victor Talking Machine Company

Camden, New Jersey

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Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin —use Ivory

Teaching without words

LOVELY CHILDREN! What a struggle it seems, sometimes, to keep them so!

Yet mothers can give them a momentous start toward cleanliness and beauty — merely by suggestion and example.

We know one understanding mother who teaches cleanliness by this simple plan:

> She talks about how good it makes *her* feel to be clean. She leaves her *own* cake of Ivory Soap where the children can easily reach it. And she leaves other cakes *wherever* they wash.

This mother knows how quick youngsters are to imitate, and she finds that these cakes of Ivory do their gentle, but thorough, cleansing with hardly a word from her to the children.

Ivory is the nicest soap you can imagine for your children and for you. It *cleans safely* — that is what all soaps *should* do. And while it is *cleaning,* you experience with Ivory all the delightfulness of the seven most desirable qualities of fine soap — purity, mildness, whiteness, fragrance, rich lather, rinsing promptness, and "It Floats."

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size and form for every purpose.

Medium Cake

For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

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Especially for the washbowl washing of delicate garments. Sample package free on request to Division 10-K, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP
99 44/100 % PURE IT FLOATS

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Kathleen Norris Begins a Breezy Novel of Young Life and Its Temptations

Butterfly

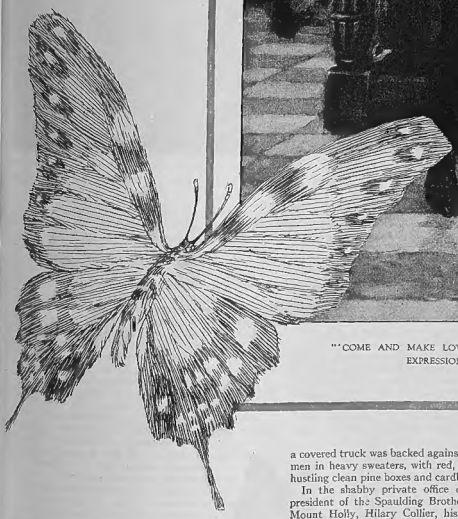
Our hosts of readers will welcome in this powerful new novel their long-time favorite, the immensely popular author of "The Love of Lucretia Lombard," "The Story of Julia Page," "The Beloved Woman"

by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
L. EVANS PARCELL

Complete in Four Instalments
Part One



"'COME AND MAKE LOVE TO ME, SOMEWHERE!' SHE LOOKED DOWN, WITH AN UNCHANGED EXPRESSION OF BOREDOM AND DISSATISFACTION UPON HER FACE"

THE dark November afternoon shut down upon the trampled and packed snow of the streets at about four o'clock. Lights began to show pinkish and yellowish in the windows of village shops, and such motor-cars as were moving upon the ice and slush that surrounded the car-tracks in great pools and wallows, showed wavering and moving lights in the twilight as well. At the curbs, on both sides, mud-spattered cars were standing at irregular angles. There was a gush of light from the side door of the grocery, a covered truck was backed against the sidewalk, and young men in heavy sweaters, with red, chapped, big hands, were hustling clean pine boxes and cardboard cartons to and fro.

In the shabby private office of John Spaulding, vice-president of the Spaulding Brothers Packing Company of Mount Holly, Hilary Collier, his secretary, was standing idly at the window, her eyes absently fixed upon the familiar bustle of a late Winter afternoon, in the street, her thoughts, as usual, many miles away. She had spent most of her twenty-three years in the little town; she liked it, but she never seemed to herself to belong here. Beyond Burlington, beyond Camden, lay the great world, and Hilary knew that her destiny, as her mother's before her, lay somewhere out there in the unknown.

Meanwhile she was content. The years had been very kind to her since that other November day when, in her sixteenth year, newly fatherless, frightened and doubtful, she had come to old John Spaulding with a half-trembling and half-dignified plea for work—any kind of work. She had had only a few thousands in the world; and there was Dora! Dora was only eleven years old; Dora must be educated for the great destiny ahead of her.

John Spaulding had not realized then exactly what a treasure stood before him in this eager, untrained girl. But he had known at once that he could use Miss Collier somewhere and somehow. She was not the usual type of work-seeking woman in any way.

So Hilary, shaking and anxious to please, came into the packing-rooms as checker, made friends, was promoted, acted in this capacity and that cheerfully, always successful and always climbing, until finally she found herself here, in this shabby, stove-heated office that was yet the holy of holies, the vice-president's own sanctum; found herself his friend, his wife's friend, popular among all her fellow employees, and—miracle of miracles!—able to take care of herself and Dora with none of those racking periods of

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misgiving and strain that she had feared would mark the opening years of her business career.

It did not seem to her the achievement that it might have seemed to many a girl of her age, because so much greater achievements lay still ahead. This was but the first step; the hardest, perhaps, but by no means the most daring. The next step, sketched to her seven years ago, in her father's fading voice as he lay dying, was by far more important.

"When Dora is eighteen or twenty," Bronson Collier had whispered, "you must get away then, Hilary. She'll have had all her groundwork by that time—she'll have her wings—take her where they can teach her to fly!"

The echo of the passionate, anxious words had been Hilary's creed for all these seven years. Dora must have her groundwork; she must grow into girlhood, strong and well; she must write a gentlewoman's pretty letter; she must read French and German, know something of history and art. And of music she must know much; work not only with her mother's violin, but with the piano, with composition and orchestration, with every history of music that Hilary's loyal eagerness could find for her in the old catalogs and lists of the world. For to Dora had descended the genius that had made her beautiful French mother known, at twenty, as one of the *violonistes* of her day. "Sabine Charpentier" was only a memory, vague and sweet, to her little daughter Dora, but Hilary remembered their mother well, and she felt herself the torch-bearer between the gifted mother and the gifted child.

How their father, a dreamy, impractical, despondent putterer in the world of music, had ever won Sabine from the brilliant opening of her career, was always a mystery to Hilary. Bronson Collier was a Bostonian, stranded in Munich, when they met. He had been discontentedly and desultorily connected with various orchestras there as pianist; he was the possessor of considerable musical knowledge and some technical skill, but warmth and magnetism were lacking in his work as in his nature.

Why the gentle, enthusiastic, lovely Sabine loved him perhaps she herself never could say. For his sake she abandoned her art; there was a quiet wedding, there were some years of unsuccessful work abroad, and then they returned to America, where they tried to teach; Bronson darkly gloomy with his piano pupils, his girlish wife distressed and uncertain in her dealing with the few who came to her for work with the violin. In Philadelphia they starved; they moved a few miles away, to Mount Holly.

Meanwhile children came; first the sturdy and spirited Hilary, who seemed to both mother and father a miracle of beauty and charm; and then, three years later, a son. The boy was always delicate, needing care, and causing them an infinite anxiety even in the midst of troubled and uncertain financial prospects. These two were born in France; Dora came when Hilary was five and Bronson two years old; came to dreary, little, cramped rooms in Philadelphia, where the family struggle for existence was complicated by the bitter Winter weather and by her brother's rapidly failing health.

There was an epidemic of baby sicknesses that year; presently the Colliers left the cruel big city, and the little grave of their only son, behind them, and took the dancing Hilary and the staring baby into the friendlier atmosphere of the little New Jersey village. But some of the bitter cold of that terrible Winter had crept into the mother's heart, never to melt or thaw again.

The woman who had been Sabine Charpentier ten years ago lay quietly on a couch in the dim, little parlor of the Mount Holly house; sometimes her white hands reached for the beloved, slim, dark body of the Amati, but for the most part she made no effort, merely watching the other lives about her, with dim and smiling eyes.

Hilary brought her mother April violets and the year's first plume of delicate lilac-bloom. Hilary practised dutifully at the old square piano; her clever little fingers rippled through Schubert's dances and Chopin's études; when she was ten years old she composed for her mother a little étude of her own. Sabine's white face was wet with tears as she embraced the little musician passionately; Bronson wasted a few of his precious dollars in having the music published.

AND then, slow of growth, but bursting upon them with all the sudden glory of a miracle, came the wonderful thing that was to influence all of Hilary's life, and send her mother, and, when his turn came, her father, contentedly enough into the life beyond. This was Dora.

Dora had always been a beautiful child, obedient, winning, full of enchanting animation and vivacity, and she had shown an odd interest in music even in her baby days. She lisped in musical terms, and to Sabine's hummed nursery airs Dora supplied a wavering alto at two years. She called the notes of the piano various colors; long before most children know colors at all Dora was calling C blue and G orange; she never confused them.

She played little duets with Hilary when she was not quite four, and one day Bronson, giving a lesson, discovered to his amazement that the baby could name every note in the scale with her eyes shut. Sabine listened to her youngest-born tenderly, almost reverently, when Dora, in imperfect baby chatter, explained that some of the notes were like velvet and some like satin and that the deep bass-notes were like the heavy black fur on father's old coat-collar.

Long before this the child had picked up her mother's violin, struggling patiently and intelligently toward harmony with the awkward big bow and the difficult strings. At four she stood graceful and erect before the little audience of three, her mane of fair, straight hair falling upon her slender shoulders, her brown eyes serious, her lips twitching as do the lips of the great violinists when the beloved instrument is held close between cheek and shoulder.

Sabine was dying then, and knew it; but from that hour she was resigned to die. The genius that had been hers lived again in this child that was dearer than her own life; it remained now but to cherish and feed the sacred flame.

She consigned her child to Bronson, and for the remaining years of his life, only seven years, after all, he was passionately loyal to her trust. He watched and guarded and guided the child's developing gift, and Hilary watched and guarded them both. The very definiteness and energy of her father's absorption in Dora brought him a sort of prosperity at the end; every one knew of the little Collier girl, and her extraordinary promise, and there was a general tendency to forgive her father his oddities, and appreciate his musical thoroughness and fervor at last.

Pupils came to the little brick house, if only to have the youthful prodigy, with her mane of hair and her famous violin, introduced when the lesson was done.

Dora was eleven years old when Bronson suddenly died. He died with Hilary, who was sixteen, kneeling beside him, her astonishing babyhood fulfilled, and Hilary, looking down the street, dimming in the bleak Winter twilight, could see the still lighted windows of the bank where the money that was to take Dora and herself to Europe, next year, was safely waiting.

And finally, to set this train of reminiscent thought in motion, her eyes had only to move in a certain direction to find the picture of a young man boldly displayed upon a poster in the darkening street: a young man who was represented with a violin upon his shoulder. Under him, in large, clear print, were the words: "Konrad Kronski. First Appearance in America. Philadelphia, Evening of December Third."

HILARY had watched some men pasting the poster on the fence an hour ago. She had never seen Kronski; she had not known until then that he was in America. But a letter, written to him, was in her hand at this moment, ready for the post.

That was the way with her life, she reflected, almost awestruck with gratitude for the suddenly vouchsafed guidance, as she turned back into the dusky office, touched the light, and went to sit down again at her desk. She had

"'WHEN DO YOU COME TO ME FOR SOME REAL WORK?' KRONSKI SAID. 'YOU'LL TEACH HER—YOURSELF—!' CRAIG SAW THAT HER LASHES WERE WET WITH HAPPY TEARS. 'WE'LL SAIL IN EARLY SUMMER.

been wondering for months how the next great change was to come about. Were she and Dora simply to pack up their clothes and rent the house and go away into the unknown? Was that safe?

Dora was fast developing; young men were beginning to admire her. The girl was restless, too, discontented and vaguely dissatisfied—Hilary knew that temperament well! Dora could not always seem to realize, as Hilary did, that theirs was a great destiny. Dora wanted to go to parties, to wear pretty frocks, to have good times. Hilary knew that the time was coming, and coming fast, when she must act or fail.

And now, like a guiding star in the East, had come this man's name out of her past, the name her father had mentioned with his dying breath. She was to take Dora to Kronski—Kronski would advise them! And time had brought Kronski into her reach.

To-night she would look through old letters, find what she could in his mother's writing to her mother, and make sure her claim, so that when she saw him, as she intended to see him, she would know exactly how to reach him. The letter she had written him told him of the old friendship, told him that she and Dora would be at the concert, asked him if they might bring the Amati, and if after the concert he would listen to Dora. She had come to work this morning somewhat worried and puzzled; now all was clear. Kronski could not but be impressed by her exquisite "Butterfly," as she almost always called her little sister; perhaps he had a kind wife; perhaps they would all go back to Europe together—!

An unseen door slammed. She went into the outer office expectantly. John Spaulding's nephew was expected to-night from New York; he was to spend some time in Mount Holly with his uncle and aunt. She knew him only as a great favorite with his uncle, as indeed with

Standing here, in John Spaulding's office seven years later, Hilary smiled, remembering all this. Poor, little, courageous fool of a girl of sixteen, how gallantly she had ridden at her windmills!

Dora was eighteen now, with all the musical promise of her youth a great favorite with his uncle, as indeed with

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every one. Echoes of his business ability came from the New York office; and hints of his social successes Dora sometimes found in the daily papers or the illustrated weeklies. He had earned a captain's commission early in the War, and had acquitted himself creditably in France. To Hilary, as to every one else in the Spaulding factory, he seemed one of the most important persons in the world.

Hilary had seen him several years ago, when she was a humble, little filing-clerk, and he a handsome, serious youth of twenty-five, walking through the packing-plant between his father and uncle, his groomed appearance, his well-cut homespun clothes, and his ready, clear voice in striking contrast to the busy young men and women who watched him silently from above their cutting-tables, packing-machines, and ledgers.

He met their eyes with a friendly, interested look from his open wide-open gray ones; he was not more than the average height, squarely built, with thick, close-cropped light-brown hair. They all knew that his father was Rodney Spaulding, head of the firm, and that this boy would inherit the lion's share of both the New York and New Jersey plants some day. Old John Spaulding had two daughters, both with wealthy husbands. It was inevitable that young Craig

HILARY FALTERED, TRYING TO LAUGH. SHE TOLD HIM, POSITIVELY"

Spaulding should succeed to both his father's and uncle's control and management of the business.

Uncle and nephew came together into the office; Hilary stood up for an introduction. Craig Spaulding was just as she remembered him, a little older, a little sterner, perhaps. His voice and his quick, finished speech were delightful. His eyes were keen, but full of an engaging friendliness that disarmed resentment; his clothes, even this village girl could see, were perfection. The big, dark-red coat was belted, the big gloves were a greenish yellow, the hat had at the back a small flat bow that Hilary had never seen on any other man's hat and was tilted at an angle an inch or two more daring.

Craig saw, against a background of ink-spattered letter-files and bundles of old papers, the harsh electric lights falling full upon her, a graceful, well-built girl whose face was oddly and inexplicably bright. Her hair, clinging close to her head in rich waves and heavy braids, was reddish brown; her eyes were a clear, surprizing blue, and she had an unexpected mouth—a mouth that looked rather wide and grave when she was serious, but that had a great and irregular charm when she smiled. She wore what she had worn almost as a uniform for three or four years, but he did not know that. He did not even analyze the simple frock of dark-blue corduroy velvet, with the plain collar of dark, creamy lace, but he thought that he liked her and her dress; there was something quaint and honest and interesting about them both.

"You've met my nephew before?" said John Spaulding, his face rosy with cold air and exercise, his frosty old blue eye kindly. "Sorry to keep you here, but the train was late, and then we had to go up to the house to see the boy's aunt. I think it's a little late to go over things to-night; suppose we put it off until to-morrow?"

Hilary looked at him respectfully, deferentially.

"Just as you decide, Mr. Spaulding."

"Boys have pretty well gone home, haven't they?"

"I imagine so." Hilary glanced at her wrist-watch. "It's just five," she said.

A shrill whistle, outside in the gloom of the yard, confirmed her. Young Spaulding and his uncle and Hilary looked out of the side window. It gave upon a large yard, bounded by various sheds and doorways; upon these and upon the churned black mud under-foot several bright lights were shining. The doorway of one long building opened, and the employees began to stream out in groups of twos and threes, punching a time-clock as they came.

"That whistle is the signal for teapots to be filled, all along Spaulding Street!" the old president of the plant said in genial satisfaction.

"I like to see them come out like that," Hilary said somewhat timidly. "It reminds me of something. I don't know what!" She spoke mildly, merely trying to be polite.

"Of what?" Craig Spaulding asked, with his accurate, sharp, and yet kindly manner.

"Well," she stammered, a little startled, "I was thinking of—of Russia, and of some place in England, I imagine—where the lights, and the wet, dark yard, and the people streaming along, were like that!"

"You know Russia?" Craig asked crisply.

"I remember Moscow, when I was five," Hilary answered briefly.

"But we don't want our factory to resemble those places!" he said, seriously. "It seems to me that that yard could be floored."

"The trucks would chew it to pieces in no time!" old John said, pleased with his interest. "But now that you're here, we'll do great things!"

"They all prefer to cut across the yard, because it gives into Washington Street," Hilary explained shyly. "They could go 'out the Market Street door."

Craig listened to her attentively. When she had finished he gave her a sudden smile, his sober face changing pleasantly as he did so.

"A short cut to those teapots!" he suggested to his uncle. Old Spaulding assented jovially: it was a great delight to him to have "the boy" here. Craig's coming had caused quite a stir in the nicest social set of Mount Holly, and the Spauldings, whose daughters were married and gone from home, enjoyed the little excitement.

Even now the telephone rang peremptorily. Mrs. Cutler White expected her daughter and some young friends from college for a house-party next week-end. Was Mr. Craig Spaulding there? Might she just say "Welcome home!" and ask him if he could join them?

Hilary handed him the telephone gravely; she liked his abstracted, almost annoyed expression as he politely snubbed the ubiquitous Mrs. White. He expected to spend almost all his Sundays in New York with his parents, he said pleasantly.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, half humorously, when the conversation was over, hanging up the receiver, and looking pathetically at his companions.

"You'll have a good deal of that, my boy!" his uncle warned him.

"Well, now, let's see. What's this office, Uncle John?"

"This we call the outer office.' Mine opens from this, you see. Old Kraut—you remember our manager, old Kraut?—has his desk here, and Miss Collier sits here, and protects me from the Black Hand and the evil eye——"

"Telephone-calls go through her?" Craig asked, smiling.

"Always!"

"Ah, well, then," he said, in relief, "all I need do is enlist the kindly aid of Miss Collier. Kind as she looks, I imagine she can be a martinet! And, as soon as I am really started here, I shall instruct her to give me no social calls of any description. How about that, Miss Collier?"

"That can be easily managed," Hilary said, capably. Her heart was beating in pleasant excitement. It would be a delightful variation of the dull office routine to have this interesting person here in the old factory and to feel that business would give them an inevitable friendship.

"Miss Collier is a very extraordinary person, Craig," old John said amiably. "We're going to lose her, one of these days, like all the rest of the good ones!"

Hilary, smiling, with hot cheeks, realized that this little introduction of the personal did not especially interest Craig, and she wished that her garrulous old employer would hold his peace.

"She takes her little sister abroad to study music in a year or two," John Spaulding went on. "Extraordinary child!"

CRAIG looked kindly at Hilary, and she saw, with a rush of gratitude, that he perfectly appreciated that the introduction of her own affairs was none of her doing.

"I suppose of course that it was something else," he said, with his keen look.

"Oh, no—no—no! I don't imagine Miss Collier has much use for the Mount Holly boys!" his uncle laughed. And then immediately they were all talking business in a most businesslike way. Craig would come down in the morning; Hilary would please tell Hubert to bring in the desk and fix the lights. The young man and his uncle would go over everything at ten o'clock, and so on.

"Sorry to have kept you, Miss Collier," said her employer. "The train was late, and I thought we might go over that invoice from Goldbaum to-night. Good night!"

Hilary echoed their cheerful good nights, and went through the darkened, abandoned offices with a singing heart. She locked the coat-room, let herself out past the watchman, at a side door, and turned off into the quiet little back street that had been her own personal world since childhood. She had to pick her way; there was treacherous slush under-foot, and here among the big trees and decorous old brick walls the street-lights did not help very effectively. She knew all these houses, and the people in them; she and Dora had their favorites among the old pink and cream brick buildings, admired this old Revolutionary balcony or that gracious line of side wall.

The girl was thrilling as she hurried home in the cold dark, and was annoyed to feel herself thrilling, to the memory of those last few minutes of talk with Craig in the outer office. It would be good to get home, and begin to toast the croutons, and tell Dora the great news of Kronski. Nothing could be more ridiculous than that Hilary Collier should allow her thoughts to linger even a moment upon the personality of Craig Spaulding.

He was rich; he was—even Hilary could see it!—supremely a man of the world. He was probably engaged at this minute to some girl of his own type, some rich and lovely creature who moved in an atmosphere of perfumes and furs and violets and great, softly lighted drawing-rooms.

She came to her own gate; a narrow gate in an old brick wall. Her little home was a tiny brick building of four rooms. It stood, a graceful little wing, beside a shabby big house. Both were of creamy brick, mellowed by the snows and Summers of nearly two hundred years. It would be good to get inside to warmth and rest and Dora.

HOW his phrases and tones came back to her! There had been few men in her busy life; never one like this one. So strangely potent is the first hint of sex in a girl's heart that his casual words, tossed into Hilary Collier's full and ordered life, were enough to distress her. Kronski's coming marked, she knew, a crisis in her life. Yet here she was, her mind working busily along an entirely new line of thought like that of any one of the foolish village girls in the factory, because old Spaulding's nephew, exiled for a few months from his clubs and his polo and his yachting, had deigned to draw her into a moment's careless friendship.

She felt within her a stern self-contempt as she opened the kitchen door.

The room was lighted; but the stove was cold and empty, and Dora was not in sight. Hilary felt a moment's check, then she crossed the floor, and looked into the larger room that was used as a sitting-room. There was darkness here, but she heard through it a sound that troubled her. She touched a light.

Yes, it was one of Butterfly's bad days; she was crying. Hilary instantly experienced a change of mood. All her serenity, all her cheerful anticipation vanished; Dora was blue. The older sister must rally herself, as she had done a thousand times before in the child's stormy life, to meet this demand. She must soothe and comfort her.

Flinging aside her hat and coat, she sank to her knees, and gathered the little form close in her embrace.

"Butterfly, dearest! What is it?"

Dora sat up, revealed a tear-wet face, raised shamed brown eyes to her sister, breathed deeply, and recovered something of her self-control.

"I didn't hear you! Is it five o'clock?" she faltered.

"It's after five. But, darling, what is it?"

Dora attempted carelessness.

"Oh, nothing!" she answered hardily.

"But, sweetheart, it's *something!*"

"No—nothing." Dora smoothed the little lace collar on Hilary's velvet gown, gulped, and smiled shakily. She kept her eyes on her own fingers. "You—you won't get your dinner until late, poor Hilary!" she said thickly.

"Oh, as if that mattered! But tell me why you were crying, Butterfly."

Dora sniffed, laid one arm about her sister's neck, and answered with a great weariness and filling eyes:

"Oh, I don't know. I get lonely!"

"Did you practise?"

"Yes, four hours. And all on that one passage!"

Hilary's eyes grew enlightened.

"Not that one cadenza?"

Dora nodded seriously.

"But—my darling!" Hilary cried, in deep relief. "No wonder that made you blue! A cold, bleak day like this, shut up in the house, struggling with that thing! I begged you at lunch-time to get out and walk—I thought you'd go out the Rancocas road, and perhaps see Miss Latimer! You poor little thing——"

"I don't know—I got thinking, Hilary," Dora said, in a quiet voice, her exquisite cheek against her sister's, their arms locked, "I got thinking how dull it is here in this little place. We never have any fun, you and I; we're always planning what we mean to do—but I'm eighteen now, and you're twenty-three, and here we are, stuck, just like poor old Miss Latimer or the Ertzes—nothing ever happens to us! I don't want to go abroad—when I'm old! I saw Gertrude Morrill go by to-day—she's too good to speak to me, of course, because my sister works in her grandfather's factory! But—I don't know," faltered Dora, with signs of breaking again, "I don't know, but she had on a big white woolly fur and one of those big-belted coats——"

"My darling, but you know that in a few years all this will seem the littlest place in the world to you," Hilary began patiently. "You'll know Paris, Butterfly, and Italy! You'll give concerts in London——"

Hilary's voice was eager, confident. The burden of such hours as ever came to them of depression and doubt she must carry alone.

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"You want to go with me to Paris, dear," she murmured soothingly. "Think of the big ship, Dora, and of going into some studio with your violin—" Suddenly she brightened, her tone grew secure. "And oh, Dora, wait until you hear the news! They were putting the posters up this afternoon. Kronski is coming! And you and I are going to meet him!"

Dora's beautiful, sulky eyes brightened eagerly.

"Mother's Kronski?"

"Yes, Konrad Kronski. He gives a violin concert in Philadelphia next month!"

"Oh, Hilary—and shall you write him?"

"I have," Hilary answered magnificently. Dora was obviously impressed. This was a high-handed way of dealing with the great.

"Hilary! But don't thousands of people write him?"

"THOUSANDS may," Hilary said serenely, getting to her feet and hanging up her hat and coat. She buttoned a big apron over her office dress, an unusual concession to fatigue. "But do you suppose that there is any one else in America who can say that his mother was her mother's intimate friend? You see, Butterfly, Kronski is our kind. If mother and dad were here, I don't doubt but that he'd come and stay with us!"

"Oh, Hilary Collier!" Dora exclaimed, in delighted amazement, setting the kitchen table neatly for two, "Kronski! Why, every one will be after him!"

"That's exactly what you don't understand," Hilary said, sticking cubed bread into a cold oven that smelled faintly of gas, to dry. "In Europe people don't go by money. He would come to us, to have mother talk to him about Warsaw, and all their friends there. And mother would have cooked for him just as she did for us, and they would have kept dashing in to the piano to try this thing and that, as they did when the famous Klingmann was here. You don't remember that, and he's dead now, anyway. And you don't know what that's like, Dora—what *fun* it is!"

The kitchen was warming now, and some heating soup smelled every instant more delicious. Hilary's face was aglow, and Dora was entirely restored to her usual radiance and happiness.

They sat down to supper—yesterday's macaroni and baked pears. Hilary had had early training in her mother's exquisite European thrift; meat rarely came into the Colliers' house, and there was rare baking of cake. Quite unconscious that she differed from the housekeepers all about her, Hilary had grown to womanhood feeling that a baked, mealy potato with butter, or a menu of Graham muffins with chocolate, was a deliciously satisfying meal. All Summer long their six little fruit-trees supplied Dora and herself with desserts, and all Winter long they were drawing upon the housewifely store of dried peaches and apples and vegetables in the cellar. They went over their accounts every month: three dollars to the butcher, seventeen to the grocer, something more than sixty left, when all was paid, for the bank, and felt themselves rich.

"Hilary, would Kronski come and dine with us?" Dora asked in the finished French they practised at all their meals.

"He might." Hilary scraped her bowl, looked thoughtful. "We could have the chowder, and cheese and rye bread from the delicatessen-store, and I'll make the almond-cake!" she reflected in a hospitable way.

"Oh, Hilary!" Dora exclaimed. For the almond-cake was always an event; a morning's careful work with nuts and chocolate and the old mortar and pestle.

"We'll go to the concert," Hilary decided, "and see him, first. Or perhaps he'll send us such a nice answer to my letter that we can ask him anyway."

Dora's deep eyes were full of content; events were moving at last. It was not until she and Hilary were finished with the few dishes, and the kitchen restored to order, that she came forth from her day-dream.

"Did Craig Spaulding come?"

"Yes," Hilary began, and stopped. Again that absurd little shudder of reminiscence went over her. Again she saw the big hand with the gloves, and caught the faint fragrance of fine linen and fine soaps that hung about this young man. And again she seemed to hear the deep voice.

"Well, what's he like?" demanded Dora.

"Oh—" Hilary roused herself. "Just what I remembered. He's better-looking; he looks hard and brown, rather."

"He plays polo," supplied Dora. "Do you like him?"

"I didn't think of liking him or not," Hilary said, sensibly going out to the ice-box, with the soup-kettle. She returned empty-handed.

The sisters settled down at the table in the sitting-room, took up their Italian grammars. An old Italian lady had moved into the neighborhood some three years ago, and Hilary had thought the opportunity too fine to be lost. She and Dora and Madame Checci could chatter easily now in the new tongue. There was no special need for it, might never be, but Hilary's zeal knew no bounds where Dora's education was concerned.

Two or three times she found herself looking dreamily up from her book. This was insanity, she told herself contemptuously. But the warmth of it ran deliciously, weakeningly, in her veins.

"Sis, how old is he?" Dora asked suddenly when they were undressing at half past nine.

"About thirty, I think!" Hilary answered, rather unguardedly.

"Konrad Kronski! I thought he was fifty!"

"Oh—oh, I see!" Hilary was utterly confused. "Oh, he's about twenty-eight," she amended hastily. "He was born before mother was married; she was quite young, studying in Vienna. It was before she met dad."

"He's young," mused Dora. "Whom did you think I meant?" she asked.

Hilary did not answer. She had washed her face and hands with warm water and soap, braided the thick, mahogany-colored hair, turned down the two beds, arranged her clothing neatly on a chair. But she went to sleep wondering why Craig Spaulding had never married. What sort of woman he admired.

Craig Spaulding came down to the office the next morning. He had a big desk in his uncle's room, as befitted the president's son and prospective owner of the plant, but he also had a desk in the outer office, where Hilary and old Kraut spent their days, and, in the beginning, there was hardly an hour when he did not refer to the girl for information.

"'THERE'S KRONSKI,' HE SAID SUDDENLY, ON THE VERY LAST NIGHT OF HIS LIFE. 'KONRAD KRONSKI—HE'S ONLY A BOY. BUT THEY SAY HE'S THE COMING VIOLINIST. HE'LL TEACH HER.'"

"She's remarkable; she ought to be in the city office," he told his uncle. "We'll have to do something about that trip to Europe!" But to Hilary he made no sign, except by his always ready, quiet smile of thanks and his respectful and appreciative manner. They worked together, side by side, day after day, and Hilary noted that his attitude toward her never changed from the pleasant, friendly aspect he had shown her on the very first night of their acquaintance.

But on her side this was not the case. She was bewildered by the persistence with which her thoughts played with the entirely improbable rôle of her being his wife. Whether his swivel-chair, and watched her idly with smiling eyes, to be most angry or most amused at herself she did not know; what she did know was that Craig must never have cause to suspect that his uncle's secretary, "like half the other idiot women of his acquaintance," Hilary phrased it in her thoughts, had fallen in love with him.

At least, Hilary supposed that what she felt was the process known as falling in love. She had had no other experience with which to compare it. His least word to her she remembered, and she eagerly gathered such crums as fell from the loaded table of his casual conversation.

He knew everything and every place and every one worth while, she thought. Writers, diplomats, prominent persons of all sorts were his friends. He was at home in the most exclusive houses; phrases about tennis, about books, about travel, as he uttered them, fascinated her.

Like many another pretty woman, Hilary grew actually beautiful in this time of hopes and dreams. She did not seriously analyze the situation herself; there was nothing to analyze. But Dora noted the change in her, the softness in her blue eyes, the glow on her cheeks, the loosened beauty of the rich, soft hair that Hilary had always kept so primly close and plain.

"Hilary, what's the matter with you?" Dora asked more than once.

"Matter?" Hilary would compose her dancing heart and dancing eyes into something like their old decorum.

"Yes. You didn't hear me! Did the tickets come?"

"The—? Oh, Kronski, of course. Yes, they came." But Hilary's smile still held behind it something that baffled Dora. It was as if the elder sister was meditating upon some delectable secret.

She had her bad times. There were hours when the obvious chasm between her lot and Craig's caused her the keenest depression. What an idiot she was to let herself enjoy this purely accidental propinquity! she would reflect. He knew dozens of girls—hundreds—who could offer him all that she could and a thousand times more! They haunted him, these fortunate, exquisite girls; they telephoned him from New York, included him in their plans. They bought glorious frocks at the avenue shops, chattered about concerts and riding-lessons; they were little triumphs of beauty and culture and sophistication and charm!

When he went to New York, as he frequently did on Saturday afternoons, Hilary was acutely unhappy and uneasy; and summon as she would all her old level-headed philosophy she could not laugh herself out of it.

Still, men did fall in love with girls, and marry them, she reasoned. And she was a gentlewoman, and her blood was as good as his own—

But what nonsense, what nonsense, what nonsense! Even had she had anything to build upon, any tender word or admiring glance from Craig, this would be rank treason to what all her life she had been building and planning, Dora, and Dora's trip, must come first. She could not indulge in any personal dream. She had nothing to encourage it. It must stop.

But it did not stop. Hilary was young; younger in this particular phase of her nature than are most girls of twenty-three, and she had never met a man of Craig's type before. She could only conceal her ridiculous day-dream, and trust that the passing of a few months would restore her to her usual common sense and effect a cure.

One icy afternoon, when Craig had been about three weeks in Mount Holly, they were alone in the office. Hilary had been quite aware of the situation all day as she went demurely about with invoices and correspondence; Craig had busied himself in the inner office, coming to her door only for an occasional inquiry or comment upon the work of the day. The sky had been lowering and bleak.

In the outer office Hilary's airtight stove was roaring, and the drop-lights in their dangling green cones made pools of rich light here and there. She was finishing her letters at half past four, when Craig came out of the inner office, lighted a cigaret, sat down comfortably at his desk, leaned back in

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"Pleasant about that Abbott matter, wasn't it?" he asked her when she had reached the stamping stage.

"Thrown out of court—yes; he had no case!" Hilary answered tranquilly, with her friendly smile. But her heart came to an odd stop, twisted, wrenched itself straight again, and went on at double speed.

"By the way, my uncle and aunt may go to that Kronski concert on Saturday night," Craig said suddenly. "I heard him in New York last week, you know. He made a tremendous hit."

"You told me," Hilary said, wishing desperately that she were one of the women who could always say something bright and unexpected.

"How do you go?" Craig pursued.

"On Saturday? We take the two o'clock train for Philadelphia, and have supper there," Hilary answered.

"And it's a great event for you and little sister?"

"OH, RATHER!" She must interest him, she thought, and not sit here answering him stupidly, like a person filling out a blank. "It's her career, you know," she ventured further. "My mother and my father had set their hearts upon Dora's success!"

"Yes, but what do you personally feel about it?" Craig asked, with his keen air of interest. "Do you think the child has the perseverance and patience?"

A week ago Hilary would have answered this with a rush of enthusiastic details. To-night she hated to remember the few words that had passed between them then.

Yet she did remember them, with a burning face. It had happened one afternoon when Craig, passing her desk, had looked at Dora's picture—the clumsy old graduation picture of Dora that made her look fat and hoidenish, and yet that recalled to Hilary all of Dora's beauty and charm!—and had asked carelessly:

"Where do you and this prodigy of yours keep yourselves hidden, Miss Collier?"

"In the cottage next to the old Carolan house—what they call the Carolan kitchen, down Sugarhouse Lane!" Hilary had answered, she hated to remember how readily.

"Why don't you come dine with us some night—we're all by ourselves—and let us play for you?"

"Thank you. That would be delightful!" Craig had said. But between his quiet words and her own, Hilary had had time to realize just the impropriety of such an invitation, and her heart had been sick within her. She was his uncle's employee; she knew his aunt, but she was not entering at the Spaulding house, nor did she move in the Spaulding set.

A town like Mount Holly is merciless in such small social distinctions; full consciousness of them flooded Hilary even as she spoke. How could he come to the little house in Sugarhouse Lane from the Spauldings' mansion, where Hilary was not invited and accepted?

Covered with miserable confusion, she had allowed the conversation to end with no suggestion of a definite date for the proposed dinner, and since that day she had burned with humiliation to realize that Craig had not reopened the subject.

So that to-day's little overture of friendship was more than normally welcome, and Hilary was on her guard to show no sign of anything in her manner not strictly in accordance with mere business civility.

"That is the only thing that ever worries me," she admitted now. "Dora. She's like my father, you know, and he was restless—moody."

This remark of Hilary's interested Craig acutely. "Tell me about that—not morbid?" he asked sympathetically.

"Morbid! Dora?" Hilary echoed cheerfully. "You never saw anybody so normal and so sweet-tempered most of the time! But that's just it," she added, knitting her forehead distressedly. "She's almost too normal. I want her to be a freak." Hilary confessed whimsically. "Freaks succeed. I don't want her—she's so pretty!—to fall in love with some man—" She suddenly recalled and interrupted herself; her tone flattened. "However, she won't!" she concluded smilingly.

"And suppose you do?" Craig asked, still watching her with his pleasant, interested expression. "You aren't supposed to sacrifice your whole life to your little sister, Butterfly, I suppose?"

"CRAIG STRUCK INTO THE WOODS. HE HAD ALMOST REACHED THE OYSTER-SHELL ROAD INTO RANCOCAS WHEN HE CAME UPON HILARY AND DORA COLLIER, MUDDY, ROSY, BREATHLESS"

"T-t-time to think of that when it c-c-comes!" stuttered Hilary.

"I don't know why it need be Europe, myself," Craig pursued, with interest. "We have some remarkable people in New York now—the War has driven hundreds of them to us. She could do just as well in New York with her music, I should think. And then—saying for the sake of argument that you married—" he smiled brilliantly, "it seems to me that you could do even more for her than you can now!"

"Perhaps so," Hilary answered, suffocating. She turned to her desk, opened a drawer, fumbled within it, and wheeled back to face him again.

"And, by the way, have you heard from Kronski?" the man asked suddenly.

"No, not yet," she answered serenely. But she and Dora meant to take the Amati into Philadelphia anyway; they would surely see him after the concert. "You see, his mother knew my mother," she reiterated confidently.

Craig, who knew something, he thought, of famous musicians and their demoralizing popularity, was not so sure. Better men than Kronski had ignored stronger claims.

He hoped that there was not a bitter disappointment in store for ardent, interesting Miss Collier, with her shining blue eyes and her demure little velvet dresses. She was rather non-committal to-night for some reason. That or some other cause made him unusually interested in drawing her out.

"Just what are your plans for Europe? Have you considered what it means?" he asked.

"To the last penny!" she laughed. "My sister and I have spent nights and nights and nights covering paper with calculations. My father told me that we should need about a thousand a year——"

"A YEAR!" Craig exclaimed. "A month, don't you mean?"

"Oh, hear him!" she said amusedly. "No, I mean a year. And I don't believe it'll be that in Germany, now. Then there's passage—another three hundred, for I sha'n't dare go actual steerage—altho I know we could, perfectly. But we'll go second. My father said that we needn't worry about more than three years— Butterfly—my sister will have concert work after that, even if I should sit around doing nothing! But I'm ready for four years, in case of sickness or some unexpected expense——"

"You mean you've got four thousand dollars saved?" Craig demanded.

"I will have more than that; almost forty-five hundred," she answered, proudly, a little ashamed of her practicability, and a little afraid, in this unsuspected first instant of his real admiration of her as an individual, that she might be losing some vaguely defined glamour or charm in his eyes.

"You—but how much of it have you saved?" Craig demanded.

"Well, almost all. My father left insurance, but then we hadn't finished paying for the house when he died. I had to go on with that. And Butterfly was ill, and I had to pay old Mrs. Poett twenty-two dollars a month for—oh, for years. She took care of us, and the house——"

"But—but what does my uncle pay you, in the name of all that's sensible?"

"I came in at seven dollars a week—just fruit-season extra help, you know. But then they kept me on at forty a month, and then at fifty."

"Which you could not live on?" he said.

"Which of course we could and did live on!" Hilary answered, amused.

Craig continued to regard her, absorbed.

"And now we are paying you—" he said.

"Oh, now! Forty a week," she told him proudly.

That was all. Craig made some rather non-committal comment, looked at his wrist-watch; Hilary glanced at her own. Five o'clock and she must go home to Dora, she thought. Five o'clock, thought Craig, and he must get home to dress for that accursed dinner at the Dwyers', twenty-two miles away.

But Hilary was content. To-morrow was the great date of the Kronski concert; and to-night she and Craig Spaulding had approached something nearer friendship than they had ever known. Life, she thought, could be very wonderful!

Her contented generalities rapidly developed into definite details; there was a great deal to do about costumes for to-morrow. Dora met her at the door with a bright and eager face.

"Hilary, tell me—must you go to the office to-morrow?"

COMPUNCTION, almost shame, smote Hilary. She had planned to ask for a holiday to-morrow, the better to prepare for the afternoon's excitement. And she had not quite forgotten it.

"Why don't you *take* it?" Dora urged, seeing the look on her face. "Oh, go on! Old Kraut wasn't there to ask, and Mr. Spaulding is in Philadelphia. Craig Spaulding won't care—he's going to Bermuda anyway next week with the Vanderworts!"

"Who said he was?" Hilary asked, her heart turning to lead.

"Maude Underwood did—I met her in the post-office. She said that he was simply crazy about young Mrs. Reggy Vanderwort, even before she was married——"

"Oh, gracious, I wish people wouldn't talk to you that way, Butterfly!" Hilary exclaimed. Dora's bright face grew a little rosy; she looked hurt.

"Maude said that Craig Spaulding gave a big dinner at some New York club when he was in town last week—" Dora pursued, innocently. A perfectly unreasonable ache of jealousy seized Hilary; she wished to hear no more. To put on her old gingham kitchen dress and begin to putter with bowls of cold rice and icy, sticky stewed prunes seemed almost a physical impossibility to-night.

Meanwhile Craig had gotten himself into irreproachable evening wear, and shaken himself into his big, fur-lined coat, and set forth into forbidding darkness to drive the long miles between his home and his dinner. The Dwyers were enormously wealthy friends from New York, who had a country place near Philadelphia, where they occasionally gave Winter house-parties, inviting—as Craig well knew—a decidedly mixed crowd of the younger social set, the older crowd, his own crowd, of visiting Englishmen, Frenchmen,

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and Italians, of writers, actors, dancers, and notabilities generally, and trusting, as Mrs. Dwyer amiably and stupidly phrased it, "that after dinner, you know, when we've all had something to drink, you know, things'll kind of warm up!"

Amiability and stupidity were indeed the characteristics of his hostess to-night: altho Nettie Dwyer had been a lean, uneducated, fiery little variety-hall dancer thirty years ago. She had worn the coquettish tights and tipped sailor-hats of the middle nineties' vaudeville with entrancing grace. With her aid she had captured young Cyrus Bigelow Dwyer III., a heavy-headed, supremely dull-looking youth whose thick, full mouth was permanently half opened in a vacuous laugh.

Nettie had borne him children, had discovered her ancestors, had developed unsuspected deeps of snobbishness, and had put on some hundred and fifty pounds in thirty years. Cyrus III. could not approve of all her methods, but he considered her extremely brilliant. He thought their life of travel, of rushing and laughing and buying and shouting and eating and drinking an infinite improvement upon the lives his mother and aunts lived in old brick houses in Washington Square. They all turned their noses up at Net, he said, but Net had more brains than the whole boiling!

NET was now an immensely stout woman, with a red face under a beautifully dressed mahogany "transformation." She had a deep, harsh, humorous voice, fat fingers loaded with rings, and an uproarious idea of what constituted a good time. Her three slender, smart, colorless girls considered "m'ma" to be what they described as "the official extension of the limit," but under her insensitive guidance they lived unusually full lives.

All three had married young. Dorothy, the middle and plainest girl, was the wife of a prosperous New York broker, and had a little boy. Cissy, the oldest, was divorced from some Chicagoan that nobody knew much about, and had artistic ambitions, puttered in sculptor's clay, appeared in a moving-picture with professionals, and posed in her beautiful city studio in a succession of startling gowns, smoking incessantly, carrying on flirtations with all sorts of disreputable or questionable men, and under all her ventures worrying incessantly over the horrible possibility of getting fat like m'ma.

Violet, the youngest daughter, who had been for three years Mrs. Reggy Vanderwort, had always been Craig's favorite of the three. She was an extraordinarily thin, frail, polished little bit of humanity, with eyes that matched her name, with a self-confidence that nothing in life could shake, and with an unalterable and profound boredom as her chief characteristic. She had gone through the overwhelming ritual of a sensational society wedding as unmoved as the Vanderwort pearls themselves. Craig had watched her that day; the small dark, sculptured head bowed under masses of virginal filmy veils, the tiny foot cased in its shining satin slipper. He had studied the bridesmaids, the fashionable crush, the reporters, the strains of music, the perfumes and softly heated air, the Bishop all fatherly solemnity, the slanting snowy lines of thousands of Easter lilies, and outside the crowd, in the Spring sunshine of the avenue.

How cool, how lovely and detached and sure of herself she had been, beside poor Reggy, who, as usual, had had too much to drink, and beside her florid mother, of whom the same might be suspected! What a figure in the social life of the city little Mrs. Reggy had become!

Now there was already talk of trouble. Craig heard that she was staying with her mother and father for a while. He devoutly hoped, as his motor-lights at last picked up the pretentious house of stone, with its gargoyles and its Norman arches, that this was not so. She would be a great fool to throw over the Vanderwort millions, Reggy or no Reggy.

A gush of light poured from the immense doorway. Men servants met him. Across the dim luxuriousness of the enormous entrance hall he could see dim, spacious rooms, and far beyond them, what seemed a quarter of a mile away, the figures of beautifully dressed women, and the black forms of men in evening dress, circling in a bright pool of light. Craig, perfectly at home here, made his way toward them.

His hostess immediately detached herself from the group. "Oh, for-Heaven's sake!" she said, with a sort of indulgent amazement, altho she had expected him, and he knew it. "Imagine you coming all this way a night like this!" And she introduced him to the distinguished-looking man to whom she was talking. "This is one of my boys, M'so' Packarr—Mr. Craig Spaulding!" she said.

CRAIG, shaking hands with Monsieur Pacquard, felt a certain disloyal amusement stir within him. He had chanced never to meet Mrs. Dwyer during all these years ago: she and her children had been in Europe all the years that he was a child. As for his mother and his Spaulding cousins, they were very conscientiously ignorant of her existence.

Now he was introduced as "one of her boys." No matter, he thought, turning to somb of the others. They all swarmed eagerly about him. Several rounds of cocktails had been served, and quiet maids in caps and aprons were passing more, and the tiny slices of paste-smeared toast, cut into hearts and shields and diamonds and clover-leaves that accompanied the cocktails. Cyrus IV. was there; the group about the enormous fireplace had been listening to his account of securing liquor straight through from a man in Montreal. Everybody had something to contribute to the fascinating topic.

"We've got a lot of genuine absinth," said a beautiful woman of perhaps thirty-five, waving a flame-colored fan. Luckiest thing you ever heard of. George and I were having the most ghastly quarrel yesterday morning, and George slammed away from the breakfast-table—most disgusting thing. What the servants think I don't know——"

"It's nothing to me if my wife makes a fool of herself," said George himself, in a sort of sulky aside.

"George was tellin' us at the club about that Absinth," a young man began. But Mrs. George continued the narrative. Craig, bored with nearly two years of the subject, turned toward the small and exquisitely dressed woman who had come to stand quietly beside him.

Violet Vanderwort was beautiful tonight in a gown of soft gray satin whose smooth lines revealed the beautiful symmetry of her body. Ropes of gorgeous pearls enhanced the whiteness of her creamy skin. She was a pale woman, who dieted and massaged and steamed herself almost into anemia: all the Dwyer girls were afraid of getting fat.

"How's Vi?" Craig asked, with a brother's keen smile.

"Not any too buxom, boy!" she answered. "Reg tells me you won't go to Nassau with us. Come and make love to me, somewhere!"

"What, before dinner?"

She looked down, with an unchanged expression of boredom and dissatisfaction upon her face.

"You're better at it after dinner?" she asked.

They had moved a little apart from the group, and were in the somewhat sheltered angle of a great, diamond-paned window-embrasure. Craig tipped up the petulant, lovely face.

"You ought to know, Vi!" he reminded her briefly.

For answer she looked up with sudden animation and fire: she was always playing parts, thankful only to any one who gave her an opportunity.

"You never asked me, Craig!" she said, in a low voice

"No, dear," Craig said, after the correct pause. "And I never went over and asked the Princess Tatiana of Russia, either."

"Ah, Craig, you're nice!" Violet said, raising her face to the stranger, pouring forth ecstatic blessings, came around and smiling. And as a maid appeared with more cocktails she took one, and sipped it daintily, while Craig lighted his cigaret.

"Craig!" a dashing young matron challenged him, joining them suddenly.

Violet turned away, and left them, but "Bobby" Wendell kept on.

"Say, Craig, don't you think it's something awful the way people are talking about Vi and Reggy?"

Craig disliked this woman. So it was with his least encouraging aspect that he said:

"I didn't know they were."

"Didn't!" Mrs. Wendell echoed animatedly and incredulously. "My dear, they say—" She told him what they said. "Isn't it too bad? Of course there's not one word of truth in it! I was furious. I said to the people that told me, that every one else in the world could talk about Vi, but that I thought it was utter nonsense. I'll tell you what let's do, Craig, you and I," she added, suddenly. "Let's form ourselves into a little club without saying one word to any one, and just stand up for Vi and defend her, you know—that sort of thing. Shall we? She hasn't much judgment herself, poor child; never did have. One of the most intimate friends that Reggy's sister Kate Pierson has, told me that Reggy never would have married Vi, wasn't any more in love with her than he was with dozens of other girls——"

"Say, aren't you folks going to eat?" said Mrs. Dwyer hospitably, ponderously approaching. "Come on—you know there's going to be a lot more in to dance. Don't look so scared, Craig," she added, laughing; "just about forty in all. It's a hunt dinner, you know."

"Call me up and take me to lunch some day," Bobby said, departing. "Oh, you can't—you're in Mount Holly. Well, maybe I'll come down and spend the day with you some day soon. Do you think you could amuse me? Is there a place we could eat?"

"How's your baby?" Craig asked. For a picture of young Mrs. Wendell and her beautiful child had been going the rounds of the fashionable magazines.

"Oh, he's adorable. He's with Grandma Wendell in Miami now," his mother said cheerfully. "They make an awful fuss about him. Call me up!"

The crowd, some twenty-four in all, had meanwhile moved into the dining-room. Mrs. Dwyer drew Craig aside in the great hall.

"Look here!" she said, with a face of amusement and pride. She opened a doorway, and he looked into a spacious pantry now filled with long sticks upon which were large wooden horses' heads, plumed, bridled, and pennanted. Above them, on a ladder, a dignified young Jewish girl turned from the work of ranging great equine masks upon shelves. "Those are some of the favors—did you ever?" Mrs. Dwyer chuckled admiringly. "The work we had to get them! The horses are all named for the real horses, you know. Well, it amuses the youngsters," she added, resuming her deprecatory, benevolent manner.

Seated between Vi and a noisy eighteen-year-old named Harriet Hamilton, Craig felt a deep boredom seize him. Only the youngsters would dance later, and ride about on the wooden horses, and wear the masks. The older crowd would play bridge for fifty cents a point; "keep it low and then we all can enjoy it," Mrs. Dwyer would say. Bobby Wendell would become coarse; maids would pass liqueurs and whisky-and-soda.

He had said, in accepting this invitation, that he was working hard, and might have to go home early. Now he decided to make his excuses, at any cost, immediately after dinner.

After all, it was something a little before ten o'clock when his car bumped over the ruts and holes in the road beyond Meadowtanville, and he began to see the Mount Holly lights. Not so late. Craig reflected complacently, but that he could read and smoke for a comfortable hour in his uncle's library before going to bed.

"HELLO—all right—I hear you!" he found himself shouting suddenly, rousing himself with violence. Somebody had hailed him from the side of the road. He slowed his car—stopped—a man in a chauffeur's uniform came running up to him.

"Hello, there—sorry to stop you, Mister," said the person, panting, "but we've got some sort of engine trouble. How far is it to Mount Holly?"

"About a mile. That's all right—take you in," Craig said good-naturedly, remembering now that he had passed a handsome limousine stalled beside the road, some few hundred feet back.

Another man now came within the range of his lights; a tall, lean man in a handsome foreign-looking fur coat. A European.

"You will take for me a message that my friends shall not be incommoded?" asked this man, in an imperious yet courteous voice. Craig saw a young face, rather pale, with immense, deep, flaring, black eyes, upsweeping mustaches, and long, finely shaped features. He had seen this face before, he thought—where? Where? It was a strong face, clean-shaven and thin, with some odd hint of womanliness about it. The speech had the rushing, daring fluency of the north of Europe, Russian, Craig thought, or perhaps German.

"Glad to," he said cordially, his mind already busy seeking the explanation of this man's appearance here at this hour.

Instantly the other man's face lighted brilliantly, and he clasped Craig's left hand in both his own. He was coming to see friends—old, old friends, in Mount Holly, he said. This good, hospitable gentleman would tell them that he was delayed? He had left the hotel in Philadelphia at eight—it was now almost ten o'clock.

"Let me take you; that'll be better," Craig suggested. "We can turn the man at the garage, and he can come for you later." He opened the door of the seat beside him;

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AN EVENT of tremendous importance will be the appearance in PICTORIAL REVIEW next month of Papini's great "Story of Christ." Edition after edition of this extraordinary work is appearing in Italy.

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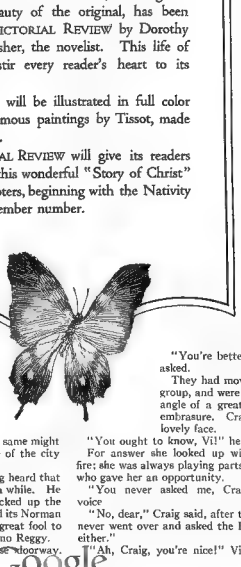

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she hoped to join him. Who on earth, in Mount Holly, Craig pondered meanwhile, who on earth——?

"I go to the Mademoiselles Collier," said his passenger, answering his thought.

"Ah-h-h!" said Craig. "But who the deuce *are* you?" he thought.

"You know them?" the other man asked eagerly.

"Oh, very well! At least I know the older one," Craig amended honestly.

"I go to them," said the stranger contentedly; "they are my mother's friend. We shall talk of music together!"

"They're very keen about music, I know," said Craig, not knowing whether to be most amused, surprised, or generally confused at the position in which he found himself.

"Oh, certainly. Why not?" the foreigner said, very simply rousing himself from thought.

"They expect you, I suppose?" ventured Craig.

"Oh, certainly," the other said again. "I send them the telegram. 'I have your letter,' I say. 'I come!' But fancy to yourself, Monsieur, that I shall have this letter only yesterday. Assassine—that will not send it to me!"

He lapsed again into silence, and Craig reflected with some bewilderment upon the effect of such an arrival upon two young girls living alone. The whole thing was very odd: the hour, the man's youth and manner, and the fact that Miss Collier had said nothing this afternoon of expecting such a visitor.

The car turned into the town, slipped and crunched upon the hard-packed snow, turned out into Spy Street, and pushed its disproportionately big nose into Sugarhouse Lane. Both men got out, and Craig fumbled for the door in the brick wall.

This once opened, they saw that the little house was hospitably flooded with light. The porch door opened, golden radiance streamed forth, and as Craig and the stranger came up to the steps the former recognized Hilary, silhouetted in the stream of light, very charming and quaint in some prim little gown of black, with white ruffles at her wrists and throat, and with her hands held out in welcome.

"Kronski!" she cried.

A great light broke in upon Craig's mind as he recognized the man; he wondered how he could have missed the likeness before. So Miss Collier's absurd faith in Kronski was justified after all?

He felt himself superfluous here; but he could not turn his back upon the little drama being enacted before him.

Kronski sprang to meet Hilary, and their conversation broke into such rapid and emotional French that Craig was unable to follow it. He heard their laughter, saw their tears, and could hardly recognize, in this glowing, impetuous woman, his uncle's demure little secretary.

Presently she could give Craig a smile of greeting; everything else was forgotten between them except that this was her home and Craig her guest. He must come in—oh, and he must meet Dora!

She drew Dora from a shy conversation with Kronski. Craig had a swift impression of somebody about Vi Vanderwort's height, with Vi's appealing look, only with a freshness and youth and beauty quite unknown to Vi.

He had only time to realize his surprize, when Hilary took them all into the big room that had once been the kitchen, but that was now evidently the parlor.

It was a long, high room, filled with old-fashioned, comfortable furniture, and with the open fireplace of whitewashed bricks still occupying most of one end. An airtight stove, hideous but effective, had been set in the great chimney-opening. Craig saw an old Dutch oven's door in the wall beside it.

About the walls sat several persons; an odd, an heterogeneous lot, expectant country types with clean faces and clumsy boots for the most part, altho there were one or two distinguished old faces among them. Hilary introduced them joyfully, explaining to Kronski that this was so rare a treat that she simply had to call the neighbors in.

THE little ceremony of presentations proceeded pleasantly and easily. Craig could only marvel as the awed and flattered country neighbors responded. Where had she rounded them up, in Mount Holly, this old Italian lady and the little Frenchwoman, old Doctor Stovall with his magnificent mane of white hair, timid little Mrs. Strout trembling with pride in her musician daughter?

There was something homely, charming, European about it, he decided, talking to fat, panting Tom Lester, whose temperamental little wife conducted the dramatic section of the local women's club, and memorized Alfred Noyes while rocking her heavy babies to sleep.

"Oh, this is such a rare treat, Mr. Spaulding!" said Ida Lester, eagerly and timidly, on his left. "The Collier girls are such wonderful girls——"

Truly he began to think that they were. Hilary had established Kronski near the piano, and now Dora came into the room with a violin in her hands. She extended it to the master without speaking. Kronski got to his feet, and laid the dark wood of the instrument against his cheek as if it had been a woman's hand, shutting his eyes. He whispered something infinitely tender, in French. Craig saw that the sisters and their guest were in a world of their own.

Immediately he returned it to Dora.

"Now you will play for me," he said. Craig watched the girl's flower-like face keenly; there was no affectation of hesitancy there. Hilary readily seated herself at the piano, and rippled the notes with the fingers of the adept. Dora, expectantly, ran preliminary chords and runs fell upon the expectant air; she looked at Dora over her shoulder, and Dora began to play.

When she had finished, the listening circle pattered applause; but Kronski merely looked annoyed at the interruption. Hilary played another prelude, and Dora, whose cheeks were blazing, picked up her bow again. Craig looked at her beauty in amazement; her fair hair was somewhat loosened, and in the exquisite whiteness of her face the scarlet of lips and cheeks was almost spectacular. Her lips twitched as she played, and her babyish forehead wore a slight, anxious scowl.

At the finish it was Hilary who crashed the last chord, and swept past her sister to the musician's side. Kronski was on his feet; he had come to the piano; her hand touched his arm.

"No, but tell me, Kronski!" she begged, breathless with tension.

"Tell you that you have here the divine thing; that is what this greedy sister wishes for you, is it?" Kronski said, smiling, to Dora. "When do you come to me for some real work—I am in my studio in January again, in Munich," he said. "You will come when?"

"You'll teach her—yourself—!" Hilary faltered, trying to laugh. Craig saw that her lashes were wet with happy tears. "We'll sail in early Summer," she told him, positively.

"Oh, Hilary!" Dora said, her eyes shining.

"And then you will begin to cry, and say that you never can do the hard things I make you do, and hate my old von Mandescheid, to whom I send you for finger-exercises!" Kronski prophesied to Dora.

"Oh, no, I won't!" she said happily. Kronski had the Amati in his hands; now he raised the bow, and Hilary, with a reverent expression on her face, touched a chord on the piano.

"What have we here—what have we here?" the violinist said softly, looking over her shoulder at the scattered music.

"Will you play for us?" the girl said.

"But why not?" Kronski asked her in return, arching his heavy eyebrows at the expectant circle. "You have worked hard, Mademoiselle," he added, watching her careless fingers.

"All my life!" she answered, flushing with pleasure.

"The cadenza begins you when—at seven—at eight?"

"Oh, at four!"

His eyes gleamed.

"It should be so," he said approvingly, "and one sees it. Ah, my darling!" he murmured in Russian to the violin. "And how long did the little hands practise, at four?" he asked, as he lightly drew forth a casual note or two that made Hilary's fingers turn cold with ecstasy. "What is this we have here? Wieniawski? The scherzotarantelle—very good! Shall we commence?"

There followed suddenly, like a scream in the listening silence, an introductory phrase so pure, so flashing and brilliant that Hilary quite palpably winced, and her hands shook as they began the accompaniment. Dora, even in a whispered sentence to Craig, was struck dumb; he saw her soft little mouth half open in utter rapture, her eyes were fixed upon Kronski, she seemed transported instantly to another world.

Craig felt, himself, that he could glimpse now, for the first time in his life, the full beauty of the instrument for which men had longed and died, suffered and died, for a thousand years. Beauty, stupendous and immortal, was shut into that narrow box of polished wood, and at Kronski's touch it awoke again; the beauty of all music, all power, all passion flooded the little room, and brimmed in it like molten gold.

Dora had performed charmingly; but this did not seem a performance. The violin seemed a living thing, sobbing, chuckling, murmuring, complaining; Kronski and Hilary were but shadows; priests at the altar. Craig had an almost uncomfortable sense of being actually carried away, when they abruptly stopped, and he saw Hilary laughing and wiping her eyes, and Kronski filling his lungs with a great breath, like a boy winded by a run. Whatever they said, a few brief sentences flung almost breathlessly at each other, he missed, because they spoke in French. Immediately they were off again, and the magic was repeated.

"Ah, he's a great master!" little Dora said solemnly. Craig thought her positive little statement rather amusing and touching. "Sir — the Dvo-Fák!" she pleaded, aloud.

"You shall have it!" Kronski agreed, with a military bow.

The circle hastened, marveled, applauded. Craig and Dora, sitting next to him, led the applause. But to Craig an odd enchantment, a bewildered sense of having been here in this odd, warm, cluttered room, and in this strangely assorted, strangely stimulating company before, was making even Kronski and the Amati seem of secondary importance. He thought confusedly that he liked these people, wanted them to like him, and liked the very homeliness and simplicity of the whole thing. There was a refreshing heartiness and honesty about it all——

"'THAT WHISTLE IS THE SIGNAL FOR TEAPOTS TO BE FILLED, ALL ALONG SPAULDING STREET!'"

And this young girl next to him, with her enthusiasms, her artlessness, her brown eyes and slender little shabby figure, was strangely, irresistibly appealing. There were cadences in her slightly husky young voice that he had never heard in a woman's voice before. She charmed him, she was at once so old and so young; he wanted to laugh at, and cry at, her confidences. Somehow it wrung his heart when she looked at him gravely, at Kronski's third selection, and said seriously, "Vieuxtemps, I *think*. Is it? Anyway," she whispered solemnly, "you can hear that Hilary's improvising the accompaniment!"

Craig felt ignorant, young, alien, in this atmosphere, and he rather liked the feeling. In his own set he had been conscious for many years of a certain sense of superiority. Here there was some quality that made him oddly desirous to shine.

After the music they were informal. Elsie Strout played "Narcissus" for Kronski; the little Frenchwoman recited something in her mother-tongue. And Craig sang to his own accompaniment.

He was perhaps the only person present who viewed this contribution to the evening's entertainment with stupefied astonishment. Most of the others seemed to take it naturally enough. Hilary and the old Frenchwoman had urged him please to sing; anything, just whatever he liked. How he found himself at the piano he did not know. He fingered the unfamiliar keys—what were those old chords? Dora's earnest inquiries almost convulsed him; what harmony was he trying for? Had it been in E minor? Was it in D sharp?

HE FOUND it. The circle waited happily. Craig, convinced of his own absolute madness, began to sing an old college nonsense song.

A long time ago, I remember it well,
Down in a maiden a village did dwell.
She was the fairest of maidens that ever was seen;
Her age it was red and her hair seventeen!"

Their accompanying laughter gave him heart; at the finish Kronski laughed so violently that it was necessary to repeat the selection.

"No, but do you see—" half sobbed Kronski. "'He was hump-eyed and crossed-backed and cock-legged as well!'" he quoted, in the extremity of delight. "Ah, what a song! The father, what does he do? 'He rushes with his nose at

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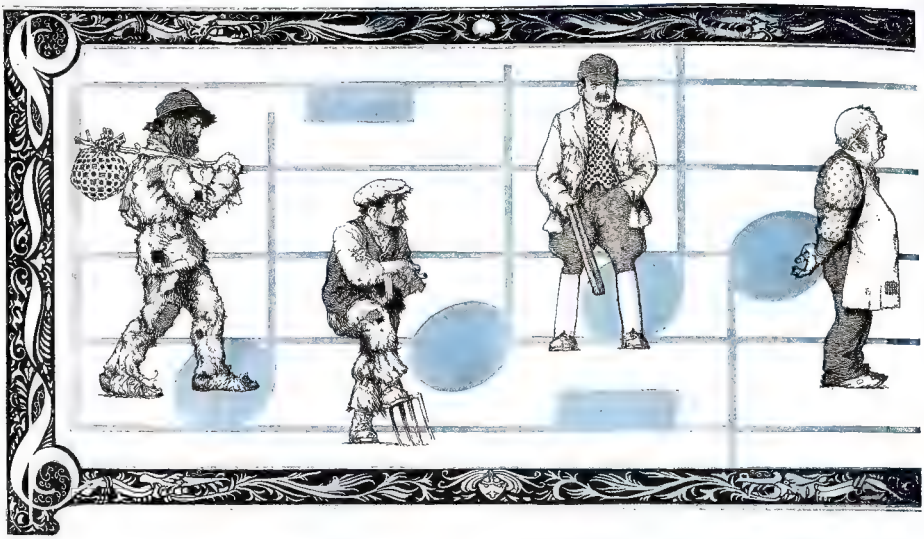

THE OCTAVE OF JEALOUSY

In Humanity's Ascending Scale, from the Tramp to Sir Septimus, Who Has the Best of It, After All?

BY STACY AUMONIER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT LAWSON

A TRAMP came through a cutting by old Jerry Shindle's nursery, and, crossing the stile, stepped into the glare of the white road. He was a tall, swarthy man with stubbly red whiskers which appeared to conceal the whole of his face except a small portion under each eye about the size of a two-shilling piece. His skin showed through the rents in a filthy, old black-green garment and was the same color as his face, a livid bronze. His toes protruded from his boots, which seemed to be home-made contraptions of canvas and string.

He carried an ash stick, and the rest of his worldly belongings in a spotted red-and-white handkerchief. His worldly belongings consisted of some rags, a door-knob, a portion of a foot-rule, a tin mug stolen from a workhouse, half a dozen date-stones, a small piece of very old bread, a raw onion, the shutter of a camera, and two empty match-boxes. He looked up and down the road as the uncertain of his direction. To the north it curved under the wooded opulence of Crawshay Park. To the south it stretched like a white ribbon across a bold vista of shadeless downs.

He was hungry, and he eyed critically the potential possibilities of a meager cottage standing back from the road. It was a shabby little three-roomed affair, with fowls running in and out of the front door, some washing on a line, and the sound of a child crying within. While he was hesitating a farm-laborer came through a gate to an adjoining field and walked toward the cottage. He too carried property tied up in a red handkerchief. His other hand balanced a steel fork across his left shoulder. He was a thick-set, rather dour-looking man. As he came up the tramp said:

"Where does this road lead to, mate?"

The laborer replied brusidy:

"Pondhurst."

"How far?"

"Three and a half miles."

Without embroidering this information any further he walked stolidly across the road and entered the garden of the cottage. The tramp watched him put the fork down by the lintel of the door. He saw him enter the cottage, and he heard a woman's voice. He sighed and muttered into his stubbly red beard: "Lucky devil!"

Then hunching his shoulders, he set out with long, flat-footed strides down the white road which led across the downs.

Having kicked some mud off his boots, Martin Crossby said to his wife:

"Dinner ready?"

Emma Crossby was wringing out some clothes. Her face was shiny with the steam and the heat of the day. She answered petulantly:

"No, it isn't. You'll have to wait another ten minutes; the taters aren't cooked. I've enough to do this morning, I can tell yer, what with the washing and Lizzie screaming with her teeth and the biler going wrong."

"Ugh! There's allus somethin'."

Martin knew there was no appeal against delay. He had been married four years; he knew his wife's temper and mode of life sufficiently well. He went out into the garden and lighted his pipe. The fowls clucked round his feet and he kicked them away. He too was hungry. However, there would be food of a sort—in time. Some greasy pudding and potatoes boiled to a liquid mash, a piece of cheese perhaps. Well, there it was. When you work in the open air all day you can eat anything.

The sun was pleasant on his face, the shag pungent and comforting. If only old Emma weren't such a meddler! A good enough piece of goods when at her best, but always in a muddle, always behind time, no management, and then resentful because things went wrong. Lizzie: seven months old and two teeth through already and another coming. A lovely child, the spit and image of—what her mother must have been. Next time it would be a boy. Life wasn't so bad—really.

The gate clicked, and the tall figure of Ambrose Baines appeared. He was dressed in a corduroy coat and knickers, stout brown gaiters, and square, thick boots. Tucked under his arm was a gun with its two barrels pointing at the ground. He was the gamekeeper to Sir Septimus Letter. He stood inside the gate and called out:

"Mornin', Martin."

Martin replied: "Mornin'."

"I was just passin'. The missus says you can have a cookin' or so of runner-beans if you wants 'em. We've got more than enough, and I hear as yours is blighty."

"Oh! Aye, thank 'ee."

"Middlin' hot to-day."

"Aye—terrible hot."

"When'll you be comin'?"

"I'll stroll over now. There's nowt to do. I'm waitin' dinner. I specks it'll be a half-hour or so. You know what Emma is."

HE WENT inside and fetched a basket. He said nothing to his wife, but rejoined Baines in the road. They strolled through the cutting and got into the back of the gamekeeper's garden just inside the wood. Martin went along the row and filled his basket. Baines left him and went into his cottage. He could hear Mrs. Baines singing and washing up. Of course they had had their dinner. It would be like that. Mrs. Baines was a marvel.

On one or two occasions Martin had entered their cottage. Everything was spick and span, and done on time. The two children always seemed to be clean and quiet. There were pretty pink curtains and framed oleographs. Mrs. Baines could cook, and she led the hymns at church—so they said. Even the garden was neat and trim and fruitful. Of course *their* runner-beans would be prolific whilst his failed.

Mrs. Baines appeared at the door and called out: "Mornin', Mr. Crossby."

He replied gruffly: "Mornin', Mrs. Baines."

"Middlin' hot!"

"Aye—terrible hot."

She was not what you would call a pretty, attractive woman; but she was natty, competent, irrepressibly cheerful. She would make a shilling go as far as Emma would a pound. The cottage had five rooms, all in a good state of repair. The roof had been newly thatched. All this was done for him, of course, by his employer. He paid no rent.

Martin had to pay five shillings a week, and then the roof leaked, and the boiler never worked properly—but perhaps that was Emma's fault. He picked up his basket and strolled toward the outer gate. As he did so he heard the two children laughing, and Baines's voice joining in.

"Some people have luck," Martin murmured, and went back to his wife.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling *after!*

IT WAS very pretty—the way Winnie Baines sang that, balancing the small boy on her knee and jerking him skyward on the last word. Not what the world would call a pretty woman, but pretty enough to Ambrose, with her clear skin and kind, motherly eyes and thin, brown hair. Her voice had a quality which somehow always expressed her gentle and unconquerable nature. "She's too good for me," Ambrose would think at odd moments. "She didn't ought to be a gamekeeper's wife. She ought to be a lady—with carriages and comforts and well-dressed friends."

The reflection would stir in him a feeling of sullen resentment tempered with pride. She was a wonderful woman. She managed so well; she never complained. Of course so far as the material necessities were concerned there was enough and to spare. The cottage was comfortable and reasonably well furnished—so far as he could determine. Of food there was abundance: game, rabbits, vegetables, eggs, fruit. The only thing he had to buy in the way of food was milk from the farm and a few groceries from Mr. Mead's shop. He paid nothing for the cottage, and yet—he would have liked to have made things better for Winnie.

His wages were small, and there were clothes to buy, all kinds of little incidental expenses. There never seemed a chance to save, and soon there would be the boy's schooling. In spite of the small income, Winnie always managed to keep herself and the children neat and smart, and even to help others like the more unfortunate Crossbys. She did all the work of the cottage, the care of the children, the mending and washing, and still found time to make jam, to preserve fruit, to grow flowers, and to sing in the church choir.

She was the daughter of a piano-tuner at Bladestone, and the glamour of this early connection always hung between Ambrose and herself. To him a piano-tuner appeared a remote and romantic figure. It suggested a world of [illegible] theaters, and Bohemian life. He was never quite

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A TALE of engrossing interest to young and old, particularly in this era of social unrest and upheaval; one to be read aloud in the family circle and long remembered for the profound truth it embodies. It will heighten Mr. Aumonier's fame as one of the greatest of living short-story writers. Watch the forthcoming issues of PICTORIAL REVIEW *for other Aumonier stories.*

clear about the precise functions of a piano-tuner, but he regarded his wife as the daughter of a public man, coming from a world far removed from the narrow limits of the life she was forced to lead with him.

In spite of her repeated professions of happiness, Ambrose always felt a shade suspicious, not of her, but of his own ability to satisfy her every demand. Sometimes he would observe her looking round the little rooms as she were visualizing what they might contain. Perhaps she wanted a grand piano or some inlaid chairs or embroidered coverings. He had not the money to buy these things, and he knew that she would never ask for them; but still it was there, that queer gnawing sense of insecurity.

At dawn he would wander through the coppices, drenched with dew, the gun under his arm and the dog close to heel. The sunlight would come rippling over the jeweled leaves, and little clumps of primroses and violets would reveal themselves. Life would be good then, and yet somehow—it was not Winnie's life. Only through their children did they seem to know each other.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling *after!*

"O—AMBROSE!" The other boy was tugging at his beard when Winnie spoke. He pretended to scream with pain before he turned to his wife.

"Yes, my dear?"

"Will you be passing Mr. Mead's shop? We have run out of candles."

"Oh? Roight be, my love. I'll be nigh there afore sundown. I have to order seed from Crumbling's."

He was later than he expected at Mr. Mead's shop. He had to wait whilst several women were being served. The portly owner's new cash-register went "tap-tap-ping!" five times before he got a chance to say:

"Evenin', Mr. Mead. Give us a pound of candles, will ye?"

Mrs. Mead came in through a parlor at the back, in a rustling black dress. She was going to a Welfare meeting at the Vicar's.

She said: "Good evening, Mr. Baines. Hope you are all nicely."

A slightly disturbing sight met the eye of Ambrose. The parlor door was open, and he could see a maid in a cap and apron clearing away tea-things in the gaily furnished room. The Meads had got a servant! He knew that Mead was extending his business. He had a cheap-clothing department now, and he was building a shed out at the back with the intention of supplying petrol to casual motorists; a garage!

Before he had reached the door he heard "tap-tap-ping." His one and twopence had gone into the box. As he turned down the village street he muttered to himself: "Lord! I wish I had his money!"

When Mrs. Mead returned from the Welfare meeting at half past eight she found Mr. Mead waiting for her in the parlor and the supper laid. There was cold veal and beetroot, apple pie, cheese, and stout.

"I'm sorry I'm late, dear," she said.

"That's all right, my love," replied Mr. Mead, not looking up from his newspaper.

"We had a lovely meeting. Mrs. Wonnicott was there, and Mrs. Beal and Mrs. Edwin Pillcreak and Mrs. James and Ada and both the Rusbridgers, and the Vicar was perfectly sweet. He made two lovely speeches."

"OH, that was nice," said Mr. Mead, trying to listen and read a piquant paragraph about a divorce case at the same time.

"I should think you want your supper."

"I'm ready when you are, my love."

Mr. Mead put down his newspaper, and, drawing his chair up to the table, began to set about the veal. He was distinctly a man for his victuals. He carved rapidly for her and less rapidly for himself. From this you must not imagine that he treated his wife meanly. On the contrary, he gave her a large helping, but a close observer could not help detecting that when carving for himself he seemed to take more interest in his job. Then he rang a little tinkly hand-bell, and the new maid appeared.

"Go into the shop, my dear," he said, "and get me a pot of pickled walnuts from the second shelf on the left before you come to them bales of calico."

The maid went, and Mrs. Mead clucked:

"Um—being a bit extravagant to-night, Sam."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," quoted Mr. Mead sententiously. He put up a barrage of veal in the forefront of his mouth—he had no back teeth, but managed to penetrate it with an opaque rumble of sound. "Besides we had a good day to-day—done a lot of business— Pass the stout——"

"I'm glad to hear it," replied Mrs. Mead, "It's about time things began to improve, considerin' what we've been through. Mrs. Wonnicott was wearin' her biscuit-colored taffeta with a new lace yoke. She looked smart, but a bit stiff for the Welfare to my way of thinkin'."

"Ah!" came rumbling through the veal.

"Oh, and did I tell you Mrs. Mounthead was there too? She was wearing her starched ninon—no end of a swell she looked."

Mr. Mead's eyes lighted with a definite interest at last. Mrs. Mounthead was the wife of James Mounthead, the proprietor of that handsome hostelry, "The Die Is Cast." When his long day's work was over Mr. Mead would not infrequently pop into "The Die Is Cast" for an hour or so before closing-time and have a long chat with Mr. James Mounthead. He swallowed half a glass of stout at a gulp and helped himself liberally to the pickled walnuts which the maid had just brought in. Eying the walnuts thoughtfully, he said: "Oh, so she's got into it too, has she?"

"Yes, she's really quite a pleasant body. She told me coming down the street that her husband has just bought Bolder's farm over at Pondhurst. He's setting up his son there, who's marrying Kate Steyning. Her people have got a bit of money too, so they'll be all right. By the way, we haven't heard from Charlie for nearly three weeks."

Mr. Mead sighed. Why were women always like that? There was Eddie. He was trying to tell her that things were improving, going well in fact. The shed for petrol and motor accessories was nearly finished; the cheap-clothing department was in full swing; he had indulged in pickled walnuts for supper (her supper too), and there she must needs talk about—Charlie. Everybody in the neighborhood knew that their son Charlie was up in London, not doing himself or anybody else any good. And almost in the same breath she must needs talk about old Mounthead's son.

Every one knew that young Mounthead was a promising, industrious fellow. Oh! and so James had bought him Bolder's farm, had he? That cost a pretty penny, he knew. Just bought a farm, had he? Not put the money into his business—just bought it in the way that he, Sam Mead, might buy—a gramophone or an umbrella. Psaugh!

"I DON'T want no tart," he said, on observing Eddie begin to carve it.

"No tart!" she exclaimed. "Why, what's wrong?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied; "don't feel like it—working too hard—bit flatulent. I'll go out for a stroll after supper."

An hour later he was leaning against the bar of "The Die Is Cast," drinking gin and water, and listening to Mr. Mounthead discourse on dogs. The bar of "The Die Is Cast" was a self-constituted village club. Other cronies drifted in. They were all friends of both Mr. Mead and Mr. Mounthead. Mrs. Mounthead seldom appeared in the bar, but there was a potman, and a barmaid named Florrie, and somewhere in the rear a cook, two housemaids, a scullery-maid, a boy for knives and boots, and a hostler. Mr. Mounthead had a victoria and a governess-car, as well as a van for business purposes, a brown mare, and a pony. He also had his own farm, well stocked with pigs, cattle, and poultry.

While taking his guests' money in a sleepy, leisurely

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HOME GIRL

She Proves a Dangerous Competitor of the Business Girl

BY EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NANCY FAY

WHAT think you, Home Girls, of this picture of your kind? Is America's great exponent of the Business Girl entirely fair? Anyhow, this is a real Edna Ferber story, a staving good one.

"THERE WERE TIMES WHEN RAY REBELLED. 'I DON'T WANT TO GO OUT TO EAT. I'M TIRED! I WANT TO EAT AT HOME"

"ELEVEN O'CLOCK USUALLY FOUND CORA AT THE MANICURE'S OR THE DRESSMAKER'S"

WILSON AVENUE, Chicago, is not merely an avenue, but a district; not only a district, but a state of mind; not a state of mind alone, but a condition of morals. For that matter it is none of these things so much as a mode of existence. If you know your Chicago —which you probably don't—you are aware that, long ago, Wilson Avenue proper crept slyly around the corner and achieved a clandestine alliance with big, glittering Sheridan Road; which escapade changed the demure thoroughfare into Wilson Avenue improper.

When one says "a Wilson Avenue girl" the mind—that is, the Chicago mind—pictures immediately a slim, daring, scented, exotic creature dressed in next week's fashions; wise-eyed, doll-faced, rapacious. When chiffon stockings are worn Wilson Avenue's hosiery is but a film over the flesh. Aigrets and mink coats are its Winter uniform. A feverish district, all plate-glass windows and delicatessen dinners and one-room-and-kitchenette apartments where light housekeepers are wont to take their housekeeping all too lightly.

At six o'clock you are likely to see Wilson Avenue scurrying about in its mink coat and its French heels and its crêpe frock, assembling its haphazard dinner. Wilson Avenue food, as displayed in the ready-cooked shops, resembles in a startling degree the Wilson Avenue ladies themselves: highly colored, chemically treated, artificial, tempting to the eye, but unnutritious.

In and out of the food emporia these dart, buying dabs of this and bits of that. Chromatic viands. Vivid scarlet, orange, yellow, green. A strip of pimiento here. A mound of mayonnaise there. A green pepper stuffed with such burden of deceit as no honest green pepper ever was meant to hold. Two eggs. A quarter pound of your best creamery butter. An infinitesimal bottle of cream. "*And* what else?" inquires the plump woman in the white bib-apron behind the counter. "*And* what else?" "Nothing. I guess that'll be about all." Mink coats prefer to dine out.

Dismiss the idea that there is anything cheap about the district. In the problem seeking the difference between the monthly rental and the cubic feet of space purchased therewith, *x* remains a bafflingly unknown quantity. As a cripple displays his wounds and sores, proudly, so Wilson Avenue throws open its one-room front door with a grandiloquent gesture as it boasts, "Two hundred and fifty a month!"

It took Raymond and Cora Atwater twelve years to reach this Wilson Avenue, tho they carried it with them all the way. They had begun their married life in this locality before it had become a definite district. Twelve years ago the neighborhood had shown no signs of mushrooming into its present opulence. Twelve years ago Raymond, twenty-eight, and Cora, twenty-four, had taken a six-room flat at Racine and Sunnyside. Six rooms. Modern. Light. Rental, $28.50 per month.

"But I guess I can manage it all right," Raymond had said. "That isn't so terrible—for six rooms, when you come to think of it."

Living-room, bedroom, bedroom, dining-room, kitchen, maid's room.

Cora's full under lip had drawn itself into a surprisingly thin straight line. Later Raymond came to recognize the meaning of that labial warning. "We don't need all those rooms. It's just that much more work."

"I don't want you doing your own work. Not unless you want to. At first, maybe, it'd be sort of fun for you, but after a while you'll want a girl to help. That'll take the maid's room off the kitchen."

"Well, supposing? That leaves an extra room, anyway."

A LOOK came into Raymond's face. "Maybe we'll need that too—later. Later on." He actually could have been said to blush, then, like a boy. There was much of the boy in Raymond at twenty-eight.

Cora did not blush.

Raymond had married Cora because he loved her, and because she was what is known as a "home girl." From the first, business girls—those alert, pert, confident little sparrows of office and shop and the street at lunch-hour—rather terrified him. They gave you as good as you sent. They were always ready with their own nickel for carfare. You never knew whether they were laughing at you or not.

There was a little girl named Calhoun in the binoculars (Raymond's first Chicago job was with the Walker Optical Company on Wabash). The Calhoun girl was smart. She wore those plain white waists. Tailored, Raymond thought they called them. They made her skin look fresh and clear and sort of downy-blooming, like the peaches that grew in his own Michigan State, back home. Or perhaps only girls with clear, fresh skins could wear those plain white-waist things. Raymond had heard that girls thought and schemed about things that were becoming to them, and then stuck to those things. He wondered how the Calhoun girl might look in a fluffy waist. But she never wore one down to work.

When business was dull in the motor- and sun-glasses (which was where he held forth) Raymond would stroll over to Laura Calhoun's counter and talk. He would talk about the Invention. He had no one else to talk to about. No one he could trust or who understood.

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The Calhoun girl, polishing the great black eyes of a pair of field-glasses, would look up brightly to say, "Well, how's the Invention coming on?" Then he would tell her.

The Invention had to do with spectacles. Not only that, if you are a wearer of spectacles of any kind, it has to do with you. For now, twelve years later, you could not well do without it. The little contraption that keeps the side-piece from biting into your ears—that's Raymond's.

KNOWING, as we do, that Raymond's wife is named Cora, we know that the Calhoun girl of the fresh, clear skin, the tailored white shirt-waists, and the friendly interest in the Invention, lost out. The reason for that was Raymond's youth and Raymond's vanity and Raymond's unsophistication, together with Laura Calhoun's own honesty and efficiency. These last two qualities would handicap any girl in love, no matter how clear her skin or white her shirt-waist.

Of course, when Raymond talked to her about the Invention she should have looked adoringly into his eyes and said, "How perfectly wonderful! I don't see how you think of such things."

What she said, after studying its detail thoughtfully for a moment, was, "Yeh, but look. If this little tiny wire has a spring underneath—just a little bit of a spring—it'll take all the pressure off when you wear a hat. Now women's hats are worn so much lower over their ears, d'you see? That'll keep it from pressing. Men's hats, too, for that matter."

She was right. Grudgingly, slowly, he admitted it. Not only that, he carried out her idea and perfected the spectacle contrivance as you know it to-day. Without her suggestion it would have had a serious flaw. He knew he ought to be grateful. He told himself that he was grateful. But in reality he was resentful. She was a smart girl, but—well—a feller didn't feel comfortable going around with a girl that knew more than he did. He took her to the theater—it was before the motion picture had attained its present-day virulence. She enjoyed it. So did he. Perhaps they might have repeated the little festivity, and the white shirt-waist might have triumphed in the end. But that same week Raymond met Cora.

She had come to Chicago from Michigan almost a year before, he knew few people. The Walker company kept him busy by day. The Invention occupied him at night. He read, too, books on optometry. Don't think that he was a Rollo. He wasn't. But he was naturally somewhat shy, and further handicapped by an unusually tall, lean frame which he handled awkwardly. If you had a good look at his eyes you forgot his shyness, his leanness, his awkwardness, his height. They were the boy-cote of his gentle, studious, kindly, humorous nature. But Chicago, Illinois, is too busy looking to see anything. Eyes are something you see with, not into.

Two of the boys at Walker's had an engagement for the evening with two girls who were friends. On the afternoon of that day one of the boys went home at four with a well-developed case of grippe. The other approached Raymond with his plea.

"Say, Atwater, help me out, will you? I can't reach my girl because she's down-town somewheres for the afternoon with Cora. That's her girl friend. And me and Harvey was to meet 'em for dinner, see? And a show. I'm in a hole. Help me out, will you? Go along and fuss Cora. She's a nice girl. Pretty, too, Cora is. Will you, Ray? Huh?"

Ray went. By nine-thirty that evening he had told Cora about the Invention. And Cora had turned sidewise in her seat next to him at the theater and had looked up at him adoringly, awestruck. "Why, how perfectly wonderful! I don't see how you think of such things."

"Oh, that's nothing. I got a lot of ideas. Things I'm going to work out. Say, I won't always be plugging down at Walker's, believe me. I got a lot of ideas."

"Really! Why, you're an inventor, aren't you? Like Edison and those. My, it must be wonderful to think of things out of your head! Things that nobody's ever thought of before."

Ray glowed. He felt comfortable and soothed and relaxed and stimulated. And too large for his clothes. "Oh, I don't know. I just think of things. That's all there is to it. That's nothing."

"Oh, isn't it? No, I guess not. I've never been out with a real inventor before— I bet you think I'm a silly little thing."

He protested, stoutly, "I should say not." A thought struck him. "Do you do anything? Work down-town somewheres, or anything?"

She shook her head. Her lips pouted. Her eyebrows made pained twin crescents. "No. I don't do anything. I was afraid you'd ask me that." She looked down at her hands—her white, soft hands with little dimples at the finger-bases. "I'm just a home girl. That's all. A home girl. Now you *will* think I'm a silly, stupid thing." She flashed a glance at him, liquid-eyed, appealing.

HE WAS surprized (she wasn't) to find his hand closed tight and hard over her soft, dimpled one. He was terror-stricken (she wasn't) to hear his voice saying, "I think you're wonderful. I think you're the most wonderful girl I ever saw, that's what." He crushed her hand and she winced a little. "Home girl."

Cora's name suited her to a marvel. Her hair was black and her coloring a natural pink and white, which she abetted expertly. Cora did not wear plain white tailored waists. She wore thin, fluffy, transparent things that drew your eyes tenderly. Tender pink and cream, they were, like her cheeks, he thought.

"Oh, Ray—*for me!* How darling! You naughty boy!—But I'd rather have had those clear white ones, without any coloring. They're more stylish. Do you mind?"

When he told Laura Calhoun she said, "I hope you'll be very happy. She's a lucky girl. Tell me about her, will you?"

Would he? His home girl!

When he had finished she said, quietly, "Oh, yes."

AND so Raymond and Cora were married and went to live in six-room elegance at Sunnyside and Racine. The flat was furnished sumptuously in Mission and those red-and-brown soft-leather cushions with Indian heads stamped on them. There was a wooden rack on the wall with six monk heads in colored plaster, very lifelike, stuck on it. This was a pipe-rack, tho Raymond did not smoke a pipe. He liked a mild cigar. Then there was a print of Gustave Richter's "Queen Louise" coming down that broad marble stair, one hand at her breast, her great girlish eyes looking out at you from the misty folds of her scarf. What a lot of the world she has seen from her stairway! The shelf that ran around the dining-room wall on a level with your head was filled with steins in such shapes and colors as would have curdled their contents—if they had ever had any contents.

They planned to read a good deal evenings. Improve their minds. It was Ray's idea, but Cora seconded it heartily. This was before their marriage.

"Now, take history alone," Ray argued, "American history. Why, you can read a year and hardly know the half of it. That's the trouble. People don't know the history of their own country. And it's interesting, too, let me tell you. Darned interesting. Better'n novels, if folks only knew it."

"My, yes," Cora agreed. "And French. We could take up French, evenings. I've always wanted to study French. They say if you know French you can travel anywhere. It's all in the accent, and goodness knows I'm quick at picking up things like that."

"Yeh," Ray had said, a little hollowly, "yeh. French. Sure."

But, somehow, these literary evenings never did materialize. It may have been a matter of getting the books. You could borrow them from the public library, but that made you feel so hurried. History was something you wanted to take your time over. Then, too, the books you wanted never were in. You could buy them. But buying books like that! Cora showed her first real display of temper. Why, they came in sets and cost as much as twelve or fifteen dollars. Just for books!

The literary evenings degenerated into Ray's thorough scanning of the evening paper, followed by Cora's skimming of the crumpled sheets that carried the department store ads, the society column, and the theatrical news. Raymond began to use the sixth room — the unused bedroom — as a workshop. He had perfected the spectacle contrivance and had made the mistake of selling his rights to it. He got a good sum for it.

"But I'll never do that again," he said grimly. "Somebody'll make a fortune on that thing." He had unwisely told Cora of this transaction. She never forgave him for it. On the day he received the money for it he had brought her home a fur set of baum-marten. He thought the stripe in it beautiful. There was a neckpiece known as a stole, and a large muff.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

"'HOW CAN YOU EXPECT THE BOYS TO ASK ME TO DANCE WHEN YOU DON'T DANCE WITH THEIR WIVES?'"

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PUT HAPPINESS INTO MARRIAGE

Thus Make Sure of It, Says the Sixth Article of Our Great Series on "How to Make the Best of Life"

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

DRAWINGS BY STUART HAY

"LOVE WILL WITHSTAND ALL MANNER OF BLOWS, YET EVERY BLOW WEAKENS, AND LOVE FORGETS WILLINGLY AND EAGERLY"

OF ALL human enterprises marriage is the most serious, and has the greatest effect upon the lives of the performers. There may be cases in which a self-centered man of very powerful individuality and very mild affections espouses a cipher or a living "Yes, dear," and continues his development and career seemingly uninfluenced by the fact of marriage; but even in such cases the influence, tho indirect or merely negative, can be traced.

As for the majority of men, marriage tremendously, vitally, and unalterably transforms their existence. And all women who marry, with scarcely an exception, accomplish the supreme personal and social act of their destiny. Two events only are more momentous to a woman than marriage. The first is her birth, over which she has no control, and the second is her death, over which she has but little control. These statements are all platitudes. Yet some people, including some women, appear to undertake marriage with the careless nonchalance of birds.

Nobody at all fully realizes at first the immense gravity and difficulty of the affair. Perhaps it is just as well that nobody does—otherwise there might be a disastrous decline in the marriage-rate, and organized society might fall into ruin sooner than even the most pessimistic prophets have predicted. Marriage, indeed, despite its seriousness, must not be treated too seriously all the time. Imagine a newly wedded couple whose continual uppermost thought was, "We are in a situation of extreme difficulty and delicacy. Our daily acts are heavy with the gravest consequences." What a household the precious pair would make! Marriage as we know it may be, and often is, a mighty queer business, but on the whole the institution works. It might work better, but it works. And it works because it has slowly developed with the slow development of society. In the main it suits and fits us at our present stage of evolution.

I have no sympathy with those who cry out that marriage is a failure, or that marriage is slavery, calamity, tragedy, hell, and that something ought to be immediately done about it. Such violent exclamations usually issue from persons who happen themselves to have found acute unhappiness in marriage—innocently or through their own fault. No institution can fairly be condemned because it breaks down utterly in a small minority of instances. Justice for the majority is bound to be unjust to a minority. No system of finance could be conceived which would not involve a few bankruptcies. Surgery now and then proves fatal. And similarly with marriage.

To listen to some malcontents one would suppose that in their opinion marriage alone among human institutions ought to be perfect or perish. Put this simple question to a hundred men and a hundred women after twenty years of marriage: "Do you regret it?" Not ten of the men and not five of the women would honestly reply that they did. And herein is a fair test of the matter. No! I will not subscribe to the theory that marriage is an ordeal to daunt the bravest. There is a credit balance to marriage, and it is entitled to rank rather high among the achievements of human sagacity.

Still, the situation with its difficulties has to be faced. And the average situation is somewhat as follows: The parties to the vast enterprise are suddenly thrown into an extreme form of intimacy. Now, an extreme intimacy makes a heavy demand on skill and patience in the art of living, especially when the collaborators have had no experience of such an intimacy.

I will say nothing of the honeymoon, which in spite of its satisfactions and ecstasies generally needs the most careful handling, and which rarely passes without disconcerting emotional and other phenomena highly surprizing to the two innocents. Honeymoons, in fact, not seldom end worse than they began, and to recover from them may take quite a long time. I will assume that the honeymoon has been ideal, which not one honeymoon in a hundred ever is. At the close of it the undergraduates of life find themselves in a home, amid furniture and fitments, and in an atmosphere which are strange to both of them. Further, they find themselves forced into a whole set of novel habits, and these habits are of all sorts, important and trifling, dangerous and safe, agreeable and trying. All is changed, even to the cookery.

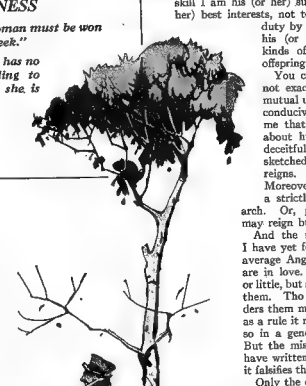
TWO KEYS TO MARITAL HAPPINESS

For Husbands: *"A woman must be won afresh about once a week."*

For Wives: *"The wife has no justification for failing to exercise charm until she is dead."*

To persuade the raw, creaking machinery of the household to run smoothly would in itself be a stiff task, and might justly be described as a whole-time job for any able-minded pair; but it is naught compared to the management of the intimacy itself. Mere acquaintances might succeed pretty well in the mechanics of the job when intimates preoccupied with their intimacy would fail. The household machine reacts on the intimacy, and vice versa. Everything that occurs in the household affects, and is affected by, the intimacy.

BY ACCIDENT the toast is like leather. Well, acquaintances would agree calmly that the toast was like leather, and that would be that. But in an extreme form of intimacy boot-soles stuffed into a toast-rack feed the mind with subtle poison, and tho the symptoms may be genteelly suppressed the pathological condition is there, and the malady works underground in the manner of a mole. It will inevitably be so, let the delicious simpletons feign as much as they please that boot-soles in a toast-rack are really rather a lark. The simpletons relate everything to drag nal from



"I WANT TO THINK THINGS OVER AND COLLECT MYSELF. I'M GOING OUT FOR A SOLITARY WALK'"

intimacy, and for each unsatisfactory phenomenon they discover a disturbing cause and foresee a disturbing effect.

Nothing whatever is unimportant in the intimacy. The faculties are fully engaged all the time. And privacy, that safeguard in days of stress, exists no more. One simpleton can not say to the other:

"Look here. I want to think things over and collect myself. I'm going out for a solitary walk."

Such an announcement would be the equivalent of a shock of earthquake in the delicate household. Hence, in default of privacy—imperfectly concealed brooding!

Again, each simpleton is plotting against the other. The twain are in love; but love does not in the least prevent plotting against the beloved. They both say to themselves:

"My spouse is wonderful, and I adore him (or her); but in deep wisdom, knowledge of life, and truly practical skill I am his (or her) superior. Therefore in his (or her) best interests, not to mention my own, it is my duty by wiles to impose my will upon his (or hers). I must maintain all kinds of pretenses. I must be the offspring of the serpent and the dove."

You can now perceive that here is not exactly the material of perfectly mutual understanding, nor the method conducive thereto. And do not tell me that I am cynical or pessimistic about human nature, and that such deceitful carryings-on as I have just sketched are impossible where love reigns. They are notoriously possible. Moreover, love rarely reigns, save as a strictly limited, constitutional monarch. Or, phrasing it differently, love may reign but does not govern.

And the most terrible difficulty of all I have yet fearsomely to describe. In the average Anglo-Saxon marriage the parties are in love. They may be in love much or little, but some sort of love exists between them. Tho this condition sometimes renders them more exacting in their demands, as a rule it renders them less exacting, and so in a general way makes things easier. But the mischief with being in love, as I have written in a previous chapter, is that it falsifies the judgment.

Only the other day a man of thirty, not without experience of life, seriously informed me that the girl to whom he had just engaged himself was in his deliberate and impartial opinion the finest girl in the world, and that neither he nor any other man could possibly be worthy of her. I did not commit the imprudence of combating this view. I fled, and forbore to tell him that no girl is the finest girl in the world, and that he was overrating this particular girl and underrating himself. It would have been futile for me to act differently. Shortly afterward the girl expressed herself in similar terms to me about the man.

This example of a beautiful and touching illusion is not very unusual, and in a greater or less degree the illusion is

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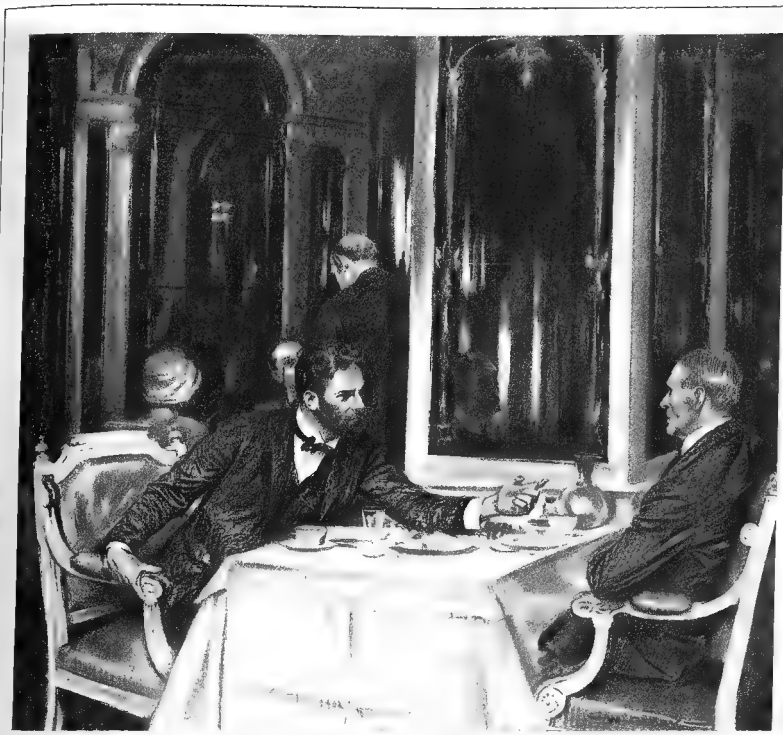

"'LOOK HERE, WILLIAMSON, THIS IS SERIOUS WE'VE GOT THIRTY MILLION POUNDS OF THAT STUFF COMING IN THAT WE'VE GOT TO BUY AT AN AGREED PRICE WE'VE GOT TO SELL IT OR WE'RE SWAMPED'"

THE GREERS

By

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Fourth and Concluding Instalment

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

NO APPARENT relapse was suffered by Joe as a result of his quarrel with his daughter. He saw the papers, of course, with the sensational accounts of her elopement, including interviews with Beatrice, herself, but they were able to spare him the reporters who came to get his side of the story. Jennie, who had come back to the apartment in response to Anson's message and stayed a fortnight, dealt with them competently, of course. Two or three days was all that phase of the affair lasted. He surprised her by taking it so quietly, for the papers were making him look like the theatrical purse-proud father who hadn't thought an ex-aviator who had fought in France good enough to marry his daughter. They made it appear, also, that George, already in love with Beatrice, had taken the job of chauffeur in order to be near her. Whether this was the story the pair were telling, or merely the conventional line of least resistance always followed by rewrite men in newspaper offices, it came to the same thing.

Joe's only defense was to make Jennie read the report of the detective agency, and during the sleepless hours of the night after she had finished it, she was angry and humiliated. She felt the sting of contempt in the girl's duplicity.

"I was wrong about her, all the way through—and never more so in my life that I was right. I wouldn't have believed it, except for what's happened," she admitted.

"It's all right," he told her. "No good crying over spilled milk." He added, "Here's a letter from her; came in this morning. Dispose of it—burn it up. Read it first if you like, of course, but don't tell me what's in it. I don't want to know. I've had enough, Jennie."

She guessed that he'd like to have her read it and tell him she'd done so, but she carried it to the office with her, undecided whether she would or not. She felt, with the report of the detective agency fresh in her mind, that, like Joe, she'd had enough, and, finally, she tore the letter to bits, unopened, and dropped them into her waste-paper basket, telling herself as she did so that this was the end of her concern with Beatrice Greer.

Of course it was not The girl had been too vital a factor in her life during the past half-year to be dismissed like that. It would have been easier, she thought during the first of the ensuing days, to stop wondering about her if she'd read that letter It was curiosity that was nagging her, demanding satisfaction.

A week or thereabout after she'd destroyed the letter Beatrice walked into her office with no more warning than the tap of a knuckle upon her half-open door. Jennie, who had swung round in her chair to see who the visitor was, felt herself go limp at the sight of her. Her face was glowing with the sting of the wind-driven snow; tiny melted drops of it hung in her eyelashes, and it lay in drifts in the folds of her fur coat. She blinked the blur out of her eyes, looked at Jennie fixedly for a moment, then stooped and, brusklv, kissed her.

"What I came for was to make you tell me about my father. I've telephoned two or three times, but Anson won't say a word. Last night I went to your flat to see you, but you weren't there, so I suppose you're still at our house. It was one of George's nights at Cleveland and I was feeling kind of lonesome. He'll be back to-day, about noon—" (She glanced out the window where a momentary flaw of snow had obliterated the shore-line of the lake.)—"unless he gets lost in that. So I thought, while I was waiting, I'd come here and find out, from you or Henry Craven. I want to know if I made him a lot worse, that night I went away, by quarreling with him. I wrote him a letter a while ago that I thought perhaps he'd answer, and he never did."

"He got it, all right," Jennie informed her, "but he wouldn't read it. Gave it to me to tear up for him. I did—without opening it."

Beatrice laughed shortly. "There was a perfectly good check for a thousand dollars in that letter." In response to Jennie's stare of undisguised astonishment, she went on to explain. "It was the thousand dad gave George as a reward. He cashed the check for it, but never touched the money. When he ran away with me he made me send it back. I put it in my account at the bank and sent dad a check for it, telling him, in the letter, what it was. I didn't much want to, but George stood over me until I did. But I guess if you tore it up, that settles that. Only you might tell dad what was in the letter."

"I don't think I will," Jennie said, thoughtfully. "Not for the present, anyhow. When his head gets better, I suppose I will."

"What's the matter with his head?" Beatrice asked.

"It aches," Jennie told her, simply. "All the time. Night and day. Never stops. It isn't a sharp ache, he says; it's just as if his brain was a size too big for his skull. But if he gets excited or makes any exertion it's worse—beats, like hammers. That's why I'm not going to tell him."

"PRETTY awful for him, that would be," the girl reflected. "How long will it keep up, do you suppose?"

"Months, perhaps, Doctor Bennett says. He hasn't told Joe that, tho."

"Months!" Trix echoed, aghast. "That'll drive him crazy."

"I don't know what it'll drive him to," said Jennie.

"And I suppose," Beatrice said, roughly, "you think it's all my fault."

Jennie didn't answer at once. "I wish I did," she said at last. "It's my fault, a good deal of it. That's what's worrying me."

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"Because you didn't play detective, yourself, and find out about George before dad came home? What difference would that have made? You came nearer succeeding, the way you tried. You almost made it. If you'd—cared about me a little more—enough so you *had* to ask questions—oh, it would have come to the same thing in the end, I guess, whatever anybody did. Only, Jennie, you told me once—it was the first real talk we ever had together—that you weren't an old maid, exactly. I've thought of that since, and wondered what you meant by it. I don't suppose you'd care to tell me that, now, feeling about me the way you do."

She paused there, tentatively, but Jennie volunteered nothing. She took the girl's two arms for a moment in a tight grip. "I'm glad you said that, Beatrice. I'm on your father's side more than ever. He's going to need all the help he can get. Whatever I do'll be done for him. All the same, I wish you luck, and I hope you're going to be happy. You are, I suppose, now."

"Yes, I am." The words were uninflected, and her laugh acknowledged how dubious they had sounded. "I mean," she explained, "I don't know whether happy's the exact word or not. I'm glad I did it. I'd be glad, even if it was all going to end in a crash, half an hour from now out there on the lake-front, when George gets in from Cleveland. Because it's been something, already, that I'd never have been quite—quite without. But—life's kind of funny, isn't it? Funnier than any one ever tells you. You have to go ahead and find it out for yourself."

She wasn't asking for sympathy, tho, as she made clear by rising from the corner of the desk and moving away a little. "I'm going to school, again," she added, on a brighter note. "George isn't crazy about having me do it, but I tell him I'd go crazy if I didn't. What I'd really like is to learn to drive a plane and then get a job, myself, in the mail I'd get the Omaha run, you see, and then we could come sailing in from opposite directions at the same time, and have our two days off, together, here. It gives George fits to have me talk like that, but it's silly of him because I could learn to do it just as well as he could. Anyhow, there isn't a chance of it, so he needn't worry."

She scribbled a line or two on Jennie's scratch-pad. "There's where we live now," she concluded. "I don't know how long we'll stay. George is talking about moving to Cleveland, but I don't want to, much. Anyhow, they'll forward it, if anything happens you want to tell me about."

"I don't suppose anything much will happen," Jennie said, rising and walking to the door with her. "It's probably just the sort of mood I've been in that makes me feel as if something would. I'm glad to have your address, anyway. And if anything happens to you, let me know. I'm glad you came to-day—and told me what you did. Good-by, Trix."

She'd had to resist an impulse to say a good deal more than that. All her resentment against the girl had been sponged out and the underlying affection made legible again. She'd have liked to say, "Come to me nights when George is in Cleveland." But Joe would never have been able to understand a divided loyalty, nor would she dare risk an attempt to keep him in the dark about it. No, Trix would have to lie in the bed she had made. Jennie went to the window to stare at the lead-colored sky and watch the thinning flurries of snow. She didn't even try to get her mind back upon her own affairs until she had seen the Cleveland mail-plane make a safe landing in Grant Park.

BEFORE Christmas she found a use for the address Beatrice had given her. Joe was up and about by that time, and she had moved back once more to her own flat. He asked her, on one of the first days after his return to the office, to go to his apartment at her convenience, some time when he wasn't there, and clear out the blue room, pack everything up that she'd find there—and dispose of it. Anson and his wife would help her. The blue room had belonged to Beatrice.

So Jennie packed all the clothes and trinkets she found in the blue room and dispatched them to Beatrice. It was, she had no doubt, what Joe wanted her to do with them.

When Winter settled down upon the flax country there came a lull in the activities of the Greer company. Joe nursed his headache like a wounded bear until he discovered that by drinking enough whisky he could get relief from it. After that he appeared to the world at large to be himself again. It was not in appearance that for long deceived Jennie, however. She noted that he let his drawing-board alone and that he could not be driven to put any constructive work into the problem of finding a market for their raw linen when they had made it. It was going to be a question of supply, not demand, he insisted.

Poor Henry Craven, what with a bad bronchial cold and his chronic worry as to his duty between John Williamson, whom he was grateful to, and Joe Greer, who had become his friend, declined to such an extent that both John and Joe insisted he take a vacation. John suggested a fortnight on the Riviera, along with the voyage over and back, as the sort of thing he needed to set him up, and Henry, tho overawed by the idea at first, dutifully and rapturously whelmed by the idea at first, dutifully and rapturously whelmed by the idea at first, dutifully and rapturously whelm

This drew, amazingly, a black look from Joe. It was gone in an instant, and he said with a laugh that that bottle of Scotch had been brought along for Henry, and no one else. For himself, he would like a cup of tea as well as anything he could think of.

Another odd thing happened then Violet offered to go and make it, naturally enough, since she had been the one who had suggested having it; and Henry, equally of course, insisted on doing it himself. This was his house, and tea-making was his specialty. He took a hesitating step toward the door, saying, "But, of course, if you would rather make it, Violet——"

She whipped around, and in so doing turned her back squarely on Joe, her face ablaze with an uncontrollable exasperation. Her voice had a perceptible edge on it, too, tho luckily it was not as expressive as her face, as she said, "I've no *passion* for making tea, Henry, nor even for drinking it if it's any better."

Joe held his breath over the way she flared up and swept her cousin out of the room, and he did not move, nor did she, until they heard the flop of the swing-door into the kitchen.

Then she turned and faced him, and he moved a step toward her—and stopped. Something the same look was in her face that he had seen just after he had kissed her, the look that had made him think of Beatrice; not a woman's look at all—a child's. It was troubled now, and desperately resolute. Her pose was not a woman's, either, it was—a schoolgirl's. He saw her lips were trembling and felt a lump come into his throat.

"I must say it quickly," she began, and then for a matter of seconds stood silent. "It was true, what you said in the car that day. It was all true. That's why it made me so angry. I didn't know it till you said it. That's—that's one of the things I had to tell you. I didn't think I'd ever do it, but I haven't been sleeping very well. And none of the things I tried, to get it out of my head, were any good— So I thought if I told you— You see why, don't you? I mean, you understand it isn't——"

"Yes, I understand," he told her hastily. This was quite untrue. In the revulsion of feeling that had swept over him he was bewildered. The thing to do, he admonished himself, was to remember every word she said so that he could think out her incredible meaning afterward. They wouldn't have much more time now. Henry might be coming back any minute. "I wish you'd sit down," he said, and after she had obeyed him, in a sort of entranced docility, he added, "If there's anything you want me to do——"

"THERE isn't," she interrupted with a gasp; "not a thing. It's just——" She broke off there and clasped her hands tight in her lap, between her knees. "There's something else I want you to know. I've never told John what really happened that day. But I didn't tell him—what you must have thought I did. I said it wasn't anything. I gave him my word it wasn't. I just wanted him to let me alone and not ask questions. But of course he thought——"

"Yes, of course," Joe assented at random. "That's all right."

"He was horribly angry," she persisted. "I don't know whether he is yet or not. He doesn't act that way any more, but perhaps that's just because he doesn't want me to —worry about it."

"Well, that's all right." A gleam of a smile broke through on the words. "You don't need to worry about me, anyhow. I'll look out for myself. I have been, all along, for that matter."

She nodded. "I couldn't bear to have you think, if anything did happen, that I was the one who—started it. I knew what you'd think of me. When you'd really been the one who—saved me. I didn't suppose *men* did chivalrous things like that. That's what it was. Because it couldn't have—meant anything—much to you."

"It's all right," he repeated with the poor phrase seemed to be all he could lay his tongue to. After a moment's struggle, not with embarrassment, but with the mere stiffness of his mind, he added, "There's nothing more for you to worry about. You can forget all about it."

She smiled in rueful dissent to that, and he met it with a smile of his own. At last he had something to say. "That was a surprising word you used—chivalrous. I don't believe it was ever hooked on to me before. I've never been what you could call a Galahad——"

"I know," she broke in. There was a spark of animation in her tone now. She was no longer frozen. "I heard all about that before I ever knew you. I always thought you must be one of the—horridest people, that way, I had ever known. I suppose that's why—partly why—it got me when you acted the way you did in the car."

"I can't see," Joe said, "that there was anything much in that. It was a string we couldn't play out, and I said so. Maybe if I hadn't had a good deal of—experience, I wouldn't have seen that we couldn't play it out."

When she spoke again, at the end of a short silence, her manner had stiffened, so that once more it was as if she were trying to recite something. "I suppose I must have been one of the most ignorant people in the world. I don't think I could tell you this. I don't believe it's a thing you'll be able to believe. But it's true, and it's the only real excuse I have. I thought I knew a lot, as much as most people, but I didn't. I knew—nothing at all. It was all new—that day. As if I'd never been married—or anything. You can't believe that—can you?"

"I knew it then," he said, not looking at her as she spoke. "That was what pulled me up, gave me time to think." He added a moment later, "It wasn't what we wanted—either of us."

He had a strange sensation that this last remark of his went falling, falling, for a long time, like a dislodged rock, down a bottomless cañon, bounding from wall to wall, sending up fainter and more distant echoes, until at last an abysmal silence swallowed it.

After a while she said, "You wanted to be friends with me then. I suppose it's too late for that to be any good to you now." There was no color of sentimental penitence in her tone, but she seemed to feel the need of clearing her meaning of this possible interpretation, and added, "I mean, now that your daughter has married and gone away."

"It's too late in a way," he said thoughtfully, ignoring her reference to Beatrice. "I had a fool idea for a while last Summer of settling down, maybe buying a place up at Lake Forest, turning into one of the stall-fed crowd myself, when some of the pile we're going to make out of this linen process came in. I've got over that, all right."

"I'm glad you have. You aren't like us. Of course," she added, "we aren't all like ourselves. Not all the time. But you still want to be rich? What will you do with it, if you don't settle down?"

"No trouble about that!" he told her, with a laugh. "The more I have, the bigger a life I can swing. But I've got to hatch some chickens before I can begin counting 'em. They're already counted, for that matter. Forty-two little flax-mills, spotted all over the Northwest. I've got to see to it that they're all built and equipped right and ready for business between now and August. Good fun, that'll be—getting out of a white-collar job for a while."

It was then that Henry Craven came in with the tea.

HE'S GOING TO NEED ALL THE HELP HE CAN GET. WHATEVER I DO'LL BE DONE FOR HIM'"

JOE did not see her again, save for a formal dinner to which she surprisingly invited him just before he went North, until he came home for a few days early in July—a minor failure in the arrival of the machinery was his excuse—on a Saturday morning during the first onslaught of a period of ferociously hot weather. After having debated with himself at length on the train whether to let her know he was in town or to trust to the information reaching her through her husband or Henry, he telephoned to her Lake Forest house from the station the moment he left the train.

She asked him out directly for over the week-end, and laughed at his hesitation about accepting. "It's John you've come to see, isn't it—and Greg? Well, they'll be here." Then she asked him whether he had ever played bridge with either of them. He told her he had not, whereupon she warned him that he didn't play at all, ever. With a laugh, as he caught on, he assented. "I never touch a card of any sort," he assured her. "I've sworn off."

Thanks to this maneuver, they managed to be together a good deal during the next two days, for play during that house-party was almost incessant, and Violet was able to pose as the conscientious hostess looking after the odd guest who did not join in. Her place at the tables was taken by Dorothy, who played with all the obsessed seriousness of the neophyte.

It was not, however, a satisfactory visit for Joe. Violet's tactics worried him. They were no longer audacious. She never openly carried him off as she had done at the traps that Sunday morning, the first time she had ever seen him. She never sought, nor for long allowed, any secure solitude for them. Yet in the fringes of the crowd or at table, with no more privacy than derived from the fact that both their neighbors were turned away from them, she would talk to him in a way that brought his heart into his throat. He had always supposed he had a talent for keeping his face, but these talks with her kept him in perpetual terror of a betrayal.

He hated, too, being under John Williamson's roof. The husband's incredible complacency irritated him. He seemed impervious to the warnings of jealousy. It wasn't possible to assume that he had ceased to care for her. His steady-going, considerate affection for her was obvious. What sort of terms were they on, anyhow? How had she explained, and he accepted, her change of attitude toward himself?

VIOLET was not informative on these points, even when he resorted at last to direct questions. She earnestly protested herself fond of John—immensely. He was an absolute dear in a lot of ways.

She looked at Joe thoughtfully. "You know," she said, "in a business way, it's you I worry about, not him."

"Well, you needn't," he told her, shortly. "He might have got me if I hadn't played a hunch earlier in the game. But I did. I've got my share in the Greer company nailed down, where he can never get it away from me."

"In the long run," she persisted, "he'll get the better of you. I believe he's already sure of it. That's just a—hunch, as you say. He doesn't talk to me about it any more."

He took this soberly, apparently to her surprize. Evidently she had expected him to laugh at her.

"Joe, has anything begun to go wrong now? Anything you can see, here or up North?" she asked in concern.

"No, I guess not," he said, absently. "Why?"

"You seem different, somehow," she said "Oh, I know it's hot, and you've been working horribly hard, but you always seemed like a person who couldn't be tired. And now— You don't look quite natural either."

"I'm not sleeping much," he confessed. "Haven't since I got that crack on the head last Winter."

(Indeed, the amount of whisky it now took to insure him even the beginning of a night's sleep was so great as to have begun whispering an impatiently unheeded warning.)

"Of course," he added, on a new note, this thing of ours doesn't make it any easier."

They were really alone for once. It was Sunday night. A big purple storm-cloud, driving up from the southwest, had, with a flash or two of lightning and a sudden patter of rain-drops, driven the rest within doors. He and Violet had lingered outside to show the good faith of their combined prediction that the thing would blow around, as it now showed signs of meaning to do.

"Violet," his voice dealt with the words roughly, "what do you do? How do you manage?"

"My life, you mean?" she asked. "I play bridge——!"

"I mean about your husband."

"We're perfectly good friends," she told him, after a silence, "but that's all. There's nothing new about that. It's been that way, practically, for a long time."

The Greatest Christmas Story

Ever printed in a magazine will appear in PICTORIAL REVIEW for December—a word picture of the birth of Jesus, shining with the wonder and glory of a new convert's vision. This is the first instalment—there will be five in all—of Giovanni Papini's extraordinary life of Christ, the work of a young Italian, formerly an atheist. Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher; superb illustrations in color from paintings by Tissot. The "old, old story" made marvelously tender and thrilling.

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"You said that day at Henry's that it wouldn't have meant much to me—what I hadn't done the other time. It would have, but I didn't know it—then. This is as new a thing to me as it is to you. It's changed everything. That means it's got to come out somewhere. You've trusted me, and you can go on trusting me, but we can't stop here—and we aren't going into the ditch."

"I don't know where we are going," she said, hopelessly.

"There's no place we can go."

The words ended in a sob, and in an instant she was in his arms. He kissed her, too—not as he had done on the earlier occasion, but gently, reverently almost.

"I'll wait," he said. "I think you're the gamest thing in the world; and when the time comes, and you're ready, you'll do the thing that's there in front of you to do. I'll wait till then."

She rose then, and they walked slowly toward the house. But before they got within the luminous zone from the lighted windows, she stopped, and kissed him fugitively once more. She uttered a little laugh as they moved on again.

"We're acting like a pair of children," she said.

It is true one would hardly have expected just this white flame of romance from these ingredients.

Joe went back to Chicago early the next morning, and left for the North before the end of the week. He didn't see Violet again until October.

HENRY CRAVEN went up to the Williamsons' for the week-end over the first of August, and had a very jolly time until John caught him just as he was on the point of going to bed Saturday night, and made a date with him for the morning in the gun-room. There was a little matter he would like to take up with Henry before he went back to town. Henry was feeling so cheerful that he didn't spend more than ten minutes before he went to sleep worrying over what it might be that John wanted to talk to him about.

It was, however, with an instantly awakened misgiving that he noted, when they sat down together in the gun-room after breakfast, John's reluctance, whatever it was he wanted to talk about, to come to the point of it. This was portentously unlike him, and the consequence was that the friendlier and more casual he seemed, the more alarming, to Henry, he became.

He asked how things were going at the office. Oh, he didn't mean business details, precisely — he knew all about that—but the general feel of it all. Did Greer's letters sound as enthusiastic as ever? He wasn't finding any trouble up there, was he? John knew what good terms Henry was on with Miss MacArthur. Nothing about her—well, her manner, to indicate anything in the background, he supposed? No, he wasn't inquiring about anything in particular. Just wanted Henry's general reaction on it. It *looked* good certainly. There was no one like Greer for speeding things up.

"And by the way," John went on. He hesitated there for a moment, and Henry's heart dropped a beat altogether. The lightning was going to strike now, he knew, but he hadn't the faintest premonition of the nature of the bolt. "By the way," John repeated, "I think you had better indorse your shares in the Greer company, and bring them around to me. Then if I decide to dispose of mine, I can sell yours too."

"Sell it?" Henry echoed, astounded.

"Oh, it's like every other business," John went on, evenly. "It's a question of getting in and getting out at the right time—and usually the time for getting out is too short. I'd hate to have to go ashore and leave you behind. You know all about that trick Greer played to get control. Well, whenever I find myself in one of these industrials that I don't control, I always wear a life-belt, that's all. And I think you had better put yours on, too. It's just as you like, of course."

"Of course I'll bring you the shares," Henry said. "They're really yours, anyhow. I've been paid for them."

He knew he wasn't disguising his profound unhappiness over John's suggestion.

"Look here, Henry," John said, after he had lighted a fresh cigar and offered Henry one; "this isn't anything to get worked up about. We don't contemplate doing anything for the present. It may be weeks or months even—or we may never sell it at all. But these boom times aren't going to last forever. One of the biggest motor-car companies in the country is in trouble right now. Greer isn't the sort of man we can trust the control to—control of anything—let alone in mixed-up times like these. He's one of these fellows that run away with an idea; and if we see he's running away with this, we want to be fixed so we can hop off the wagon. That's all."

"I SEE," Henry said. He got up, literally a trifle giddy, and moved toward the door. "All right," he added, "I'll bring the shares in the morning."

"There's one important thing," John said, the words checking Henry's hand upon the latch. "This has got to be kept absolutely quiet. If Greer or Miss MacArthur should catch on to what's in the wind, there would be the devil to pay. Better not speak of it to anybody—not even to Margaret or Violet." Henry nodded, and went out.

On his way to bed that night Margaret said she would come into his room for a few minutes for a talk. He meant to go into town on an early train next morning, and she didn't expect to come down to breakfast. She helped herself to one of his cigarets, hung fire for a minute while she was getting herself started, and then, rather shyly—an unusual manner for Margaret—asked him whether John had been talking to him that day.

Henry admitted, lamely, that he and John had talked about various matters—business mostly.

"Well, did he talk about me? That's what I want to know."

"Oh, yes! Yes, he did. He said quite a lot about you." But he couldn't, as it happened, remember just then a word of what John had said about Margaret, and he stopped there, vaguely amiable, but quite blank.

Margaret looked at him curiously. "What's the matter with you, Henry? You've been looking queer all day. Are you trying to act like a—half-wit? What I want to know is whether John told you what he's going to do for me? He's going to buy in with Portia for me—buy me a partnership. Did he tell you that?"

"Oh, by Jove, that's great!" Henry cried. He was sure this was the way he would feel about it when he got his ideas sufficiently straightened out to feel anything.

Jennie's principal concern that Summer was the problem of marketing the raw flax which they were under contract to buy as it was delivered during the Fall and Winter by the subsidiary companies. There whole textile field, more or less. They had made promising follow-up campaigns in all quarters where it seemed likely that an interest in their product could be aroused. The textile world had shown no lack of interest in the Greer process. Engineers came out to visit the laboratory, mills took their samples, letters came in from everywhere.

The only disquieting phenomenon about all this activity was that it never got beyond the preliminary stage. The experts came and looked, went away and experimented, and made their reports, in the main highly favorable; but these reports seemed to disappear into some vast inane which gave back nothing, not even a responsive echo. By the middle of September Jennie was frankly alarmed about it. And in Henry this alarm was amplified manifold.

It troubled them both, too, that they couldn't arouse Joe to the seriousness of the situation.

"I can't see," Jennie confided to Henry, "why he's staying around up there. All but two or three of those mills have already got stuff coming through. I've done all I can in the way of writing letters to get him back. He says he'll come about the first of the month. You know, I think somebody, one of us, ought to go up there and talk to him."

Henry thought this a good idea, but insisted that there was no question about Jennie's being the one to go. "You can talk up to him, which is something I never could do in the world."

"I've been talking up to him for seven or eight years, off and on," Jennie pointed out. "He's used to me. You've never tried to, and you might have a lot more effect."

He looked so acutely miserable over this suggestion, that Jennie hastily agreed to make the journey. She said to Henry when he greeted her on the morning of her return, and asked her what luck she had had with Joe, "We'll have lunch together somewhere, Henry, and then I'll tell you. I don't want to talk about it here."

That she had come upon something seriously disturbing during her visit, her manner made plain enough, but she gave Henry no clue to the nature of it until they were seated at a corner table in the old Stratford dining-room and had got rid of the waiter. Then, however, she came straight to the point.

"HENRY, Joe's drinking too much," Jennie said, bluntly. Henry made a grimace at that. The picture her words formed in his mind was of nightly bacchic carousals.

"How did you find out about it?" he asked after a moment of unhappy meditation. "Did they talk to you about it?"

"They don't know," she said. "Nobody knows. He doesn't get drunk, Henry. You wouldn't know, unless you'd always known him, that there was anything wrong. He just drinks. He's ashamed about it. But he needs it. After he's been around with you a while, he makes an excuse for going away by himself to get it, because he can't stand it any longer without it. It just happened that I found it out, and when I did it made me—sick. No, I didn't say anything to him about it. What would be the use? It's been going on a long while, I guess. Since before he went North this Spring."

Henry remembered the drink he'd seen Joe take after the April meeting. "Something ought to be done about it," he said. "It's—ghastly,' if it's really as bad as it seemed to you."

"It is," she asserted. "I'm not mistaken about that. But he's the only person who can do anything about it. When he gets around to it, I suppose he will. When he's got over the thing that drives him to it. It is ghastly, of course, but I don't believe anything like that will ever get Joe permanently."

These revelations were so appalling to Henry that he quite forgot what Jennie's original errand to the North had been, along with the apprehensions which had caused her to undertake it. Not so, Jennie, however. She came back to flax.

"They aren't as happy up there as they were when Joe was organizing those subsidiaries," she told Henry. "They're furious over the way wheat's gone down. They think it's all the doings of the speculators. They're worried over tight money and the way the banks are shutting down on new credits. They think that's part of a conspiracy, too. You see, practically all those little flax companies borrowed the money that they bought the straw with. It was easy enough to get then. But now the local banks are wanting those notes paid up, and that means that the subsidiaries won't be able to give us any time at all. We're all right for a while, of course, but this is going to run into millions, Henry. And the stuff we're going to buy, until we've established a market for it, isn't anything the banks will take for collateral, either."

A prediction of John Williamson's stabbed through Henry's memory like a neuralgia. "Sooner or later, this Greer will bite off more than he can chew." Had he

"'I LOVE YOU BETTER THAN I DO HIM,' SHE SAID, TURNING AWAY AGAIN. 'AT LEAST I THINK I DO. I'VE NEVER DREAMED OF MARRYING HIM. AND NEVER WOULD—EVEN IF HE WANTED ME TO'"

was going to be a lot of it—over thirty million pounds—and the only comfortable way to handle it would be by securing in advance contracts with jobbers or spinners, under which they could keep it turning over as fast as it came in.

She and Henry had, as well as they could, attended to the preliminaries of this undertaking. They had surveyed the

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already done it? Henry wondered. And then Jennie startled him by mentioning John, herself. She had suggested that Henry go and talk to him.

Henry didn't much want to do this. He'd been avoiding John of late, on instinct rather than from any formulable reason, but this wasn't a fact he cared to confess to Jennie, so he said he would go. He telephoned him that same afternoon, and John invited him to lunch at the Union League the next day—to Henry's relief at getting out of a visit to John's office.

Henry talked with John about it, who proved, in the upshot, rather reassuring than otherwise. He seemed to think it natural enough that their progress had been slow with the big jobbers and that nothing much would be gained by trying to hurry them. If Greer was coming back in a fortnight or so he could run down to New York and very likely close up everything in a week. Those things usually happened all at once.

They talked through the meal in this comfortable vein, and then when they began to smoke John leaned back in his chair and asked Henry where he'd been all this while.

"You'll have to come around pretty soon if you're going to see Dorothy before she goes away. She's going abroad for the winter, to a school in Florence. Violet's got it figured out that she's too young to come out yet, and says she doesn't want her hanging around all the year at a loose end. It sounds reasonable enough when she talks about it, but hang it, I was hoping for a chance to get acquainted with the child myself. After she starts going out to dinners and dances on her own every night, I won't have a look-in. October first she goes."

Henry inquired if Violet were going over with her.

"No," John said. "Some girl's mother is to take the pair of them. I don't know what Violet's planning to do. She's been so busy lately getting Dodo packed off that I don't believe she's had time to think."

Between Dorothy's sailing-date and Joe's for his return to Chicago there was a direct relation. Back in August he had received this letter from Violet:

I asked Henry the other day when you were coming back and he said he thought within two or three weeks. At first I was glad, for it seems a long time since that Fourth of July week-end, but I've come to think I don't want to see you again with Dorothy about. She *looks* at me, Joe—Margaret looks at me, too, as if she'd like to slap me, and I don't mind a bit. She's never forgiven me and I suppose never will. Dorothy is as dear as she can be, fond of me, and admires me and all that, but sometimes she makes me feel a fool. I couldn't *stand* it——

We've decided she's to go to school for one more year—she is too young to come out—in Italy, and she sails about the first of October; a little late that is, but I can't get her ready any sooner. The Hallams, New York people, are putting their girl on the same school and she'll go over with them. I suppose I shall go to New York and see her off, and then I'll come home, and there won't be anybody—. I know if you came to Chicago before then we'd be seeing each other—and I'd *hate* it. So I'm hoping you will come—then. I wonder if that seems idiotic to you.

It did not seem idiotic to Joe. It seemed sensitive, high-minded, thoroughbred. It added a glamourous brush-stroke or two to the romantic portrait of Violet his fancy had been so industriously painting. Also it fed his hopes. He read into its broken sentences admissions which fell but little short of promises.

Within a week of Jennie's return to Chicago, Joe conceived an attractive project. He'd go straight to New York from here, by way of the "Soo," and close his contracts for the year's output of raw linen before he came back October first. It would be fun to see their faces, Jennie's and Henry's, long and solemn enough when he came in, change when he tossed down those papers on his desk before their eyes. That would show them whether he was the old Joe or not!

THE other not quite acknowledged half of the picture was an accidental meeting with Violet after Dorothy's boat had sailed. Joe had let him know what boat it was. It would be easy enough to manage since he knew the hotel the Williamsons were addicted to in New York; they'd both talked about it. He wouldn't go near her, indeed he'd take pains to avoid a chance meeting, until the child was out of the way, but the possibilities offered by the subsequent handful of hours were breath-taking—especially if by that time he had his signed contracts in his pocket.

He felt no serious doubt of his success in this. But from the start, on Monday morning, he met unforeseen difficulties. He found plenty of people who were glad to talk with him, but these were the hirelings, experts, and such. The big people, to a baffling degree, were inaccessible; physically inaccessible in the first place, and when he had got into their bodily presence, spiritually. Their urbanity disconcerted him and drove him, when he tried to assert himself, to the opposite manner, which, he was aware, only made the abyss between them wider. They were like Williamson, only worse. Before the week was over he was wishing he had John there as an ally.

He spent Saturday morning alone in his room. His week's campaign had ended perforce on Friday, when everybody who could be any good to him disappeared, from the haunts of trade at any rate, for the week-end. It had got him nowhere. But—hadn't it? No nearer his goal, certainly. Yet he could not quite ignore an impression he had caught from the last man he had talked to. This man, pleasant enough and not too obviously in a hurry to be rid of him, had once or twice, at some assertion of Joe's, permitted himself to smile, faintly and a little impatiently, as if he *knew* there was nothing to be dreaded from his competitors. Was this bland, non-committal attitude he had been meeting everywhere a thing agreed upon? It was not a pleasant sort of bunch to get.

"'YOU'RE SO TIRED,' SHE PROTESTED, 'SO DEADLY TIRED. CAN'T YOU JUST BE HAPPY, AND RELAX FOR A LITTLE WHILE! LEAN DOWN ON ME, LIKE THIS'"

ONLY a corner of his mind, tho, was concerned with this question. The rest of it was watching the clock. He had considered going down to the gate to the pier about the time the boat sailed and intercepting Violet there, where there would be no chance of missing her, but had reluctantly decided against it. There could be no look of accident about an encounter like that. No, it was safer to stick to the hotel and trust to luck.

It was a small hotel as these go in New York, and its plan suited admirably with the stratagem Joe had in mind. There was but one entrance, and it was possible to get a table in the main restaurant, to the left as you went in, that commanded it. Joe could take a seat here, order his lunch, and await Violet's appearance at his leisure.

An irritating misadventure befell him soon after he'd chosen his table and given the waiter his indifferent order. Another guest entering the restaurant, whom Joe had looked at without seeing, stopped suddenly in the act of passing his table, stared at him, slapped him heavily on the shoulder, and called him Joe. If he could have decomposed the fellow into his elements with a wish, he would have done so. His memory was at a loss for him at first, and when it got him it didn't help much. A chap named Snell, he was, whom Joe had known pretty well but regarded little, years ago down in Santiago de Chile.

But to Snell, unhappily, the encounter was an event to make much of. Ignoring the want of an invitation, he sat down at Joe's table and began pouring out his story of the intervening years. His only regret was that he hadn't known enough to come to New York sooner. There was no other place like it for easy money. Perfectly straight, legitimate business, of course, he was talking about, in millions. There was nothing in the crooked stuff; it wasn't big enough.

The words fell on an ear that was at last totally deaf. Joe saw, pausing a moment at the head of the shallow stairway and then turning toward the restaurant, not Violet, but her husband.

For a moment the sight of him was blankly incredible, and for another after that the wild idea darted about in his brain that Williamson had come suspecting something amiss—a rendezvous! Impossible of course. Violet herself had known nothing of Joe's coming to New York. He had himself in hand again, at least as far as appearances went, before John's eye fell upon him, and was able to return his nod composedly enough. John looked surprized to see him there, but not startled. He moved a few steps toward Joe's table, but after a glance at Snell, sheered off and seated himself at the other side of the room.

An almost unbearable sense of frustration settled upon Joe. Williamson's presence was explicable enough. He'd come down to see his daughter off to Europe, either with his wife or in her stead. Perhaps Violet had after all changed her mind and gone off to Italy with Dorothy. Anyhow the hope of a few untrammeled hours with her, which he'd been leaning on, much more heavily than he had realized, was broken.

After a few minutes of gloomy cogitation it seemed necessary that he talk to John at once. He pushed back his chair and rose. "There's a man just came in," he said to Snell, "that I had a sort of date with for lunch. I guess I'd better go over and join him. Glad I saw you."

"So'm I," said Snell heartily. "Look me up some time." He told Joe his address and insisted he write it down. "And," he added confidentially, "if you want to meet any classy girls——"

"Or want three or four million dollars?" Joe interrupted with a dry grin.

"Well, that wouldn't stump me, either," Snell retorted a little truculently. He twisted his mouth as he spoke as if he were shifting a cigar into one corner of it. "Look me up, anyhow," he concluded cordially.

Joe said he would, and crossed the room to John Williamson's table.

"Sit down," John said, cheerfully. "Did you just get in to-day?"

"Been here all the week," Joe told him.

John frowned. "Not in this hotel, have you?"

"No," Joe said. "I happened to be down the street a little way, and I ran in for lunch."

John explained, too. "I thought I would have bumped into you, that's all, if you had been staying here. I've been here three or four days myself. Just been seeing my daughter off to Europe."

"Did your wife go with her?" Joe asked. He had spoken out of a dry throat, and the words reverberated harshly in his own ears, but apparently the question sounded casual enough to Williamson.

"No," he answered. "She's at home."

"Have you moved into town yet?" Joe inquired.

John told him they were still out in Lake Forest. They hardly ever came in as early as this. Best month in the year, October was. No time like it for horseback-riding.

"By the way," he asked, when he had deliberately disposed of a mouthful, "what luck are you having with your raw linen—marketing it, I mean? It seems to have been worrying Henry and Miss MacArthur quite a bit."

"That's what I'm down here on," said Joe, "but the trouble with me is that I don't know my way about. I've been getting an idea the last day or two that these different people I've been talking to are all in cahoots."

JOHN stared at him. "Great Scott, man!" he said. "Of course they are. Most of the industries that are administered from New York are pretty well tied together inside themselves. But the textiles!"

"Well, I don't know anything about that," Joe grumbled. "That's out of my beat, I guess. It looked like a perfectly straight merchandising proposition to me. I had something good that they wanted. But this inside stuff— Look here, Williamson, I don't see why this shouldn't be put up to you. Why don't you stay on for two or three days—and earn your dividends?" He managed to throw in a smile with this, but it didn't take much of the edge of his words. "You can play this pussyfoot game. You know all the inside stuff."

"I'm afraid I can't take it on," John said. "I've got to be home Monday morning for an important meeting."

The lightness combined with the finality of his tone stung Joe to a flare of temper. "Look here, Williamson," he said, leaning suddenly forward, half across the table, "this is serious. We've got thirty million pounds of that stuff coming in that we've got to buy at an agreed price. It's

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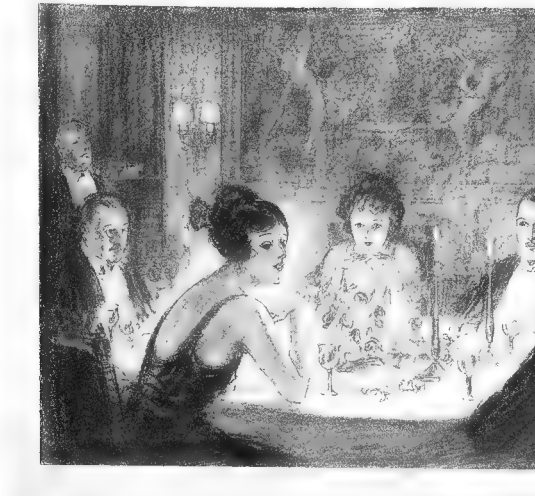

"BROADWAY! ALWAYS IT HAD THRILLED HER. SHE WAS QUEEN OF ALL THIS. MARGOT TENNYSON, THE STAR!"

AMBITION ALLEY

It Leads a Beautiful and Unhappy Woman, via the Stage, to a Wildly Dramatic Revelation

BY DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

WELL, then, citizens, let us consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin; they bake not, neither do they sew. The purple and fine linen of Solomon, the King, could never approach in texture their delicate white and green Nor could all his dignity outdo their grace. The miracle of an Easter morning! They come coyly; they stand proudly—but soon their hour is spent. Nature goes on her large, kindly work. The cherry darkens in the sun. The fields of rye ripen. The flax is blue. The humble population of the garden take their appointed place. Brown harvest comes. The grain is stored. The fields go asleep again. And the generous earth is blessed gratefully. But now are the lilies but a few negligible yellow stalks. Forgotten their brief, futile glory. Consider the lilies of the field.

Past the bed of lilies in my mother's garden stands the father of all apple-trees. Old and grim, gnarled into strange druidic shapes, and loved. On it the dour Scottish gardener spends more attention than on any maze of flowers. In Spring come the sweet blue buds, and then the heart-catching explosion of white beauty. And then the green, sweet branches. In Autumn the loyal fruit. And in the Winter it doesn't go. It is of the house, of the clan.

Shall it ever go? I can not conceive it. If it does it shall be mourned more than a human friend. Not near the bed of lilies did we write our poetries, Kevin and Colin, Donald Oge and I, but under its patient, listening boughs. And the bees swarming in its branches. And the flying cat taking refuge in its depths, and from a green spray of it the magpie jeering at the boisterous dogs. It is very, very deep in our hearts.

But the lilies are no more to us than a brief phase of beauty, like a kingfisher skimming the Brook of Willows.

She had thought, seeing it had never failed before, that the glare and rush of Broadway would relieve her depression. While waiting in the hotel lobby, the doorman blowing his whistle for her car, she had longed for it as for a drug. And all about the hotel, people had been pointing out the big blond woman as Margot Tennyson, who was opening that night in a play of "Who's 'is Guy's?" A little stir; a whisper; a country cousin expressing surprize that she was so lady-like, so dignified, so—so little scarlet!

"Them actresses now, I sort o' thought they was kind o' a tough—" "Nix, nix, fellow! Y'ain't got Margot Tennyson right. Why, listen, fellow—" All that whispered, half imagined by her conversation, used one time to amuse her, bring a little tolerant smile to the corners of her mouth. And to-night the doorman's, "If I may make so bold, Miss Tennyson, to wish you good luck—" evoked a "What! Oh, thanks, Pat!" curt, irritated.

That wire announcing her daughter Angela's marriage, that unexpected, unprovided-for message. Such a callous message, as if the mother hadn't mattered. With its hint of the life of the eight years would have faded into a convenient oblivion. Vaughan had loved her, loved her too well, he said, to be subservient to her. She couldn't understand that view-point, and she had said, "If you love me, surely you won't ask me to give up my career."

"If you were a very great actress I shouldn't, but you are not a very great actress. You are only a good actress."

"Vaughan!"

"Marge, there's none will ever compare you with the Duse, or Bernhardt, or Rachel. And you know it."

"Well, I am what I am. And it's very selfish of you. You let a little vanity come between you and me—"

"It's not a vanity, it's dignity. It's not a man's place to be hanging around a theater. And I'm a husband, not a luxury."

"Well, those are my terms."

"Well, to the devil with you and your terms!"

AND there they had parted, and a year later—perhaps to pique him into coming back, perhaps merely to get rid of the thought of him—she had secured a divorce. Angela, the girl, had been given into his keeping. It was better for the child. And, besides, she had so few facilities for caring for their daughter. It was better.

And then Vaughan had got married again. She might have known. Some calm, negligible woman who was content with life on the big stock-farm. Some woman who would take care of him, see that he got his hair cut twice a month, drive him to the tailor's, coax his pipe from him when company came. Something better than a housekeeper, more intimate than a sister. But not a love.

The day would come, she knew, when she would need Vaughan Tennyson, need his firm strength. He was the sort of man, too, who improved with the years. He was irritating, but there was something about him. His steady, unwavering way; his fine, firm convictions, his tenderness with animals.

And when the day of her need came, she thought, through Angela a reconciliation could be effected. Once a man loves. And Margot was young yet, for her forty-two years, and famous. What chance would the other woman have? A woman against Margot Tennyson, claiming her own. She wouldn't care to stay when the embers of an old love were fanned to fierce blazing Besides, what right had she to marry Vaughan anyway while he was still in love with his wife? And a sum of money would make the woman satisfied.

Yes, Angela would bring them together, all the sense of romance in a young girl blending with the sense of the fit in the daughter. To bring her quiet, kindly father and her famous mother together again. How wonderful! The secure haven of life in her October days. And Margot would be tactful: never mention the other woman. Their union would be perfect now, an idyl of Autumn. Very suave, very gracious, a little sophisticated. She had savored the situation so often, knew the lines. A very successful

HAD she always known it was like that? Y-yes, but she hadn't faced it.

And why had her daughter's telegram brought the uncomfortable dash of truth to her eyes; made her see Broadway?

Because while she had her daughter she was still bound to a normalcy of existence; there was a path of escape from the exciting, sinister valley. But that was blocked now, gone. She was alone. Marooned on Broadway.

She had had a dream. It was ten years now since Vaughan had been divorced by her—a divorce of convenience, and eight since he had married again, some negligible woman. There had been in her head a possibility of theater; that when the time came for her to leave the boards, an indefinite date, surely he would have had her back. Remarried her.

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play could be made on the theme, and some day she would write it. She would need the help of some young writer to do it—the rough work, that is—and she supposed he'd insist on having his name on it—how bothersome! And such a beautiful title she had, too: "The Prodigal Mother."

And now Angela had to go and get married and ruin everything. Angela would be interested in a husband, in babies. Young married people were so selfish. They were arbitrary, harsh even.

Life was so difficult, art so easy. Why didn't things work out properly, as they did on the stage? And they could just as well.

Her car had stopped without her knowing it. Her driver was opening the door: "The theater, Miss Tennyson."

The wires in her dressing-room disappointed her, as they always did on a first night. They rang empty. Here were a few from playwrights who had hopes of her putting on a piece of theirs. Here a few from young actresses who hoped for a place with her some day—timid, not warm messages. And here were the wires from people she prized—the men and women of the circle that toad at the Plaza, that lunched at the Ritz, that had country houses, that were at home at the horse-show; people whose hobby she was. No thrill. No particular pleasure. How cold she suddenly was!

She was numb, disturbed. Shocks were queer. Not a hand to the heart, a whitening of the lips, as on the stage. But first a little wonder, and then a certain numbness, and then cold clairvoyance, with a sense as of somebody laughing at you. And you saw yourself so poorly, so contemptibly. A quick sense of envy came to her. In other dressing-rooms, not the star's, young women were awaiting the curtain with nervous quiverings, with fear, but on their dressing-tables were telegrams that through the bare words spoke warmth and excitement and camaraderie. No great people's names were signed to them, but there was warmth.

She wished she had somebody to talk to, so dazed she was, but she had never encouraged her fellow players. She had kept them from her. She had boasted outside that she was a lady. And it was her aloofness that had won her a place at the dinner-tables, week-ends of the prosperous. The people of money liked to have their functions embrace the arts, so she, with possibly an innocuous poet and an undisturbing novelist, was vogue to have on parties. Such a nice woman, a lady!

It was recognized that there were greater actresses than Margot in New York, women of genius, but they had disturbing mannerisms, intolerant personalities, and about as safe socially as a stick of dynamite. But as long as Margot Tennyson was a star she was an asset. She always insisted it was for herself she was asked, but to-night it occurred to her, a couple of failures in succession, a name no longer beloved of sob sister writers, and would she be as welcome, would she be asked at all?

And some gray hairs would come, and deeper shadows around her eyes. And if she dyed her hair her face would become harsher. What rejuvenation she would win would be offset by the grimness of cheek-bones. And the neck, and the treacherous hands.

It was a terrible thing to be a star, and to grow old.

Of course there were the Duse and Bernhardt. But they were not actresses, as the understood word is; they were mediums. A gesture of the Duse's hand, a smile, somehow all the winds of the world, all the trees were evident. Some magic. Not study of parts or technique of acting. And Bernhardt — the sobbing French lines — she was a musician. But an actress, once the illusion of the body gone— How fickle, how ungrateful the public was!

For an old actress there was only her own people, the people of the stage. They clung together somehow.

But Margot was not of them. She had not their memories of better days, their dearly bought philosophy. People who had starved together, who had shared their last pennies. Who had presented an unbroken phalanx to the world. Something bound them. They had laughed together and cried together, and done one another little meannesses, and been forgiven. A clan of their own. But Margot could expect nothing from them; she had not fought with them, she had not suffered with them. In their hearts she was a slacker, as the new term was.

They had even no admiration for her. She had never made a splendid fight, never sacrificed anything for convictions. She was a pleasing personality, across the footlights. She satisfied a certain public's preconceived notion of what a fine, handsome woman should be. Her emotions and reflexes were as they should be. No exception could be taken to her acting by the nicest possible people.

What she appeared in were not plays, but vehicles for her looks, her gestures, her speech. Not the theater —the show business.

And she had been satisfied until to-night; not only satisfied, but proud, certain.

Until to-night, until the shock came.

And she said, "What shock after all? Angela is only married. Not dead."

No, Angela was not dead. No, but she, Margot, was. "I am dead, left, through— scared——!"

Had her new piece been a matter of uncertainty, had there been any emotion, any gamble to it — it would not have been possible for her, sitting in her dressing-room, making up, to allow herself the luxury of introspection. There was no chance of a great success, no chance of an immense failure. Everything was calculated to a hair. Putting her on in a vehicle was investing money in gilt-edged security. A certain public would always come to see her, knowing it would not be shocked or disturbed. Parties of girls from the schools of the Misses So-and-so would troop in under their acidulous mentors. And advanced clergymen would preach mild sermons, taking her new play as a barometer of the times.

The hackney writer whose work it was, played public psychology like a game of chess. It was—well bred. And to-morrow the critics would say it was interesting, also well done, while their hearts went out to some failure in the Thirties, or their spikes bit into some egregious salacity up-town.

She had minded very little their tepid praise, for the circles of her friends rather despised the newspapers, and her business men knew that either good or bad criticism mattered nothing to her public. The schoolmistresses would send their children. The drudging suburbanites would come to her theater to get their measure of homeopathic romance. And there were thousands to whom she was a habit. So she really meant it when she said she cared nothing for criticism.

But one picture she had always in her mind, and now no more —the thought of Angela reading eagerly the notices of the play the morning after. Now no more the eagerness of the dark child to see how mother had done in the new piece. No great bundle of journals any more, reading them, flinging them aside, re-reading. To-morrow morning there would be no whole-hearted rush. Angela's mind would be full of her husband, of her new home, of probable babies. And her glance would be perfunctory, a little better than a stranger's, not the admiration of a daughter, not the warmth of a friend.

"'WE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, MISS TENNYSON. YOU GOT 'EM COMING AND GOING. WE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU!'"

If had always seemed to her, until to-night, that her relations with Angela had been very beautiful. Her visits to Angela's school years ago, and more recently Angela's visits to her, when she was not working. A week in the city, teas, shopping, Fifth Avenue. Or a visit to Margot's bijou bungalow on the Sound in Summer. And the young girl's adoring glances, and Margot's own affectation of elder sisterhood. The "Yes, dearests," and that sort of thing. The beautiful, gracious code. The nicety of not intruding on each other's feeling. All had been so wonderful. There had been no pain. They had shared no pain.

Angela had much reserve, and Margot had respected that reserve. For instance, how rarely they spoke of Angela's father, Margot's former husband! Angela spoke of him not as dearest or darling, but just as father, but a deep chord was in her voice. And as for childish infatuations, Angela blushed and changed the subject. All had been in such good taste.

And now Angela had gone and got a husband, a new life, responsibilities. A new home. Would she be welcome there? Margot thought. Of course she would. They would be flattered to have her, to show her in their new circle. She would be an asset even. They would be very nice to her.

Well, girls would marry and leave their mothers. A great pang! But somehow, in ordinary households, they came back. They depended on the older woman as to the making of a home. When immense problems of life came up, they turned, feeling for the hand that had taught them to walk. And then a baby came, and young folks were so clumsy, so—so inexperienced, and once more the older woman reigned.

And a strange sweet miracle came. Once more trusting eyes, hands like flowers. Again the sweet tyranny, only this time so welcome. One could give to the grandchild more easily than to the child. One did not have to think of the young husband too. Life was not turbulent sunshine, but a twilight of crickets and crooned lullabies, and immense tenderness instead of gusty passion. The Lord God walking in His garden in the cool of the day.

So in ordinary families, but in arrangements like hers, like Margot's— A code, such good taste—simple, kindly, warm things—a grandchild's fingers, a grandchild's laughter— No!

An unexpected sob broke from her—horrible tears. The maid rushed forward:

"Are you ill, Miss?"

"No, Kennedy. Nothing."

How bothersome! All that work to be done again! Her hands moved quickly over the dressing-table. And just when she had it right. What a nuisance! The call-boy's knock:

"Fifteen minutes, Miss Tennyson."

The play that had been written for her appearance this season was a modern play, in the current phrase. A pretty piece of journalism, neatly adapted to the new

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"AN UNEXPECTED SOB BROKE FROM HER—HORRIBLE TEARS. THE MAID RUSHED FORWARD: 'ARE YOU ILL, MISS?'"

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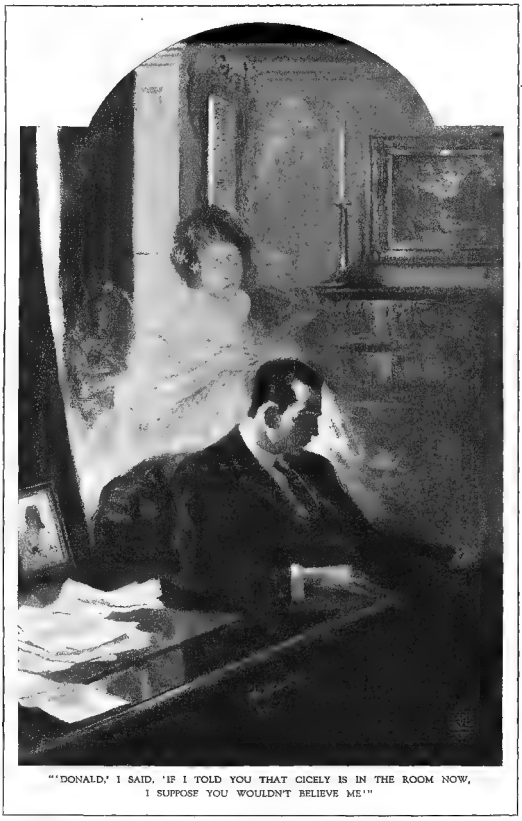

"'DONALD,' I SAID, 'IF I TOLD YOU THAT CICELY IS IN THE ROOM NOW, I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME'"

THE TOKEN

A Psychic Love Story, Whose Tender Pathos Will Win Every Heart

BY MAY SINCLAIR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK FAY

THE one absolutely adorable woman that I have known was my brother's wife, Cicely Dunbar.

Sisters-in-law do not, I *think*, invariably adore each other, and I am aware that my chief merit in Cicely's eyes was that I am Donald's sister; but for me there was no question of extraneous quality; it was all pure Cicely.

And how Donald— But then, like all the Dunbars, Donald suffers from being Scottish, so that if he has a feeling he makes it a point of honor to pretend he hasn't it. I dare say he let himself go a bit during his courtship, when he was not, strictly speaking, himself; but after he had once married her I think he would have died rather than have told Cicely in so many words that he loved her. And Cicely wanted to be told.

You say she ought to have known without telling? You don't know Donald. You can't conceive the perverse ingenuity he could put into hiding his affection. He has that peculiar temper, I think it's Scottish, that delights in snubbing, and faultfinding, and defeating expectation. If he knows you want him to do a thing, that alone is reason enough with Donald for not doing it. And my sister, who was as transparent as white crystal, was never able to conceal a want. So that Donald could, as we said, "have" her at every turn.

And, then, I don't think my brother really knew how ill she was. He didn't want to know. Besides, he was so wrapped up in trying to finish his "Development of Social Economics" (which, by the way, he hasn't finished yet) that he had no eyes to see what we all saw: that the way her poor little heart was going, Cicely couldn't have very long to live.

Of course he understood that this was why, in those last months, they had to have separate rooms. And this in the first year of their marriage when he was still violently in love with her. I keep those two facts firmly in my mind when I try to excuse Donald; for it was the main cause of that unkindness and perversity which I find it so hard to forgive. Even now, when I think how he used to discharge it on the poor little thing, as if it had been her fault—I have to remind myself that the lamb's innocence made her a little trying.

She couldn't understand why Donald didn't want to have her with him in his library any more while he read or wrote. It seemed to her sheer cruelty to shut her out now when she was ill, seeing that, before she was ill, she had always had her chair by the fireplace, where she would sit over her book or her embroidery for hours without speaking, hardly daring to breathe lest she should interrupt him. Now was the time, she thought, when she might expect a little indulgence.

Do you suppose that Donald would give his feelings as an explanation? Not he. They were *his feelings*, and he wouldn't talk about them; and he never explained anything you didn't understand.

That—her wanting to sit with him in the library—was what they had the awful quarrel about the day before she died. That and the paper-weight, the precious paper-weight that he wouldn't let anybody touch because George Meredith had given it him. It was a brass block surmounted by a white alabaster Buddha painted and gilt. And it had an inscription: "To Donald Dunbar, from George Meredith. In Affectionate Regard."

My brother was extremely attached to this paper-weight, partly, I'm afraid, because it proclaimed his intimacy with the great man. For this reason it was known *in* the family ironically as *the* Token.

It stood on Donald's writing-table at his elbow, so near the ink-pot that the white Buddha had received a splash or two. And this evening Cicely had come in to us in the library and had annoyed Donald by staying in it when he wanted her to go. She had taken up the Token and was cleaning it to give herself a pretext.

She died after the quarrel they had then.

It began by Donald shouting at her.

"What are you doing with that paper-weight?"

"Only getting the ink off."

I can see her now, the darling. She had wetted the corner of her handkerchief with her little pink tongue and was rubbing the Buddha. Her hands had begun to tremble when he shouted.

"Put it down, can't you? I've told you not to touch my things."

"*You* inked him," she said. She was giving one last rub as he rose, threatening

"Put—it—down!"

And, poor child, she did put it down Indeed she dropped it at his feet.

"Oh—" she stooped quickly and picked it up. Her large, tear-glassed eyes glanced at him, frightened.

"He isn't broken."

"No thanks to you," he growled.

"You beast. You know I'd die rather than break any thing you care about."

"It'll be broken some day if you *will* come meddling."

I couldn't bear it. I said, "You mustn't yell at her like that. You know she can't stand it. You'll make her ill again."

That sobered him for a moment.

"I'm sorry," he said; but he made it sound as if he wasn't.

"If you're *sorry*," she persisted, "you might let me stay with you. I'll be as quiet as a mouse."

"No. I don't want you—I can't work with you in the room."

"You can work with Helen."

"You're not Helen."

"He only means he's not in love with *me*, dear."

"He means I'm no use to him. I know I'm not. I can't even sit on his manuscripts and keep them down. He cares more for that darned paper-weight than he does for me."

"Well—George Meredith gave it me."

"And nobody gave you me. I gave myself——"

That worked up his devil again. He *had* to torment her.

"It can't have cost you much," he said. "And I may remind you that the paper-weight has *some* intrinsic value."

With that he left her.

"What's he gone out for?" she asked me.

"Because he's ashamed of himself, I suppose," I said. "Oh, Cicely, why *will* you answer him? You know what he is."

"No," she said passionately. "That's what I don't know. I never have known."

"At least you know he's in love with you."

"He has a queer way of showing it, then. He never does anything but stamp and shout and find fault with me. All about an old paper-weight."

She was caressing it as she spoke, stroking the alabaster Buddha as if it had been a live thing.

"His poor paper-weight. Do you think it'll break if I stroke it? Better not. Honestly, Helen, I'd rather die than hurt anything he really cared for. Yet look how he hurts me."

"Some men *must* hurt the things they care for."

"I wouldn't mind his hurting, if only I knew he cared. Helen—I'd give anything to know."

"I think you might know."

"I don't. I don't."

"Well, you'll know some day."

"Never. He won't tell me."

"He's Scotch, my dear. It would kill him to tell you."

"Then how'm I to know? If I died to-morrow I should die not knowing."

And that night, not knowing, she died.

She died because she had never really known.

WE NEVER talked about her. It was not my brother's way. Words hurt him, to speak or to hear them. He had become more morose than ever, but less irritable, the source of his irritation being gone. Tho he plunged into work as another man might have plunged into dissipation, to drown the thought of her, you could see that he had no longer any interest in it; he no longer loved it. He attacked it with a fury that had more hate in it than love. He would spend the greater part of the day and the long evenings shut up in his library, only going out for a short walk an hour before dinner. You could see that soon all spontaneous impulses would be checked in him and he would become the creature of habit and routine.

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Campbell's Soups

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I tried to rouse him, to shake him up out of his deadly groove; but it was no use. The first effort—for he did make efforts—exhausted him, and he sank back into it again.

But he liked to have me with him; and all the time that I could spare from my housekeeping and gardening I spent in the library. I think he didn't like to be left alone there in the place where they had the quarrel that killed her; and I noticed that the cause of it, the Token, had disappeared from his table.

And all her things, everything that could remind him of her, had been put away. It was the dead burying its dead.

Only the chair she had loved remained in its place by the side of the hearth, *her* chair, if you could call it hers when she wasn't allowed to sit in it. It was always empty, for by tacit consent we both avoided it.

We would sit there for hours at a time, without speaking, while he worked and I read or sewed. I never dared to ask him whether he sometimes had, as I had, the sense of Cicely's presence there, in that room which she had so longed to enter, from which she had been so cruelly shut out. You couldn't tell what he felt or didn't feel. My brother's face was a heavy, somber mask; his back, bent over the writing-table, a wall behind which he hid himself.

You must know that twice in my life I have more than *felt* these presences; I have seen them. This may be because I am on both sides a Highland Celt, and my mother had the same uncanny gift. I had never spoken of those appearances to Donald because he would have put it all down to what he calls my hysterical fancy. And I am sure that if he ever felt or saw anything himself he would never own it.

I ought to explain that each time the vision was premonitory of a death (in Cicely's case I had no such warning), and each time it lasted for only a second; also that tho I am certain I was wide awake each time, it is open to anybody to say I was asleep and dreamed it. The queer thing was that I was neither frightened nor surprised.

And so I was neither surprized nor frightened now, the first evening that I saw her.

It was in the early Autumn twilight, about six o'clock. I was sitting in my place in front of the fireplace; Donald was in his armchair on my left, smoking a pipe as usual, before the lamplight drove him out-of-doors into the dark.

I had had so strong a sense of Cicely's being there in the room, that I felt nothing but a sudden sacred pang that was half joy when I looked up and saw her sitting in her chair on my right.

The fantasm was perfect and vivid as if it had been flesh and blood. I should have thought that it was Cicely herself if I hadn't known that she was dead. She wasn't looking at me; her face was turned to Donald with that longing, wondering look it used to have, searching his face for the secret that he kept from her.

I looked at Donald. His chin was sunk a little, the pipe drooping from the corner of his mouth. He was heavy, absorbed in his smoking. It was clear that he did not see what I saw.

And whereas those other fantasms that I told you about disappeared at once, *this* lasted some little time, and always with its eyes fixed on Donald. It even lasted while Donald stirred, while he stooped forward, knocking the ashes out of his pipe against the hob, while he sighed, stretched himself, turned, and left the room. Then, as the door shut behind him, the whole figure went out suddenly; not flickering, but like a light you switch off.

I saw it again the next evening and the next, at the same time and in the same place, and with the same look turned toward Donald. And again I was sure that he did not see it. But I thought, from his uneasy sighing and stretching, that he had some sense of something there.

NO. I was not frightened. I was glad. You see, I loved Cicely. I remember thinking: At last, at last, you poor darling, you've got in. And you can stay as long as you like now. He can't turn you away.

The first few times I saw her just as I have said. I would look up and find the fantasm there, sitting in her chair. And it would disappear suddenly when Donald left the room. Then I knew I was alone.

But as I grew used to its presence, or, perhaps, as it grew used to mine and found out that I was not afraid of it, that indeed I loved to have it there, it came, I think, to trust me so that I was made aware of all its movements. I would see it coming across the room from the doorway, making straight for its desired place, and settling in a little curled-up posture of satisfaction, appeased, as if it had expected opposition that it no longer found. Yet that it was not happy I could see by its look at Donald. *That* never changed. It was as uncertain of him now as she had been in her lifetime.

Up till now, the sixth or seventh time I had seen it, I had no clue to the secret of its appearance; and its movements seemed to me mysterious and without purpose. Only two things were clear: It was Donald that it came for. The instant he went it disappeared, and never once did it look through to him.

when I was alone. And always it chose this room and this hour before the lights came when he sat doing nothing. It was clear also that he never saw it.

But that it was there with him sometimes when I was not, I knew; for, more than once, things on Donald's writing-table, books or papers, would be moved out of their places, tho never beyond reach. And he would ask me whether I had touched them.

"Either you lie," he would say, "or I'm mistaken. I could have sworn I put those notes on the *left*-hand side. And they aren't there now."

AND once—that was wonderful—I saw, yes, I *saw* her come and push the lost thing under his hand. And all he said was, "Well, I'm—I could have sworn—"

For whether it had gained a sense of security, or whether its purpose was now finally fixed, it began to move, regularly, about the room, and its movements had evidently a reason and an aim.

It was looking for something.

One evening we were all there in our places, Donald silent in his chair and I in mine, and it, seated in its attitude of wonder and of waiting, when suddenly I saw Donald looking at me.

"Helen," he said, "what are you staring for like that?"

I started. I had forgotten that the direction of my eyes would be bound, sooner or later, to betray me.

I heard myself stammer, "W-w-was I staring?"

"Yes. I wish you wouldn't."

I knew what he meant. He didn't want me to keep on looking at that chair. He didn't want to know that I was thinking of her. I bent my head closer over my sewing, so that I no longer had the fantasm in sight.

It was then I was aware that it had risen and was crossing the hearth-rug. It stopped at Donald's knees and stood there, gazing at him with a look so intent and fixed that I could not doubt that this had some significance. I saw it put out its hand and touch him, and, tho Donald sighed and shifted his position, I could tell that he had neither seen nor felt anything.

It turned to me then—and this was the first time it had given any sign that it was conscious of my presence—it turned on me a look of supplication, such supplication as I had seen on my sister's face in her lifetime when she could do nothing with him and implored me to intercede. At the same time three words formed themselves in my brain with a sudden, quick impulsion, as if I had heard them cried.

"Speak to him. Speak to him."

I knew now what it wanted. It was trying to make itself seen by him, to make itself felt, and it was in anguish at finding that it could not. It knew then that I saw it, and the idea had come to it that it could make use of me.

"'PUT IT DOWN, CAN'T YOU? I'VE TOLD YOU NOT TO TOUCH MY THINGS. PUT—IT—DOWN!'"

I think I must have guessed even then what it had come for.

I said, "You asked me what I was staring at, and I lied. I was looking at Cicely's chair."

I saw him wince at the name.

"Because," I went on, "I don't know how *you* feel, but *I* always feel as if she were there."

He said nothing; but he got up, as tho to shake off the oppression of the memory I had evoked, and stood leaning on the chimneypiece with his back to me.

The fantasm retreated to its place, where it kept its eyes fixed on him as before.

I was determined to break down his defenses, to make him say something it might hear, give some sign that it would understand.

"Donald, do you think it's a good thing, a *kind* thing, never to talk about her?"

"Kind? Kind to whom?"

"To yourself, first of all."

"You can leave me out of it."

"To me, then."

"What's it got to do with you?" His voice was as hard and cutting as he could make it.

"Everything," I said. "You forget, I loved her."

He was silent. He did at least respect my love for her.

"But that wasn't what she wanted."

That hurt him. I could feel him stiffen under it.

"You see, Donald," I persisted, "*I* like thinking about her."

It was cruel of me; but I *had* to break him.

"You can think as much as you like," he said, "provided you stop talking."

"ALL the same, it's as bad for you," I said, "as it is for me, not talking."

"I don't care if it is bad for me. I *can't* talk about her, Helen. I don't want to."

"How do you know," I said, "it isn't bad for *her*?"

"For *her*?"

I could see I had roused him.

"Yes. If she really is there, all the time."

"How d'you mean, *there*?"

"Here. In this room. I tell you I can't get over that feeling that she's here."

"Oh, feel, feel," he said; "but don't talk to me about it."

And he left the room, flinging himself out in anger. And instantly her flame went out.

I thought: How he must have hurt her! It was the old thing over again, I trying to break him down, to make him show her; he beating us both off, punishing us both. You see, I knew now what she had come back for; she had come back to find out whether he loved her. With a longing unquenched by death, she had come back for certainty. And now, as always, my clumsy interference had only made him more hard, more obstinate. I thought: If only he could see her! But as long as he beats her off he never will.

Still, if I could once get him to believe that she was there.

I made up my mind that the next time I saw the fantasm I would tell him.

The next evening, and the next, its chair was empty, and I judged that it was keeping away, hurt by what it had heard the last time.

But the third evening we were hardly seated before I saw it.

It was sitting up alert and observant, not staring at Donald as it used to, but looking round the room, as if searching for something that it missed.

"Donald," I said, "if I told you that Cicely is in the room now, I suppose you wouldn't believe me."

"Is it likely?"

"No. All the same, I see her as plainly as I see you."

The fantasm rose and moved to his side.

"She's standing close beside you."

And now it moved and went to the writing-table. I turned and followed its movements. It slid its open hands over the table, touching everything, unmistakably feeling for something it believed to be there.

I went on. "She's at the writing-table now. She's looking for something."

It stood back, baffled and distressed. Then suddenly it began opening and shutting the drawers, without a sound, searching each one in turn.

I said, "Oh, she's trying the drawers now."

Donald stood up. He was not looking at the place where it was. He was looking hard at me, in anxiety and a sort of fright. I supposed that was why he remained unaware of the opening and shutting of the drawers.

It continued its desperate searching.

The bottom drawer stuck fast. I saw it pull and shake it, and stand back again, baffled.

"It's locked," I said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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"Such delicious tomato sauce!"

Everybody fond of tomatoes relishes the sauce which makes Campbell's Beans so tasty a dish. You get the pure tonic flavor of full-ripe tomatoes. The beans are the market's best—slow-cooked, digestible, wholesome and richly nutritious. Campbell's Beans are beneficial food for the whole family—children and all.

Slow-cooked **Digestible**

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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HOME GIRL: *By Edna Ferber*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Oh, honey!" Cora had cried. "Aren't you *fun*-ny!" She often said that, always with the same accent. "Aren't you *fun*-ny!"

"What's the matter?"

"Why didn't you let me pick it out? They're wearing Persian lamb sets."

"Oh. Well, maybe the feller'll change it. It's all paid for, but maybe he'll change it."

"Do you mind? It may cost a little bit more. You don't mind my changing it, tho, do you?"

"No. No-o-o-o! Not a bit."

They had never furnished the unused bedroom as a bedroom. It never was furnished as a bedroom. When they moved out of the flat at Racine and Sunnyside into one of those new four-room apartments on Glengyle the movers found only a long rough work-table and a green-shaded lamp in that sixth room. Ray's delicate tools and implements were hard put to it to find a resting-place in the new four-room apartment. Sometimes Ray worked in the bathroom. He grew rather to like the white-tiled place, with its look of a laboratory. But, then, he didn't have as much time to work at home as he formerly had had. They went out more, evenings.

The new four-room flat rented at sixty dollars. "Seems the less room you have the more you pay," Ray observed.

"There's no comparison. Look at the neighborhood! And the living-room's twice as big."

It didn't seem to be. Perhaps this was due to its furnishings. The Mission pieces had gone to the second-hand dealer. Ray was assistant manager of the optical department at Walker's now and he was getting royalties on a new smoked-glass device. There were large, overstuffed chairs in the new living-room and a seven-foot davenport and Oriental rugs and lamps and lamps and lamps. The silk lamp-shade conflagration had just begun to smolder in the American household. The dining-room had one of those built-in Chicago buffets. It sparkled with cut glass. There was a large punch-bowl in the center, in which Cora usually kept receipts, old bills, moth-balls, buttons, and the tarnished silver top to a sirup-jug that she always meant to have repaired. "Queen Louise" was banished to the bedroom, where she surveyed a world of cretonne.

Cora was a splendid cook. She had almost a genius for flavoring. Roast or cheese soufflé or green-apple pie—your sense of taste never experienced that disappointment which comes of too little salt, too much sugar, a lack of shortening. Expert as she was at it, Cora didn't like to cook. That is, she didn't like to cook day after day. She rather liked doing an occasional meal and producing it in a sort of red-cheeked triumph. When she did this it was an epicurean thing, savory, hot, satisfying. But as a day-after-day program Cora would not hear of it. She had banished the maid. Four rooms could not accommodate her. A woman came in twice a week to wash and iron and clean. Often Cora did not get up for breakfast, and Ray got his at one of the little lunch-rooms that were springing up all over that section of the North Side. Eleven o'clock usually found Cora at the manicure's or the dressmaker's or shopping or telephoning luncheon arrangements with one of the Crowd.

RAY and Cora were going out a good deal with the Crowd. Young married people like themselves, living royally just a little beyond their income. The women were well dressed, vivacious, somewhat shrill. They liked stories that were a little off color. "Blue," one of the men called these stories. He was in the theatrical business. The men were, for the most part, a rather drab-looking lot. Colorless, good-natured, open-handed. Almost imperceptibly the Crowd began to use Ray as a target for a certain raillery. It wasn't particularly ill-natured, and Ray did not resent it.

"Oh, come on, Ray! Don't be a wet blanket— Lookit him! I bet he's thinking about those smoked glasses again. Eh, Atwater? He's in a daze about that new rim that won't show on the glasses. Come out of it! First thing you know you'll lose your little Coral."

There was little danger of that. Tho Cora flirted mildly with the husbands of the other girls in the Crowd (they all did) she was true to Ray.

Ray was always talking of building a little place of their own. People were beginning to move farther and farther north, into the suburbs.

"Little place of your own," Ray would say; "that's the only way to live. Then you're not paying it all out in rent to the other feller. Little place of your own. That's the right idear."

But as the years went by, and Ray earned more and more money, he and Cora seemed to be getting farther and farther away from the right "idear." In the $28.50 apartment Cora's morning marketing had been an orderly daily proceeding. Meat, vegetables, fruit, dry groceries. But now the maidless four-room apartment took on, in spite of its cumbersome furnishings, a certain air of impermanence.

"Ray, honey, I haven't a scrap in the house. I didn't get home until almost six. Those darned old street-cars. I hate 'em. Do you mind going over to Bauer's to eat? I won't go because Myrtle served a regular spread at four. I couldn't eat a thing. D'you mind?"

"Why, no." He would get into his coat again and go out into the bleak November wind-swept street to Bauer's restaurant.

CORA was always home when Raymond got there at six. She prided herself on this. She would say, primly, to her friends, "I make a point of being there when Ray gets home. Even if I have to cut a round of bridge. If a woman can't be there when a man gets home from his work I'd like to know what she's good for, anyway!"

The girls in the Crowd said she was spoiling Raymond. She told Ray this. "They think I'm old-fashioned. Well, maybe I am. But I guess I never pretended to be anything but a home girl."

"That's right," Ray would answer. "Say, that's the way you caught me. With that home-girl stuff."

"Caught you!" The thin, straight line of the mouth. "If you think for one minute——"

"Oh, now, dear. You know what I mean, sweetheart. Why, say, I never could see any girl until I met you. You know that."

He was as honestly in love with her as he had been nine years before. Perhaps he did not feel now, as then, that she had conferred a favor upon him in marrying him. Or if he did he must have known that he had made fair return for such favor.

Cora had a Hudson seal coat now, with a great kolinsky collar. Her vivid face bloomed rosily in this soft frame. Cora was getting a little heavier. Not stout, but heavier. She tried, futilely, to reduce. She would starve herself at home for days, only to gain back the vanished pounds at one afternoon's orgy of whipped-cream salad and coffee and sweets at the apartment of some girl in the Crowd. Dancing had come in, and the Crowd had taken it up vociferously. Raymond was not very good at it. He had not filled out with the years. He still was lean and tall and awkward. The girls in the Crowd tried to avoid dancing with him. That often left Cora partnerless unless she wanted to dance again and again with Raymond.

"How can you expect the boys to ask me to dance when you don't dance with their wives! Good Heavens, if they can learn, you can. And for pity's sake *don't count!* You're so *fun*-ny!"

He tried painstakingly to heed her advice, but his long legs made a sorry business of it. He heard one of the girls refer to him as "that giraffe." He had put his foot through an absurd wisp of tulle that she insisted on calling a train.

They were spending a good deal of money now, but Ray justed the landlord, the victualer, the furrier, the milliner, the hosiery-maker valiantly and still came off the victor. He did not have as much time as he would have liked to work on the new Invention. The invisible rim. It was calculated so to blend with the glass of the lens as to be, in appearance, one with it, while it still protected the eye-glass from breakage.

"Fortune in it, girlie," he would say happily to Cora. "Million dollars, that's all."

He had been working on the invisible rim for five years. Familiarity with it had bred contempt in Cora. Once, in a temper, "Invisible is right," she had said, slangily.

THEY had occupied the four-room apartment for five years. Cora declared it was getting beyond her. "You can't get any decent help. The washwoman acts as if she were doing me a favor coming from eight to four for four dollars and eighty-five cents. And yesterday she said she couldn't come to clean any more on Saturdays. I'm sick and tired of it."

Raymond shook a sympathetic head. "Same way down at the store. Seems everything's that way now. You can't get help and you can't get goods. You ought to hear our customers. Yesterday I thought I'd go clear out of my nut, trying to pacify them."

Cora inserted the entering wedge, deftly. "Goodness knows I love my home. But the way things are now——"

"Yeh," Ray said, absently. When he spoke like that Cora knew that the invisible rim was revolving in his mind. In another moment he would be off to the little cabinet in the bathroom, where he kept his tools and instruments.

She widened the opening. "I noticed as I passed to-day that those new one-room kitchenette apartments on Sheridan will be ready for occupancy October first." He was going toward the door. "They say they're wonderful."

"Who wants to live in one room, anyway?"

"It's really two rooms—and the kitchenette. There's the living-room—perfectly darling—and a sort of combination breakfast-room and kitchen. The breakfast-room is partitioned off with sort of cupboards so that it's really another room. And so handy!"

"How'd you know?"

"I went in—just to look at them—with one of the girls."

Until then he had been unconscious of her guile. But now, suddenly, struck by a hideous suspicion—"Say, looka here. If you think——"

"Well, it doesn't hurt to look at 'em, does it?"

A WEEK later. "Those kitchenette apartments on Sheridan are almost all gone. One of the girls was looking at one on the sixth floor. There's a view of the lake. The kitchen's the sweetest thing. All white enamel. And the breakfast-room thing is done in Italian."

"What d'you mean—done in Italian?"

"Why—uh—Italian period furniture, you know. Dark and rich. The living-room's the same. Desk and table and lamps."

"Oh, they're furnished?"

"Complete. Down to the kettle-covers and the linen and all. The work there would just be play. All the comforts of a home, with none of the terrible aggravations."

"Say, look here, Coral, we don't want to go to work and live in any one room. You wouldn't be happy. Why, we'd feel cooped up. No room to stretch— Why, say, how about the beds? If there isn't a bedroom how about the beds? Don't people sleep in those places?"

"There are Murphy beds, silly."

"Murphy? Who's he?"

"Oh, goodness, I don't know! The man who invented 'em, I suppose. Murphy."

Raymond grinned in anticipation of his own forthcoming joke. "I should think they'd call 'em Morphy beds." Then, at her blank stare, "You know—short for Morpheus, god of sleep. Learned about him at high school."

Cora still looked blank. Cora hardly ever understood Ray's jokes, or laughed at them. He would turn, chuckling, to find her face a blank. Not even bewildered or puzzled or questioning. Blank. Unheeding. Disinterested as a slate.

Three days later Cora developed an acute pain in her side. She said it was nothing. Just worn out with the work and the worry and the aggravation, that's all. It'll be all right.

Ray went with her to look at the Sheridan Road apartment. It was one hundred and fifty dollars. "Phew!"

"But look at what you save! Gas. Light. Maid service. Laundry. It's really cheaper in the end."

Cora was amazingly familiar with all the advantages and features of the sixth-floor apartment. "The sun all morning." She had all the agent's patter. "Mason's ventilated double-spring mattresses. Dressing-room off the bathroom. No, it isn't a closet. Here's the closet. Range, refrigerator, combination sink and laundry-tub. Living-room's all paneled in ivory. Shower in the bathroom. Buffet kitchen. Breakfast-room has folding-leaf Italian table. Look at the chairs. Aren't they darling! Built-in book-shelves——"

"Book-shelves?"

"Oh, well, we can use them for fancy china and ornaments. Or—oh, look!—you could keep your stuff there. Tools and all. Then the bathroom wouldn't be so mussy all the time."

"Beds?"

"Right here. Isn't that wonderful? Would you ever know it was there? You can work it with one hand. Look!"

"Do you really like it, Coral?"

"I love it. It's heavenly."

He stood in the center of the absurd living-room, a tall, lank, awkward figure, a little stooped now. His face was beginning to be furrowed with lines—deep lines that yet were softening, and not unlovely. He made you think, somehow, as he stood there, one hand on his own coat-lapel, of St. Gaudens's figure of "Lincoln," there in the park, facing the drive. Kindly, thoughtful, harried.

They moved October first.

The overstuffed furniture of the four-room apartment was sold. Cora kept a few of her own things—a rug or two, some china, silver, bric-à-brac, lamps. "Queen Louise" was now permanently dethroned. Cora said her own things—"pieces"—would spoil the effect of the living-room. All Italian.

"No wonder the Italians sit outdoors all the time, on the steps and in the street"—more of Ray's dull humor. He surveyed the heavy, gloomy pieces, so out of place in the tiny room. One of the chairs was black velvet. It was the only really comfortable chair in the room, but Ray never sat in it. It reminded him, vaguely, of a coffin.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

Help Your Club Win

Our $1,000 Prize

A COMMITTEE of unprecedented distinction will award PICTORIAL REVIEW'S prize of $1,000 to the women's club rendering its community the greatest service during the year ending September 15, 1923. This board consists of the president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, as chairman, and the four living past presidents of that organization, as follows:

Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, Minneapolis, Minn., *Chairman*
Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Dinies T. S. Denison, New York City.
Mrs. Philip N. Moore, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, Austin, Tex.

Every club affiliated with the General Federation, whether little or big, may compete. Write Club Editor, PICTORIAL REVIEW, New York City, for further particulars.

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There is constant danger in an oily skin

IF your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny, you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple.

But *too much* oil actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of your skin.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight feeling*. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in *the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing.

After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn feeling will disappear. Within a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in the condition of your skin.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use—for keeping the skin in good condition. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 311 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 311 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4*

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The Secret *of* Beautiful Hair

How movie stars keep their hair soft and silky — bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

What a Child's Hair Needs

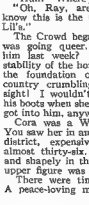
CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week.

Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.



MULSIFIED
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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

HOME GIRL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

The corridors of the apartment-house were long, narrow, and white-walled. You traversed these like a convict, speaking to no one, and entered your own cubicle. A toy dwelling for toy people. But Ray was a man-size man. When he was working down-town his mind did not take temporary refuge in the thought of the feverish little apartment to which he was to return at night. It wasn't a place to come back to, except for sleep. A roost. Bedding for the night. As permanent-seeming as a haymow.

Corn, too, gave him a strange feeling of impermanence. He realized one day, with a shock, that he hardly ever saw her with her hat off. When he came in at six or six-thirty Corn would be busy at the tiny sink or the toy stove, her hat on, a cigaret dangling limply from her mouth.

Ray did not object to women smoking. That is, he had no moral objection. But he didn't think it became them. But Corn said a cigaret soothed and stimulated her.

"Doctors say all nervous women should smoke," she said. "Soothes them." But Corn, cooking in the little kitchen, squinting into a kettle's depths through a film of cigaret-smoke, outraged his sense of fitness. It was incongruous, offensive. The time and occupation and environment, together with the limply angling cigaret, gave her an incredibly seedy look. He had an insane impulse to slap it out of her mouth.

When they ate at home they had steak or chops, and, perhaps, a chocolate éclair for dessert, and a salad. Raymond began to eat mental meals. He would catch himself thinking of breaded veal-chops, done slowly, simmered in butter, so that they came out a golden brown on a parsely-decked platter. With this mashed potatoes with brown butter and onions that have just escaped burning; creamed spinach with egg grated over the top; a rice pudding, baked in the cream, and served with a tart crown of grape-jell. He sometimes would order these things in a restaurant at noon, or on the frequent evenings when they dined out. But they never tasted as he had thought they would.

THEY dined out more and more as Spring drew on and the warm weather set in. The neighborhood now was agliter with eating-places of all sorts and degrees, from the humble automat to the proud plush of the Perry dining-room. There were tea-rooms, cafeterias, Hungarian cafés, chop-suey restaurants. At the table d'hôte places you got a soup, followed by a lukewarm plateful of meat, vegetables, salad. The meat tasted of the vegetables, the vegetables tasted of the meat, and the salad tasted of both. Before ordering Ray would sit down and peer about at the food on the near-by tables as one does in a dining-car when the digestive fluids have dried in one's mouth at the first whiff through the doorway. It was on one of these evenings that he noticed Cora's hat.

"What do you wear a hat for all the time?" he asked, testily.

"Hat?"

"Seems to me I haven't seen you without a hat in a month. Gone bald, or something?" He was often cross like this lately. Corn's mother called it. Hats were one of Cora's weaknesses. She had a great variety of them. They added to Ray's feeling of impermanence and impermanence. Sometimes she wore a hat that came down over her head, covering her forehead and eyes, almost. The hair he used to love to touch was concealed. Sometimes he dined with an ingénue in a poke-bonnet; sometimes with a señorita in a black turban and black-lace veil, mysterious and provocative; sometimes with a demure miss in a cloistral, turned-down brim. It was like living with a stranger who was always about to leave.

When they ate at home, which was rarely, Ray tried, at first, to dawdle over his coffee and his mild cigar, as he liked to do. But you couldn't dawdle at a small, unadorned table that folded its flaps and shrank into a corner the minute you left it. Everything in the apartment folded, or flapped or doubled, or shut in, or shot out, or concealed something else, or pretended to be something it was not. It was very irritating. Ray put out his cigar and his evening paper and wandered uneasily into the Italian living-room, doubling his lean length into one of the queer, angular, hard chairs.

Cora would appear in the doorway, hatted. "Ready?"

"Huh? Where you going?"

"Oh, Ray, aren't you *fun*-ny! You know this is the Crowd's poker night at Lil's."

The Crowd began to say that old Ray was going queer. Honestly, didn't he hear him talk? Talking about the instability of the home, and the home being the foundation of the state, and the country crumbling to ruin. Queer? Oh, my sight! I wouldn't have wanted to be in his boots when she got him home. What's got into him, anyway?

Cora was a Wilson Avenue girl now. You saw her in and out of the shops of the district, expensively dressed. She was almost thirty-six. Her ankles were slim and shapely in their chiffon hose, but her upper figure was getting to be prominent.

There were times when Ray rebelled. A peace-loving man and gentle. But a man. "I don't want to go out to eat. I'm tired! I want to eat at home."

"Honey, dear, I haven't a thing in the house. Not a scrap."

"I'll go out and get something, then. What d'you want?"

"Get whatever looks good to you. I don't want a thing. We had tea after the matinée. That's what made me so late. I'm always nagging the girls to go home. It's getting so they tease me about it."

He would go foraging amongst the delicatessen-shops of the neighborhood. He saw other men, like himself, scurrying about with moist paper packets and bags and bundles, in and out of Konrad's, in and out of the Riverside Bakery. A bit of ham. Some cabbage salad in a wooden boat. A tiny broiler, lying on its back, its feet neatly trussed, its skin crackly and tempting-looking, its white meat showing beneath the brown. But when he cut into it at home it tasted like sawdust and gutta-percha. "*And* what else?" said the plump woman in the white bib-apron behind the counter. "*And* what else?"

IN THE new apartment you rather prided yourself on not knowing your next-door neighbors. The paper-thin walls permitted you to hear them living the most intimate details of their lives. You heard them laughing, talking, weeping, singing, scolding, caressing. You didn't know them. You did not even see them. If you met any one in the halls or elevators you did not speak. Then, after they had lived in the new apartment about a year, Cora met the woman in 618 and Raymond met the woman in 620 within the same week. The Atwaters lived in 619.

There was some confusion in the delivery of a package. The woman in 618 pressed the Atwaters' electric button for the first time in their year's residence there.

A plump woman, 618; blonde; in black. You felt that her flesh was expertly restrained in tight pink-satin brassières and long-legged corsets and many straps.

"I hate to trouble you, but did you get a package for Mrs. Hoyt? It's from Hulbert's."

It was five-thirty. Cora had her hat on. She did not ask the woman to come in. "I'll see. I ordered some things from Hulbert's to-day, but I haven't opened them yet. Perhaps yours— I'll look."

The package with Mrs. Hoyt's name on it was there. "Well, thanks so much. It's some Georgette crêpe. I'm making myself one of those new two-tone slipover negligées. Hulbert's had a sale. Only one-sixty-nine a yard."

Cora was interested. She sewed rather well, when she was in the mood. "Are they hard to make?"

"Oh, land, no! No trick to it at all. They just hang from the shoulders, see? Like a slipover. And then your cord comes round—"

She stepped in. She undid the box and shook out the vivid folds of the filmy stuff, vivid green and lavender. "You wouldn't think they'd go together, but they do. Makes a perfectly stunning negligée."

Cora fingered the stuff. "I'd get some. Only I don't know if I could cut the—"

"I'll show you. Glad to." She was very friendly. Cora noticed she used expensive perfume. Her hair was beautifully marcelled. Cora's admiration faded up the material and was off, smiling. "Just let me know when you get it. I've got a lemon-cream pie in the oven for to-night. Yes." She called back over her shoulder, "Mrs. Hoyt."

Cora nodded and smiled. "Mine's Atwater." She saw that the woman's simple-seeming black dress was one she had seen in a Michigan Avenue shop, and had coveted. Its price had been beyond her purse.

CORA mentioned the meeting to Ray when he came home. "She seems real nice. She's going to show me how to cut out a new negligée."

"What's the guy her name was?" She told him. He shrugged. "Well, I'll say this: she must be some swell cook. Whenever I go by that door at dinner-time my mouth just waters. One night last week there was something must have been baked peareins and sauerkraut. I almost broke in the door."

The woman in 618 did not seem to cook a great deal, that is, when she cooked. She explained that Mr. Hoyt was on the road a lot of the time and when he was home she liked to fuss for him. This when she was helping Cora cut out the Georgette negligée.

"I'd get coral-color if I was you, honey. With your hair and all," Mrs. Hoyt had advised her.

"Why, that's my name! That is, it's what Ray calls me. My name's really Cora." They were quite good friends now.

It was that same week that Raymond met the woman in 620. He had left the apartment half an hour later than usual (he had a heavy cold, and had not slept) and encountered the man and woman just coming out of 620.

"And guess who it was!" he exclaimed to Cora that evening. "It was a girl who used to work at Walker's, in the binoculars, years ago, when I started there. Calhoun, her name was. Calhoun. Sweet little girl, she was. She's married now.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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A special cream for the nightly cleansing

It removes every bit of dirt collected during the day

For the nightly cleansing a cream with just enough oil to cleanse thoroughly and not clog the pores

UNLESS you keep your skin thoroughly clean it becomes dull looking. No matter what you do during the day, dust and fine particles of dirt bore their way deep into the pores.

Everyone realizes this when she has just come in from a dusty trip, but every day your pores collect much dust and dirt that ordinary washing cannot reach.

To cleanse your skin thoroughly you must use a cream with an oil base. It was only after long experiment that our chemists found just the right amount of oil necessary to remove every particle of dirt from the pores and work out again.

Creams with too much oil will clog the pores. Creams that are too stiff will stretch them. That is why it was so important to develop a cream with *just enough oil* and no more. This cream is Pond's *Cold* Cream.

This delicate cream is snowy-white, very light and never has that greasy smell. You can tell as you touch it with your finger tips that it has just the oiliness you know your skin will welcome.

Tonight after you have washed with warm water and pure soap, smooth a little Pond's Cold Cream on your face and neck. Let it stay a minute. It will work its way into the pores and out again, bringing all the dirt with it. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how necessary a thorough cleansing is, and that ordinary washing is not enough.

Such thorough cleansing does much to help your skin keep its youthful freshness.

Smooth out the little lines before they grow deep

Pond's Cold Cream does more than cleanse; it keeps your skin supple and stimulates it. It is when skin ceases to be supple that wrinkles appear. Use this delicate oil cream now to smooth out any little fine lines before they have a chance to fasten themselves and grow deeper.

No one cream, however, can care for your skin completely. As a protection against exposure to wind and cold and as a base for powder, you need a cream without any oil—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream, described in detail in the column to the right.

Use both these creams every day. Together they will take perfect care of your skin and keep it looking its best. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. Both are too delicate in texture to clog the pores. Buy them in convenient sizes of jars or tubes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

Another cream to protect against wind and chapping

WIND whips the natural moisture out of an unprotected skin. Cold chaps it. If you do not protect your skin before you go out it protects itself by developing a rough coarse surface. Gradually it toughens.

In winter you must guard against these cold chapping winds. The protection you need is a cream that the skin can absorb completely and that acts as an invisible shield against the drying effect of wind and cold.

The cream to use is Pond's Vanishing Cream. Based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect, this fragrant, greaseless cream is absorbed the instant you smooth it on your face. It gives your skin a soft, velvety surface, keeps the natural moisture in and affords the best possible protection against wind and cold. Always smooth a little on before you go out.

This cream also freshens your complexion in a moment. If your face looks tired and drawn, a little of this refreshing cream will soothe it instantly; and your skin will look fresh and smooth. It will feel firm and rested. This quality of instant freshening makes Pond's Vanishing Cream indispensable for evening use.

Have you ever noticed that powder put directly on the skin does not stay? To make it stay you must provide a base to which it can cling.

Always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. The powder goes on evenly, giving your skin a natural transparent look and it will stay on much longer than if you put it directly on your face. The cream never reappears in a shine because it contains not a drop of oil.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
123 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Parfumeur to Lady Palmerston 1840

PERHAPS there is no more eloquent testimony to the position of Houbigant than in the distinguished clientele of this famous French House. For more than a century, women of the European noblesse have evidenced their preference for Houbigant perfumes—a preference which is confirmed and enhanced with the creation of each fine, new Houbigant scent. To Idéal, Quelques Fleurs, Un Peu d'Ambre and other rare extraits, Houbigant now adds *Mon Boudoir*. Available at all smart American shops.

The new Houbigant purse-size bottle is now available in the U. S. A. Choice of 14 odors. Ask your dealer for it. If he does not have it, we will mail it direct on receipt of $1.

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Extraits, Eaux de Toilette, Poudres a Sachets, Poudres de Talc, Poudres de Riz, Savons, Sels pour le Bain, Huiles

HOME GIRL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

And guess what! She gets a big salary fitting glasses for women at the Bazaar. She learned to be an optician. Smart girl."

Cora bridled, virtuously. "Well, I think she'd better stay at home and take care of that child of her's. I should think she'd let her husband earn the living. That child is all soul alone when she comes home from school. I hear her practising. I asked Mrs. Hoyt about her. She says she's seen her. A pinding, scrawny little thing, about ten years old. She leaves her alone all day."

Ray encountered the Calhoun girl again, shortly after that, in the way these encounters repeat themselves, once they have started.

"She didn't say much, but I guess her husband is a nitwit. Funny how a smart girl like that always marries one of these sephseds that can't earn a living. She said she was working because she wanted her child to have the advantages she'd missed. That's the way she put it."

One heard the long-legged, melancholy child next door practising at the piano daily at four. Cora said it drove her crazy. But, then, Cora was rarely home at four. "Well," she said now, virtuously, "I don't know what she calls advantages. The way she neglects that kid. Look at her! I guess if she had a little more mother and a little less education it'd be better for her."

"Guess that's right," Ray agreed.

IT WAS in September that Cora began to talk about the mink coat. A combination anniversary and Christmas gift. December would mark their twelfth anniversary. A mink coat.

Raymond remembered that his mother had had a mink coat, back there in Michigan, years ago. She always had taken it out in November and put it away in mothballs and tar-paper in March. She had done this for years and years. It was a cheerful yellow mink, with a slightly darker marking running through it, and there had been little mink-tails around the bottom edge of it. It had spread comfortably at the waist. Women had hips in those days. With it his mother had carried a mink muff; a small yellow-brown cylinder just big enough for her two hands. It had been her outdoor uniform, Winter after Winter, for as many years as he could recall of his boyhood. When she had died the mink coat had gone to his sister Carrie, he remembered.

A mink coat. The very words called up in his mind sharp Winter days; the pungent, moth-bally smell of his mother's furcoated bosom when she had kissed him good-by that day he left for Chicago; comfort; womanliness. A mink coat.

"How much could you get one for? A mink coat."

Cora hesitated a moment. "Oh—I guess you could get a pretty good one for three thousand."

"You're crazy," said Ray, unemotionally. He was not angry. He was amused.

But Cora was persistent. Her coat was a sight. She had to have something. She never had had a real fur coat.

"How about your Hudson seal?"

"Hudson seal! Gosh, you ever see any seals in the Hudson! Fake fur. I've never had a really decent piece of fur in my life. Always some mangy make-believe. All the girls in the Crowd are getting new coats this year. The woman next door—Mrs. Hoyt—is talking of getting one. She says Mr. Hoyt——"

"Say, who are these Hoyts, anyway?"

Ray came home early one day to find the door to 618 open. He glanced in, involuntarily. A man sat in the living-room—a large, rather red-faced man, in his shirt-sleeves, relaxed, comfortable, at ease. From the open door came the most tantalizing and appetizing smells of candied sweet potatoes, a browning roast, steaming vegetables.

Mrs. Hoyt had run in to bring a slice of fresh-baked chocolate-cake to Cora. She often brought in dishes of exquisitely prepared food thus, but Raymond had never before encountered her. Cora introduced them. Mrs. Hoyt smiled, nervously, and said she must run away and tend to her dinner. And went. Ray looked after her. He strode into the kitchenette, where Cora stood, hatted, at the sink.

"Say, looka here, Cora. You got to quit seeing that woman, see?"

"What woman?"

"One calls herself Mrs. Hoyt. That woman. Mrs. Hoyt! Ha!"

"Why, Ray, what in the world are you talking about? Aren't you *fun*-ny!"

"Yeh; well, you cut her out. I won't have you running around with a woman like that. Mrs. Hoyt! Mrs. Fiddlesticks!"

They had a really serious quarrel about it. When the smoke of battle cleared away Raymond had paid the first instalment on a three-thousand-dollar mink coat. And, "If we could sublease," Cora said, "I think it would be wonderful to move to the Norton. Lil and Harry are going there in January. You know yourself this place isn't half respectable."

Raymond stared. "Norton! Why, it's a hotel. Regular hotel."

"Yes," placidly. "That's what's so nice about it. No messing around in a miserable little kitchenette. You can have your meals sent up. Or you can go down to the dining-room. Lil says it's wonderful. And if you order for one up in your room the portions are big enough for two. It's really economy in the end."

"Nix," said Ray. "No hotel for mine. A little house of our own. That's the right idear. Build."

"But nobody's building now. Materials are so high. It'll cost you ten times as much as it would if you waited a few—a little while. And no help. No maids coming over, hardly. I think you might consider me a little. We could live at the Norton a while, anyway. By that time things will be better, and we'd have money saved up and then we might talk of building. Goodness knows I love my home as well as any woman——"

They looked at the Norton rooms on the afternoon of their anniversary. They were having the Crowd to dinner, down-town, that evening. Cora thought the Norton rooms beautiful, tho she took care not to let the room-clerk know she thought so. Ray, always a silent, inarticulate man, was so wordless that Cora took him to task for it in a wifely aside.

"Ray, for Heaven's sake say something. You stand there! I don't know what the man'll think."

"A deuce of a lot I care what he thinks." Ray was looking about the garish room—plush chairs, heavy carpet, brocade hangings, shining table-top, silly desk.

"Two hundred and seventy-five a month," the clerk was saying. "With the yearly lease, of course. Otherwise it's three-twenty-five." He seemed quite indifferent.

Ray said nothing. "We'll let you know," said Cora.

The man walked to the door. "I can't hold it for you, you know. Our apartments are practically gone. I've a party who practically has closed for this suite already. I'd have to know."

Cora looked at Ray. He said nothing. He seemed not to have heard. His face was gaunt and haggard. "We'll let you know—to-morrow," Cora said. Her full under lip made a straight, thin line.

When they came out it was snowing. A sudden flurry. It was already dark. "Oh, dear!" said Cora. "My hat!" Ray summoned one of the hotel taxis. He helped Cora into it. He put money into the driver's hand.

"You go on, Cora. I'm going to walk."

"Walk! Why! But it's snowing. And you'll have to dress for dinner."

"I've got a little headache. I thought I'd walk. I'll be home. I'll be home."

He slammed the door then, and turned away. He began to walk in the opposite direction from that which led toward the apartment-house. The snow felt cool and grateful on his face. It stung his cheeks. Hard and swift and white it came, blinding him. A blizzard off the lake. He plunged through it, head down, hands jammed into his pockets.

So. A home girl. Home girl. My, it was funny! She was a selfish, idle, silly, vicious woman. She was nothing. Nothing. It came over him in a sudden blinding, crashing blaze of light. The woman in 618 who wasn't married to her man, and who cooked and planned to make him comfortable; the woman in 620 who blindly left her home and her child daily in order to give that child the thing she called advantages—either of these was doing a better job than his woman. Honester. Helping some one. Trying to, anyway— Middle age—Forty— His children——

He plunged across the street blindly, head lowered against the gale, choking a little with the bitterness that had him by the throat.

Well, things would have to be different, that's all. Different. Perhaps it was his fault, too. The thing to do was to take a firm— Heh! Heh there! Look where you're—! Whatcha—! Shouts rising to a scream. A bump which he resented dully for one incalculably short fragment of time. Numbness. Silence. Nothingness.

"WELL, anyway, Cora," said the girls in the Crowd, "you certainly were a wonderful wife to him. You can always comfort yourself with that thought. My, the way you always ran home so's to be there before he got in!"

"I know it. I always was like that. A home girl. Why, we always planned we should have a little home of our own some day. He always said it was the right idear—idea."

Lil sat forward a little, eagerly. "What are you going to do about your new mink coat, Cora?"

Cora brushed her hair back from her forehead with the slow, dumb gesture of the stricken. "My mink? Why, I don't know. I've hardly thought of such trifling things. The woman next door said she might buy it, tho. Mrs. Hoyt, she says her name is. Of course I'll never get what we paid for it, tho I've hardly had it onpaid for it, tho I've hardly had it on-paid. But money'll have to count with me now. But money'll have to count with me now. Ray never did finish that invisible rim he was working on all these years. Just wasting his time—poor Ray. I thought, if she took it, I'd get a caracul with a black-fox collar. I heard mink wasn't so good, anyway, this year. Seems everything's black. Of course, I'd never have said a word to Ray. I'd just have worn it. I wouldn't have hurt Ray for the world."

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RAISED TO A NEW IMPORTANCE IN THE LIVES OF MILLIONS

Science has found in the familiar cake of Fleischmann's Yeast a way to combat three common complaints

For fifty years the familiar little cake of Fleischmann's Yeast had been in daily use in millions of American homes. Yet until three years ago it was considered merely a necessary item in baking the most wholesome bread.

And then a series of experiments in some of the country's greatest laboratories raised the familiar foil-wrapped cake to a new importance.

In three years—three astonishing discoveries

First it was discovered that Fleischmann's Yeast was peculiarly rich in vitamin, without which no amount of food can nourish the body properly. And now millions of weakened, run-down men and women are finding in it the very elements necessary to regain their health and strength.

Then came the discovery that the tiny living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast help to cleanse the body of the poisonous waste that constantly accumulates. And an ever-widening circle of users throughout the nation are finding freedom from the bondage to dangerous cathartics.

And now it has been shown that Fleischmann's Yeast by increasing the number of white corpuscles in the blood acts as a powerful agent in clearing the skin of boils and pimples. And so a third group, large and growing, are finding relief from painful and embarrassing skin disfigurements.

Everywhere physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast today. Eaten regularly (for it is a food, not a medicine), it is helping hundreds of thousands of men and women to regain the joy of perfect, vigorous health. Letters pouring in from every state in the Union bear daily witness to the new place Fleischmann's Yeast has achieved as a health-builder for the nation. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 311, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Appetite and digestion restored

Men and women suffering from run-down condition — appetite gone — stomach upset — have found that these troubles disappear when they eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. The great problem for such people is first to stimulate the appetite, and at the same time make it possible to digest the increased food that is eaten. Fleischmann's Yeast has this remarkable effect on the digestive system. It enables you to eat more, and to get more benefit from the food you eat.

Laxatives made unnecessary

Fleischmann's Yeast does for you naturally and permanently what drugs at their best do only artificially and for a short time.

In hospitals, even chronic cases respond to it, and normal functions are restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Fleischmann's Yeast is assuring to thousands a complete daily elimination of waste matter—a body kept clean and free from poisons.

Skin and complexion cleared

Skin troubles are generally danger flags of lowered vitality. Fleischmann's Yeast is now established as a food which corrects the basic cause of pimples and boils.

That ruddy glow of health—that freedom from such unhealthy skin conditions as acne and boils comes only from perfect health within. Fleischmann's Yeast rids you of these disorders by building up the whole system and keeping stomach and intestines in a natural healthy state.

An absorbing free booklet tells what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Send this coupon for it today!

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. 311, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name.....

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Eat two or three cakes a day regularly—plain, or spread on crackers, or mixed with water or milk

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Your Skin may be made healthy and beautiful

THE first requisite of a good skin is health. And the background of health is cleanliness. There is no better cleanser for your skin than a pure cold cream. Long exposure to weather vagaries renders a thorough cleansing of the face necessary. As an established cold cream of long standing Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream has no peer. If your skin is kept clean with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, it will be kept healthy.

Constant applications of powder tend to clog the pores and roughen the skin. But powder is an acknowledged necessity to the feminine toilet and can do no harm to your skin if the pores are kept open and clean with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and allowed to breathe. The skin needs air. If the pores are not kept free and clear the skin becomes sallow and unhealthy in appearance.

In the eyes of most women the beauty of their skin comes only secondary to the health of it. A fresh color, smooth texture and the eradication of those fine lines of laughter and worry about the eyes and mouth are all matters of vital importance. Systematic treatment with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream will give a healthy glow to your complexion and smooth out the wrinkles.

It does not matter how much or how little leisure you have. Take a few minutes every day and try this simple treatment. Relax the muscles of your face and cover it with a thick layer of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. Let this stay on for at least ten minutes, rub it well into the pores. Then wipe away the cream with a soft cloth. If you do this every day you will find your skin greatly improved and invigorated.

Write for Free Sample of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. Sold everywhere at Pre-War Prices. In Tubes 10c, 25c and 50c. In Jars 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1730, D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

that murderer's fast!' I shall learn that song. In my country we have nothing like it."

Refreshments were now being served; and if Craig had had any wonder left, it might have been expended upon what Hilary had provided for her guests. Many of these, with the instinctive delicacy of the simple, had by this time expressed their appreciation and departed. The Latimers and the Lesters and the Stroute had gone, but the old doctor and the French and Italian women remained.

On the table, frankly drawn forth from the wall and cleared for the feast, were sardines and soda-crackers, preserved plums and a large pot of tea, pickles and butter, rye bread and gingersnaps.

Kronski, however, apparently saw nothing amiss. He drank his hot, weak tea, sugared, from a long tumbler, and he could not say enough, when the time came, about the gingersnaps.

What were they, these hot little cakes? Ginger, eh? From the South Sea Islands, eh? But where did one get these cakes?

"From any grocery," Hilary assured him, laughing. He looked at her with pathetic faith.

"No, but I go into these groceries. Why do I not see them?" he demanded. He allowed her to bring in from the kitchen all that were left of the thing and stowed them in the pocket of his fur coat when the time came to go. It was one o'clock. "But I will call all day to-morrow," he told them reassuringly. "And then, in the evening, I shall play for you and the Butterfly!"

CRAIG took Madame Ghecci home, and reached his own rooms in a state of mental confusion and bewilderment. What an evening. However, the predominant impression was not flattering to his late company. This Kronski must be no more than a peasant, when all was said and done. And the girls!—Would they really follow up the family gift, and make professional musicians of themselves some day? The little one was certainly beautiful. A surer cut to wealth and fame for her would be through the motion-picture world. He must not, Craig decided, become entangled with these girls; they were too simple, too fine. There had been something in the older one's face, something in her little rush of friendly words in parting, that warned him he must take care.

The morning came to all these young persons with a mood of cold awakening. Craig, who had eagerly promised Dora last night that he would certainly attend the Kronski concert to-night in Philadelphia, found himself inclined to do nothing of the kind.

Dora awakened headachy and depressed. Her morning would be spent in sweeping the demoralized living-room and in washing a pyramid of sticky plates. She remarked pettishly that she did not care what she wore to the concert; she did not care much about the old concert anyway; she was sick of living. Some people got everything, and some people drudged along all their lives and starved and pinched and scraped and were laughed at for their trouble!

Hilary, for once, found no soothing answers for these familiar complaints. She looked pale and preoccupied and absent-minded and worried, entirely unlike herself. The glorious evening had left her, Dora knew, in high spirits, and when they were going to bed she had exulted in the memory of it.

"But, Butterfly, sweetheart," she had said to Dora, warm and happy and confident. Dora was standing beside her brushing her thick, soft hair, "don't you realize that all our lives are going to be like that? That's the way musicians are—that's the way really great people are—not little snobs like Maude Underwood and Gertrude Morrill!"

BUT when the room was darkened, and Dora was asleep, Hilary had lain awake, remembering every instant between ten o'clock and one, and suddenly discomfort had touched her. What had she said—what had she said—parting with Craig Spaulding at the front door? Sick with self-contempt, she tried to remember the exact words.

Well, perhaps they had not been so bad, after all; they had all been laughing and excited, and the rooms got very hot, and nobody had been in a critical mood. Yet Hilary wished miserably, in the long, restless hours of this wretched night, that she had never heard of Craig Spaulding, or of Kronski either, that the evening had been a dead failure rather than that she should have this schoolgirlish stupidity of hers to remember!

"Oh, I can't bear it!" whispered Hilary, writhing alone in the dark night. "Oh, what possessed me? What on earth can he think of me? And how on earth can I ever go down to the office and face him to-morrow?"

Dora and Kronski had gone down the steps, into the cold midnight darkness; she and Craig had been in the doorway. Again she reviewed the whole episode; his courteous farewells, her fatuous gush of absurdities in answer! What must he think?

It was dreadful to find Dora so unreasonable in the morning. Out-of-doors there was hard, freezing weather.

Hilary sipped her coffee in silence. It seemed impossible that this forbidding, weary morning could usher in the long-awaited day of the Kronski concert. That Kronski should rush from his Philadelphia hotel to seek herself and Dora out; that Dora should play for him, and he for them; that he should promise to teach her himself—all this would have seemed a miracle of happiness only yesterday! But as it was, Hilary found herself strangely apathetic toward Kronski. Could she have blotted from existence those last unbearable words between herself and Craig, she would gladly have lost, with them, all the other events of the evening.

"I'll be home at noon anyway, Butterfly. And don't kill yourself with the dishes and things. We can do them to-morrow if we have to. Get in your practise, dear, won't you?"

"I don't want to practise!" said Dora, drearily.

"Oh, darling, you must. Think what an incentive you have now. Kronski to teach you—think of it!"

"Yes, I know," Dora muttered lifelessly.

"I'm just sick of hearing how wonderful it's all going to be!" she added rebelliously. "I'd like it to begin!"

"Well, didn't it? Didn't something begin last night?" Hilary asked, resolutely cheerful, altho with a spasmodic thought at the same instant that last night had been a miserable failure.

"Gertrude Butterill—what does she know about music—she never practised an hour in her life!" burst out Butterfly, bitterly. "And how does she go to the concert? Oh, in grandpa's car, of course! They'll start at about four and have dinner at the best hotel, and probably have the best seats—!"

Hilary rose from her place, sighed, and placed her cup and plate among the heaped plates at the sink. She put away the sugar-bowl, filled both kettles with water to heat for the dishes, and put on her shabby coat.

The fresh, cold air outside braced her; so much so that she had not reached Spy Street before she wished that she had urged Butterfly to take a brisk turn about the block before beginning the morning's drudgery. But just some such vague resentment at her parental discouragement as had kept Dora silent, held her now, and she walked on to the office without interruption.

FORTUNE was with her. Old Kraut was there, and Craig was not. The mail came in, and when Craig did finally appear, at about ten o'clock, she could approach him quite naturally.

"Mr. Spaulding, is your uncle back yet? I think this is very important. That entire shipment to the Barbados man——"

Kraut pushed his old spectacles up on his bald forehead; Craig stood beside Hilary reading the unwelcome letter; he formed his lips for a whistle.

"Yes, my uncle's home. That's bad, isn't it? I'll get in touch with him; I believe he's coming down later. I may have to go into New York, and see the steamship people about that."

Hilary could sit down at her desk again, her heart quiet for the first time in some hours. She had seen him, and shown him a perfectly cool, dispassionate front. Later he said to her suddenly;

"Tired out, at your house, after last night?"

"Well, with to-night's dissipation still to come—" she returned composedly. She picked up the letter again.

"She certainly called me Craig last night, but I don't believe she knows it!" Craig thought, in relief. "I may have been getting a little too friendly here. I'll stop it! "I won't be able to get to that concert to-night, I'm sorry to say," he added aloud. "Too bad!" Hilary commented evenly. Her heart sank.

Her dream died, and Hilary went soberly home over the cold, dirty snow at noon, and helped Dora with the last of the dishes, and improvised a luncheon of toasted rye bread, eggs, and sardines.

Then it was time to dress for the concert, but somehow the life and sparkle had gone out of the whole thing. The prospect of two quietly dressed sisters going in to town at two o'clock and having an hour or two to shop sedately before eating a solid little dinner somewhere, and attending a violin concert, had strangely lost its charm.

To-day she felt jaded, oddly discontented, and soul-weary. Every one else in the world was having a nicer time than the Colliers, but the Colliers were so simple that they deceived themselves into thinking that they were unusually destined—unusually fortunate!

THIS mood was not unknown to Dora, but finding it reflected in herself alarmed Hilary. This would not do! She must somehow redeem this forlorn expedition; it was delightful, it was a great occasion!

She conscientiously tried, but everything was an anticlimax, after last night. In spite of herself a little conviction of disappointment, of being unjustly treated, would creep into her heart. Even before the concert she began feverishly to wish that the whole thing was over, with the rest of the town and they back to the world. Life wasn't forever, anyway.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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Naturally Curly and Wavy Hair for Every Girl

ALL women are girls, if they make up their minds to be, just as all men are boys, so long as they do not add too much weight!

All girls like curly hair—and of course, all boys prefer curly-headed girls.

How do girls get curly hair by the old methods? They put their hair up in crimps over night, or for a few hours, while they do their housework. Others heat curling irons and put them through their hair.

We do not agree with either of these methods. There is nothing scientific about them, and they are not satisfactory from any point of view. Hair so curled goes straight just when you need it most, as for instance, during an enjoyable evening when there is the slightest perspiration of the scalp.

It is far more scientific to make your hair naturally curly by using on it the new Nestlé LANOIL Method. If you do this, your hair when wet with perspiration will become curlier instead of straighter. This method, incidentally is also far more beneficial to your hair than the methods you have employed in the past because it need be done only once or twice a year. You will find it so marvelous once you have seen and enjoyed its results, that you will never be without it again. Imagine! After living all your life with straight hair, at last with the LANOIL Wave, you may go into rain, steam, fog, you may perspire, or go bathing, or wash your head, and your hair will remain wavy and curly as if nature had treated you most kindly.

Lots of Fun to LANOIL Wave Your Hair

A girl writes us about the merits of the LANOIL Wave: "I bought my brother a radio outfit for his birthday, and he bought me one of your LANOIL Home Outfits with which three in our family, including mother, have waved each other's hair. We had more fun doing this on a rainy afternoon than we had out of the radio, and are sure of still having curly hair and a useful home outfit, when my brother's radio will long have been forgotten."

This will probably come true. Hundreds of hairdressers in the United States are giving the LANOIL Wave and if you prefer the services of a professional Waver, write us for the name of a licensed LANOIL Waver in your vicinity. It is done in Paris, and London; and the Nestlé establishment in New York alone gives over 70 each day. The great thing about this invention, however, will not be what we and other hairdressers are doing in our establishments, but what the Home Outfits will do in private homes.

Millions of girls who have neither the convenience nor the money to go to a hairdresser for this work will be able to get home outfits for little money, and wave and curl one another's hair.

Sent on Free Trial

A Home Outfit complete with electrical patent heater, worked from your lamp socket, patent curlers, supplies and instructions costs but $15, and is good for the waving of hundreds of heads, requiring only more supplies, which are always obtainable from the Nestlé LANOIL Co., Ltd., or wherever you bought your Outfit, at 10 cents per strand.

Send for the Outfit today. You may either include a check, money order or draft for $15 with your order, or pay the postman when the Outfit arrives. Thirty days are given you in which to try it out. A free supply of waving materials is included, and if at the end of this time you are not satisfied with the results, you have only to return the Outfit minus the free trial supplies which you were entitled to use, and you will receive back in full the $15.

Please be sure to state in your order the voltage of your electric current.

Agents Wanted

If you are clever, a LANOIL Home Outfit need cost you nothing, in the end, and indeed, you may even make an excellent income from it yourself, by selling to others. Several thousand Outfits are already in use, and several hundred thousand are sure to be bought quickly from now on. Agents are wanted everywhere to introduce them. But you must have satisfied yourself before you may become an agent.

Write for the illustrated booklet on the Nestlé LANOIL Home Outfit, or send your order to the Nestlé LANOIL Co., Ltd., Dept. P *(Established 1905)*, 12 and 14 East 49th Street (just off Fifth Avenue), New York City.

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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Their seats in the big hall were surprizingly good, and the music was glorious. Kronski played to a full house, and seemed once more the remote celebrity that he had been to them at this time yesterday. Dora and Hilary went in to congratulate him afterward, and found him cordial and kind even among a push of other enthusiastic admirers.

"You will be doing this some day—if you are a good Butterfly and work hard!"

After this remark the circling crowd somewhat pushed them aside, and they stood irresolute and troubled, smiling automatically as they watched him, not knowing quite what to do. Then Hilary said suddenly in a low tone:

"I think we had better slip away. So many people— Don't you think we had better?"

And Dora, discontentedly, and with a hint of moisture in her eyes, answered desolately:

"Yes, I guess so."

It was all over. They had seen Kronski, heard him not only in public, but in private; made of him a warm friend, and won from him all that their mother and father could ever have hoped for Dora. And yet there was a bitter disappointment about it all that made it harder than ever for Dora to work patiently and steadily, and that marked even for sober and sensible Hilary a certain turning-point in her life.

She began to long to get away; to leave this petty environment of Underwoods and Spauldings and Morrills. She imagined Dora and herself in some clean little pension abroad, studying, working, planning, everything in the world to each other once more!

Craig had been different since the evening party in Sugarhouse Lane. She saw it, and felt it keenly, and met it with a change on her own part. He should not think that she was entirely a sentimental idiot. She had had a moment of weakness, but it was over now. She was Miss Collier, his uncle's secretary, who planned to take her sister abroad for musical work in the Fall.

ABOUT a week after the party Craig told her, casually and in Kraut's presence, that he had seen Kronski again. Mrs. Dwyer had given him an evening reception, after his last New York concert; Kronski had been sailing in the morning. Craig did not tell her that the young violinist, with his shock of black hair, and his black eye-glass ribbon, and the tiny colored emblem of his foreign decoration in his buttonhole, had been a surprizingly imposing, almost a forbidding, figure in the Dwyers' elaborate music-room.

"Some of us, the Vanderworts and the Pickerings, saw him off on the Aquitania the next morning," Craig told Hilary. The girl felt a bitter resentment seize her. What was the matter with her in these days? —she asked herself, impatiently. What was it to her if some idle, rich people went laughing and chattering to the big liner, to wave good-by to Konrad Kronski? Nevertheless the pain persisted.

"I have gotten a long way," Hilary reminded herself bravely, walking home through the shabby old streets in the heavy January weather, "since those terrible days seven years ago, when father died. Butterfly and I are both well, and out of debt, and we have saved money for study, as I told him we would. And we love each other, and we do have lots of fun, working out verbs with Madame Ghecci, and improvising, and everything!

"And first of all," she reminded herself, "first of all, I must put this nonsense about Craig Spaulding out of my head! Even supposing that he did love me, I couldn't marry him with the idea that I could help Butterfly that way! Every marriage is a whole job, by itself, and I should have a pretty hard time keeping up with those friends of his and not making stupid mistakes! And what would Butterfly do? What could she do, except marry some miserable young spendthrift like Victor Morrill——

"Besides, it's all so silly! Craig Spaulding doesn't ever think of me—he's in love with that pretty little Mrs. Vanderwort, if he is with anybody."

BUT Spring began to come to Mount Holly, coquettishly and slowly, as is the fashion of Spring in New Jersey; but with an infinite sweetness and graciousness, and with Spring several elements as cold as the Winter winds, and as hard as the packed snows, began to soften and to melt, in several human hearts.

One of these hearts was Violet Vanderwort's. She drew Craig Spaulding aside, at a certain February dinner, and said to him very softly, with her eyes dropped to the little hand she laid on the pearl stud of his shirt:

"Craig, I don't want to see too much of you now, for a while. You and I have got to go to different places, and not even think about each other!"

"What have I done, Vi?" Craig asked, after a pause.

"You?" She flashed him a look, looked down again. "No," she said, in a low voice. "But it's because I don't want people to say that it's on your account that I'm leaving Reggy, Craig."

"You really are, Vi?" he said, distressedly. This was his first definite intimation of it.

"Oh, yes, I really am! It can't be done, Craig," she said with a long, tired sigh. "And I—I like you too much. I don't want you mixed into this mess! It's all so putrid. Time enough for that, later!"

Well, it was acting, of course. Vi was always acting. But to Craig it was decidedly disquieting, none the less. He liked Reggy Vanderwort; he always had. He felt that Reggy had been the loser by his marriage. Vi was a beautiful and seductive little thing, of course, but she was a bloodless little thing, too. She had airily told quite a group of them, just before her marriage, that Reggy's enthusiasm for his sister's baby annoyed her.

"He can take it out on Kate's baby!" she had said, laughing, and two years or more after her marriage, when Craig, seriously distressed at the deepening breach between the young Vanderworts, had taken a close friend's brotherly right to hint to her that Reggy was the sort of man tightest held by nursery claims, Vi had quite good-naturedly repudiated the suggestion again.

"Oh, br-r-r! The whole idea is perfectly repulsive to me!" she had assured him, with a shudder. "You're quite right, Craig. Reggy would be absolutely nutty with joy. But excuse me. Some day, maybe— Of course, he'd like nothing better than five little boys in a row! Men are like that."

MEN are like that. She had said it scornfully, but Craig had thought of it since, more than once. Violet, he thought, was about twenty-four; but there was no freshness, no youth and vigor and bloom left in her. The exquisitely flawless face, under its visible films of powder, rouge, and paste; the lips stiff with brilliant paint, the bright hair scalloped into curves of marble firmness, the eyelashes lightly freighted with some black oil, their surrounding sockets touched with faint lavender shadows—it was all like something machine-made, finished, dressed in laces and gold brocades, hung with sparkling jewels, and sent forth to be admired.

And the woman's soul within; that was the same. She had all the little tricks of intelligence; quotations, foreign phrases, bored little superiorities, witty little asides, She had a tenacious instinct for her own preservation; anything that would mar the skin, or that metallic hair, or those boneless little hands she could perceive with the lightening swiftness of the tiger. She could avert the menace, whatever it might be, with almost unbelievable ingenuity and skill. She had the knowledge of charm; she could seem sweet, wistful, injured, loving. With a sort of childish directness she could plead with him to "be nice to Vi." He knew it all so well! He had played the little game with her gallantly for years.

But now she was not playing. She would really divorce Reggy and she was certainly talking to-night as if she meant to put Craig in his place.

Craig recoiled from the prospect, genuinely appalled. He was not in love with Violet, nor with any one. He hated the thought of the sweetness, the gentleness, the cleverness she would show toward him if she had really set her heart upon marrying him.

ALL this went through his mind as she murmured her little considerate explanation. When he could speak he said:

"I'll beat it down to Mount Holly again, and dig in for the rest of the season. My uncle isn't well; there's a lot I ought to do there, anyway. Don't worry, Vi; I don't think any one is going to talk. But be pretty sure, dear, that you aren't making a mistake?"

"About — liking *you*, trusting *you*, Craig?" she asked, innocently wondering in tone.

"No, old thing. About—well, Reggy's going to have money to burn a wet dog with some day, you know! Can't you stick it?"

"Do I look like the sort of woman who's willing to put up with everything?" she demanded passionately. "Since that day of the big game, when you played quarter, and I went with Reggy, and he asked me to marry him, I've known that it wasn't *Reggy!*"

Reggy was the nearest thing to being actually weak-minded that Craig knew among his acquaintances. Craig's group was lenient and inexacting enough, but even in Craig's group Reggy was regarded with a mixture of contempt and conscious lenience.

"Too bad!" he commented, sighing.

"How you men stick together!" Vi said sharply.

"Cross even with me?" he asked her, in a tone that brought back her equilibrium. She gave him a penitent smile, and began to tell him of the arrangement between herself and Reggy.

He left her side, later in the evening, profoundly thoughtful. In a few days or weeks the newest fashionable divorce would have its hour of notoriety. At that moment a dozen voices would say in unison, "It's Craig Spaulding!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

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Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

Almost at once the complexion becomes clear and beautiful through this amazing scientific discovery.

SCIENCE is giving new complexions for old through a marvelous new discovery! Dull, coarse, blemished skins are being transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness —almost at once. Years of scientific research and experiment have finally revealed the elements which, when combined in certain exact proportions, remove the dead scales on the surface of the skin, clear the pores of every impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and charming as a child's.

The skin is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. When dust bores deeply into these pores and clogs them, the impurities remain in the skin. The result is not always noticeable at first. But soon the complexion becomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face "breaks out" in pimples and blackheads. And if the impurities are still allowed to remain, the complexion becomes ruined entirely.

That marvelous new discovery th earth blemishes and impurities fr away—the secret that wi lightly complexion and wonderfu nourishes new complexion under mask—and it will not smooth and charming as a child's! It cannot harm the most sensitive skin

The New Discovery Explained

Certain elements, when correctly combined according to a chemist's formula, have been found to possess a powerful potency. These elements, or ingredients, have been blended into a soft, plastic, cream-like clay, delicately scented. It is applied to the face with the finger tips—just as a cream would be applied.

The name given to this wonderful discovery is Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied, every one of the millions of tiny pores in the skin awaken and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin-foods.

In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the impurities that clogged and stifled them.

Allow Complexion Clay to remain for a little while. You may read, or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you will feel the powerful beauty clay doing its work, gently drawing out impurities and absorbing blemishes. A warm towel will soften the clay, and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And with it you will roll off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish. A hidden beauty will be unmasked —beneath the old complexion will be revealed a new one with all the soft, smooth texture and delicate coloring of youth!

Pictorial Review Printed Following Article *in June Issue*

Let us hope that you have all been won over to the new method of using real mud as a means for soft skin which those readers each a number powerful years ago were urged to go to a beauty jar or for them ments, which cost anywhere from five to twenty dollars each but now we can take them at home for only a few cents The clay matter looks like dull mud but it has a very pleasant, refreshing odor You paint the face with this and leave it on to dry Then should take about ten minutes You then wash it off with warm water and rinse with cold After that apply a bracing, soothing lotion If you do this twice a week during these hot Summer months you will have no blackheads no pimples your muscles will tone up and your complexion will be like peaches and cream Of course none of us knows our wants in these wonderful creams but the basis of all of them is clay, and the real secret is to be some sort of magic The clay, of course, is the magic When you remember what you have always wished as a youngster you realized on some wet clay and it began almost immediately

Removes Pore Poisons at Once

Complexion Clay does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them *at once*. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin There is a feeling almost of physical relief as the facial pores are relieved, as the magic clay draws out the accumulated self-poisons and impurities. You will be amazed when you see the results of only one treatment -the whole face will appear rejuvenated. Not only will the beauty of your complexion be brought to the surface, but enlarged pores will be normally closed, tired lines and bagginess will vanish, mature lines will be softened. Complexion Clay brings life and fervor to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

Send No Money

In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation, I am making a very special offer. Don't send any money, just the coupon, and a jar of Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once, freshly compounded. Although it is a $5.00 product, you may pay the postman only $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

Complexion Clay - - - - $5.00
Complexion Powder - - - 2.00
All for Value $7.00

ONLY $1.95

Send No Money

If you act at once we will send you without any money in advance, one of the new, freshly compounded jars of Complexion Clay and include with it at cost a full-size box of Complexion Powder When the postman delivers the package to you, pay him only $1.95 plus few cents postage in full payment for $5.00 jar of Complexion Clay If within 10 days, you are not delighted with the Clay and what it does for your complexion simply return it and your money will be refunded at once It is understood, of course, that you will return the powder if you return the Clay

Mail the coupon now Don't miss the unusual special offer Tomorrow may be too late do it to-day Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package no names to indicate contents. Marguerite Sullivan, Dept 150 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa

WHAT USERS SAY

Read These Letters

I received my jar of Complexion Clay and I am very much pleased with it My face was full of blackheads, wrinkles and large pores and there is a great improvement already. I cannot say enough for it; every woman that has facial troubles ought to give it a trial It's wonderful!"
Mrs. A. B. Scott, Geneva, N. Y.

Just to inform you that your Complexion Clay has been received, and I have already tried it and am very pleased with it, so I thank you.
Mrs. Florence Gnasso, 2416 First Ave., New York.

I received the Complexion Clay, and it is a pleasure for me to recommend it I used it several times and it has done more good for my skin than anything I have ever used
Mrs. D. Smith Manville, N J

Full-size $2.00 Boudoir Box of Complexion Powder—a new invisible powder for beauty. It is ideal to use after the Complexion Clay treatment. The attractive free box of Complexion Powder will be mailed to all who promptly take advantage of the money-saving special offer on Complexion Clay. Mail the coupon today.

Free

If You Use This Coupon

Send No Money

Marguerite Sullivan, Dept. 150
9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me one of the new $5.00, freshly-compounded jars of Complexion Clay, for which I will give the postman only $1.95 plus postage in full payment—providing you include absolutely free a $2.00 boudoir box of Complexion Powder Although I am benefiting by this special offer, I retain the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar within 10 days, and you agree to return my money if I am not delighted with results in every way. I am to be the sole judge

Name . . .

Address . . .

City . . . . . *State* . . .

If you wish you may send money with coupon and save postage Prices outside U. S., $2.10, cash with order.)

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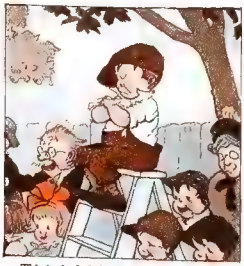
Alec and Al

THE BABY SHOW

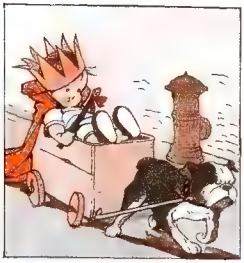
DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES VERSES BY PERCY WAXMAN

1 Alec and Al decide to hold
A Grand Parade and Baby Show,
So this quartet that we behold
Have just made up their minds to go.



2 This is the lad they chose as judge—
A strong he-man—you know the kind;
Whom no one possibly can budge
When once he has made up his mind.

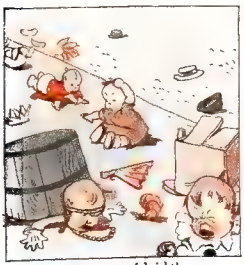
3 The jockey on his fiery steed
Feels certain he will win the prize,
While black-eyed Sue is proud indeed
To think she's caught the judge's eyes.



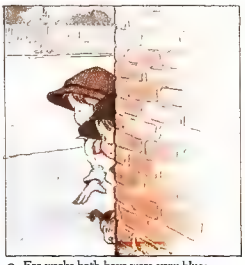
4 The king within his carriage grand
Is so magnificently dressed
That everybody in the stand
Considers his display the best.

5 This gorgeous Oriental vamp
Has cast a spell on Pierrot,
Upset because he has to tramp
Behind a girl who spoils *his* show.

6 Alas! the colt that draws the king
Gets frantic when he sees the cat,
And off he bolts like everything
While babies, right and left, fall flat.



7 Oh, dear, it was an awful sight!
And such a dreadful noise they made!
The babies yelled and screamed with fright,
Which stopped, of course, the Grand Parade.

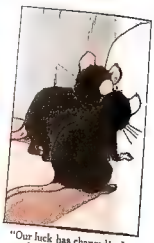


8 For weeks both boys were very blue;
They felt so scared for fear they'd meet
The parents of the babies, who
Might spank them both upon the street.

The Nibbler Boys

THE SOAP TRICK

"It's so long now since we were fed
My stomach thinks my teeth are dead."

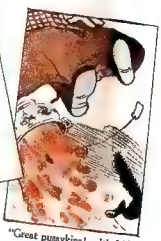


"Our luck has changed! Just take a look!
I'll eat the cat if that's not cook."

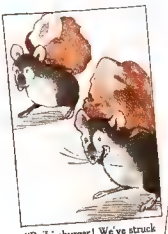
"Be sure you tie the soap quite tight,
And soon our lunch will be in sight."

"They say that while there's life there's hope
I'd like to add—'Yes, while there's soap.'"

"How strange to think that cook's big feet
Should be the reason why we'll eat!"



"Great pussykins! It's Irish stew,
Beef, carrots, beans, and onions too."



"By Limburger! We've struck it rich!
Are we awake or dreaming—which?"

"If I was not too full to stoop
I'd pick this carrot up for soup."

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Would You Give $197 —to Lose 30 Pounds in 30 Days?

That is all it will cost you. And you lose your excess flesh through a wonderful new discovery which does not require any starving, exercise, massage, drugs or bitter self-denials or discomforts. Sent on 10 DAYS TRIAL to PROVE that you can lose a pound a day.

Mrs. Denneny before she used the new method. Weight 240 pounds.

Mrs. Denneny after she used the new method. Weight now 166 pounds and she is still reducing.

Loses 74 Pounds— Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can RUN up. I reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear shoes a size smaller. Formerly they were sixes, now they are fives."

(Signed) *Mrs. Mary J. Denneny, 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.*

John Griswold before using new discovery. Weight, 266 pounds.

John Griswold after using new discovery. Weight, 162 pounds.

Loses 104 Pounds— Reduces Waist Line 17 Inches

"When I sent for your method I weighed 266 pounds. I reduced at the rate of about 5 pounds a week until I reached 162 pounds. I reduced my waist line 17 inches. Today I am in good health and am now free from all avoirdupois ailments. I find that all one needs is your course in order to become the person of his dreams."

(Signed) *John Griswold, Anthony, Kan.*

Reaches Normal Weight in 30 Days

"For three years I had weighed 168 pounds. I went to a gymnasium and exercised for a month to reduce weight. At the end of the month I had added four more pounds. Then I heard of and sent for your method. That was my lucky day. I found your instructions easy and your menus delightful. I lost 28 pounds in 30 days—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has greatly benefited, and I have not had one of my former sick headaches since losing my extra flesh."

E. A. Kettel, prominent in New York newspaper circles, who lost 28 pounds in 30 days.

(Signed) *E. A. Kettel, 225 W. 39th St., New York City.*

I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (his normal weight) in just two weeks (22 pounds lost in 14 days). Before I started I was flabby and sick, had headaches all the time. I feel wonderful now."

Thus writes Mr. Ben Naddle, a New York business man, located at 102 Fulton Street. His experience is similar to that of many others who have used this new, easy and pleasant way to reduce excess flesh. Miss Kathleen Mullane, stage beauty and famous artist's model, whom a well-known artist called "a most perfect example of American womanhood," writes:

"In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your remarkable new way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Mr. Clyde Tapp of Poole, Kentucky, who lost 60 pounds by this method in a remarkably short time, writes:

"Thousands of dollars would not represent the value of the knowledge I have gained as to this healthful, pleasant way of losing weight."

And now you have this same opportunity to lose every ounce of your excess flesh and gain a wonderful increase in health; at a cost of only $1.97.

Reduce as Fast or as Slowly as You Wish

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. When you have reached your normal weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Taking off excess weight by this new method is the easiest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless. Almost like magic it brings slender, graceful, supple figures and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they are positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable!

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others *consume* fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

10-Days Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into a course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on 10 days' trial to any one sending in the coupon.

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only. All you need do is to mail the coupon—or write a letter or postcard if you prefer—without sending a penny and the course will be sent you at once, IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

When it arrives pay the postman the special price of only $1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is $3.50, but $1.97 is all you have to pay while this special offer is in existence. There are no further payments. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

See how our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Complete Cost for All Only $1.97 Plus Few Cents Postage

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW. Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-8811, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-8811
43 West 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance you may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's $3.50 Course on "Weight Control—The Basis of Health." When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Street.....

City.....State.....

Price outside U. S., $3.15 cash with order.

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Good Bye Gray Hair

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root, and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram.)

How Hair Loses Its Color

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry, or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair.

The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color. The hair has simply blanched.

How New Discovery Restores Natural Color

Tru-Tone, the marvelous new scientific discovery, quickly restores the true, original color to gray hair—to hair that has blanched. It is not an ordinary dye, or stain, or tint. It is pleasant to use—none of the muss and trouble of ordinary color restorers.

It makes no difference whether your hair was black, brown, blond or auburn—Tru-Tone works equally well, making your hair appear the same as it was before it had even a trace of gray in it. It makes no difference how gray your hair is—Tru-Tone will restore it and no one need know you are banishing your gray hair if you don't want them to.

Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair

It was only after extensive research and experiment that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is just a clear, pure liquid—almost colorless. It contains tonic properties that stimulate the natural growth of the hair. Tru-Tone, therefore, not only restores the natural color to your hair but makes it thick, glossy and beautiful at the same time. You can use it with absolute confidence, knowing that it cannot possibly discolor the hair or harm it in any way.

This Bank Guarantee Protects You

To protect every user of Tru-Tone we have placed a deposit of $10,000.00 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. This guarantee insures the return to you of your money if, after a fair test of Tru-Tone you are not delighted with results. Tru-Tone simply has to do what we say it will, or it costs you nothing.

Surely you are not going to miss this wonderful opportunity to restore the true, original color to your hair. Think of having once again the beautiful, lustrous hair you had years ago—when you put it up for the first time! Think of restoring the true color to your hair!

Read What These Delighted Users Say

"I am ready to 'boost' Tru-Tone for it has restored my hair to its natural color, and I have good faith in it. *Mrs. E. W. Harris, 1042 Lake Avenue, Pueblo, Colo.*

"I find my hair has grown thicker with the use of Tru-Tone and while there are still a few gray hairs left the color is a beautiful light brown, just as it was 3 years ago. I am delighted. *Mary Lillian F. Schoellhorn, 2903 Allen Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.*

"Your treatments of Tru-Tone to my hair did wonders." *Mrs. H. Wilt, 702 N. Minnesota Ave., St. Peter, Minn.*

"I received your Tru-Tone and think it is a wonderful restorer. My hair was almost all gray and I think that I got your remedy just in time for my hair. Now my hair is almost its natural color. I shall recommend it to all my friends." *Mrs. O. D. Moody, 414 So. 5th St., Columbia, Mo.*

Why Gray Hair is Simply Hair Without Color

The hair shaft (A) springs from a tube-like depression in the scalp called a follicle (B). The cells (F) rests on a tiny tip of tissue called the papilla (H). The color of the hair is due to a pigment given off at the tip of the papilla. When sickness, worry or shock, interferes with the pigment supply the hair blanches. To restore it to its natural color the pigment supply must be restored through a natural process. In the diagram A is the root, C the oil gland, D the root sheath, and G the fat cells. Study the diagram and you will see for yourself why gray hair is simply hair without color

Send No Money

Nothing can so thoroughly convince you of the wonderful power of Tru-Tone in restoring the hair to its natural color as trying it. That is why we are making this very special, introductory offer

If you will fill in the coupon and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-size bottle of Tru-Tone in plain sealed package no marking to indicate contents. No need to send any money. And don't send a sample of your hair. Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color. Just mail the coupon—but do it NOW before you forget. A postcard will do if you prefer it.

ONLY $1.45

Send No Money

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only $1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for $3.00. If after a fair test you are not delighted with results simply return what is left and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer: the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House, Dept. T-1511, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send No Money

Domino House, Dept. T-1511
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only $1.45 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name. . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City. . . . . State. . . . . .

(If you wish you may send money with coupon and save postage. (Price outside U. S. $1.60, cash with order.)

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Dolly Dingle Makes a Dress and Darns Socks

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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AVONNE TAYLOR helps to "Glorify the American Girl" in Ziegfeld's Follies.
PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD WAYNE MONROE

DORIS KENYON, Film Star, Dramatic Star, Poetess, and still in her early twenties!
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE FAR STUDIO

ADELE ROWLAND, star in musical comedy, is famous for her ability to render popular songs.
PHOTOGRAPH BY APEDA

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Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour in the palm of your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flour. Then rub it with your finger—see how *smooth* it is—the fine velvety texture of real *wheat* flour—the complete absence of harsh, coarse, gritty corn meal. Now you know why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such perfect pancakes.

Try this test with any other pancake flour.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

What kind of wheat flour is in the pancakes you serve?

YOU CAN prove the high quality of real wheat flour in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour by the simple method above. But the final test is the taste test—the perfect pancakes it makes. So light, tender and fluffy, so delicious and digestible.

Real wheat flavor pancakes

There is no substitute for creamy-white, fine-textured *wheat* flour in pancake flour. Domestic scientists will tell you this. They realize that corn meal is cheaper, but they know, too, that it is harsh, gritty, and lacking in comparative food value.

After all, it is natural the millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour should make the best pancake flour—should use as the chief ingredient high-grade, wholesome *wheat* flour and *plenty* of it. And that is why Pillsbury's makes delicate golden-brown pancakes, full-flavored and fragrant—as easy to digest as they are good to eat.

So easy to make

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is ready for instant use. You require no baking powder, no eggs, no milk—just add cold water and bake on a hot griddle. No mixing, no fussing, no trouble at all.

Give your family this treat for breakfast tomorrow. Serve these perfect pancakes—with the nourishment of real wheat flour and plenty of it.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS - U.S.A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour · Pancake Flour · Health Bran
Wheat Cereal · Rye Flour
Durum Flour · Farina

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Had Your Iron Today?

Athletes know the energy in Raisins

Serve Energy at Breakfast for the Benefit of Men

AT college training tables athletes are given certain foods to develop energy and stamina. Stewed raisins is one of them.

Give this same food to *your* men folks who also are competing—on the *business* field.

They, like athletes, need energy—to use in thinking, working and winning their success.

Stewed raisins are delicious, appetizing fruit-food—both good and good *for* the entire family.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound, being 75 per cent pure fruit sugar in practically predigested form.

So stewed raisins at breakfast—alluring in flavor and *digestible*—are great fuel with which to start successful days.

Rich in food-iron also which fortifies the blood. Famous sanitariums serve stewed raisins to anemic patients whose blood needs building up.

Healthy men need only a tiny bit of iron daily, but that need is vital. Let stewed raisins help supply it.

Serve them mainly for their *benefit* to men. The delicious flavor will make raisins acceptable 300 times a year.

It's the *regularity* of such a dish that gets the best results, so make this food "*a breakfast rule*" for at least three days per week.

Ask your dealer always for

Try All Three of These

Stewed Raisins

Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.

Rice Pudding

½ cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
½ cup rice
5 cups milk
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
1 cup water
¼ teaspoonful nutmeg (may omit)

Wash rice and place in double boiler with one cup water. Cook until water is absorbed. Add two cups milk, cook with rice until tender. To the remaining one cup milk add the sugar, spice and well-beaten eggs, combine with rice, add raisins, pour into pudding dish, set in pan of hot water and bake until custard is set. All measurements for this recipe are level.

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls corn starch
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind
Juice of 1 orange
1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and corn starch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters
Made from finest California Table Grapes

Cut this out and send it

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers,
Dept. A-311, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Membership 13,000 Dept. A-311, Fresno, Calif.

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BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

Craig was not conceited; his was an unusually well-balanced head. But he must have been a fool indeed not to know that he was good-looking, rich, conspicuously desirable in every way that would appeal to Violet. She had wanted wealth and a name the first time. Now she wanted a man, a man that other women lured and would envy her, and to whose home other men wanted to come. She wanted to entertain, to draw the interesting people of the great city about her; not to be merely pitied by the world, and coaxed by Reggy's family into keeping him out of too notorious escapades.

"Great Scott, this is a funny mix-up!" Craig thought, moving through the days in the Mount Holly office, and spending his evenings decorously in his uncle's library. His aunt would ask him a few meaningless questions at dinner; the salad would be passed, the ice passed, with a few slices already cut, to encourage him. The coffee, in unpleasant little gold cups, was served in the library. The big onyx clock above the heavy-streaked marble mantel would strike the half-hour after eight. Craig, in a deep leather chair, read his novel listlessly, looking off it at the fire and thinking apprehensively of Violet Vanderwort.

SPRING came on; March was bright with clearing skies and glorious, sweeping winds that were not too cold. The snow drew into patches under the lilacs and the carefully ranged conifers in front yards; vanished entirely. Children's voices began to ring out in the lengthening twilight again; and one day Hilary Collier called his attention to a real sign of the breaking season.

He had walked out the Merchantville road one Saturday afternoon, over bare brown roads and whipped fields, breathing deep of the wild and stirring airs. There was an old cut through here, somewhere near the forks, that cleared brown porches and fences of the Amusement Park, and past an old quarry. Craig struck into the woods, trying to find it.

He had almost reached the oyster-shell road into Rancocas when he came upon Hilary and Dora Collier, muddy, rosy, breathless. They had been gathering willow-branches; they showed him eagerly that the gray velvet tips were almost visible on the bare whips already.

To Craig it was very pleasant to stand there, warmed by his brisk walk, and watching these two radiant girls in their shabby tramping-clothes, with the hair blown about under their plain little soft hats and their faces rosy. He liked the careless way in which they gathered up their loosened hair for the walk home, and for the first time their sisterhood impressed him oddly; it was sweet to see sisters so interested, so affectionate toward each other.

They walked together to Sugarhouse Lane; Hilary did not ask him to come further, and Craig walked on with an odd sense of being snubbed. A week later he deliberately went to call.

After that he went two or three times a week; he became their dear and privileged friend; he laughed at all their momentous problems, heard all their debates, advised them, and asked their advice in turn.

The little house in Sugarhouse Lane, its microscopic ménage, the hours of talk, of music, of merry little meals in the tiny kitchen, came to seem, to Craig, the sweetest part of his life. Hilary with her responsiveness, her keenness, her courage and goodness, he thought the finest woman he had ever known. He tried her by a hundred tests, and found her wanting nowhere. She was better educated, even now, than Vi would ever be; she was cleverer, she had the old-fashioned quality of goodness. And Butterfly, the adorable child of moods, the little girl who was in so many ways a woman too, Butterfly he loved almost well. Indeed, he told himself, he loved them both; they were extraordinary creatures, they had brought into his life a sweetness and simplicity and purity that he had never known before.

And as the Spring deepened, and the lilacs budded and the dogwood opened its ivory leaves, the yearly miracle seemed to him to be, for the first time, a part of himself. These languid airs, these lingering, tender days, these blue morning skies, and the far-away crowing of cocks were all deliciously blended into the astonishing thought that Hilary Collier might some day be his wife.

He had given her no hint; but he knew that she must suspect it. The friendliness of their mere "Good morning!" in the office, the light in her eyes, the smile with which the russet head bent over his slightest commission betrayed her a dozen times a day. He liked everything about her; the strong, full young hand with its fresh, smooth cuff; the fresh, round, firm throat that rose from the plain tailored collar; her splendid voice that was always just a shade husky; her shining teeth when she laughed. It would be wonderful to have these two devoted little sisters under his care: to fulfil Dora's destiny on a scale that Hilary had never dreamed, and to share with Hilary the pride and glory of Dora's career.

One balmy April evening, when there was a yellow sunset after long warm rains, he walked home with her, and she chanced to speak of the Autumn, and of her trip, with Dora, to the Old World.

They stopped at the gate.

"Hilary," Craig said, with his kindly smile, his keen gray eyes upon her, with an admiring appreciation of the curve of the old garden doorway that framed her, and the fragrant new greenness of the garden beyond, "you know that I hope to have something to say about that, don't you?"

She raised her honest blue eyes, and in the streams of the tender April sunset her whole face grew radiant under his look.

The next instant Dora joined them; a buoyant and giddy Dora in these happy days when Craig's friendship was bringing so new and so thrilling an element into their lives.

Dora's hands were full of fragrant wild violets; in her cheeks the color of rose-petals bloomed.

"Craig, you know what you said?" she cried. "About my trying the surgeon's tape about my wrist, on the 'Caprice' against 'Caprice'? Well, I tried it, and it was wonderful! Wait until you hear me play it!"

Hilary had gone in, smiling, into the house. He and Dora were alone at the gate. He found himself looking at her in bewilderment, as she talked, as he had never seen her before; as if this glowing girl, over whose warm young hand his own hand lay forgivingly, was an entire stranger. Yesterday she had just been little Butterfly, chattering and confiding and impetuous and eager. Now there was something oddly new about the red mouth and the brown eyes and the bright, soft masses of hair with the atmosphere streaming on them. Dora—was this Dora——?

It was at this instant that Craig fell in love.

He did not realize it at once; he merely felt that there was something peculiar and new in his feeling for Dora, and that she was strangely important in his new plans. They must take great care of Dora; she was an extraordinary child She was, in fact, the most remarkable child he had ever known.

She must never marry; that was flat. It was horrible to think of the average man, in fact of even an exceptionally good man, as being entrusted with Dora. Perish the thought! The chances of her being misunderstood—abused—unhappy, were too terribly probable.

Craig's aunt was giving a dinner that night, but he was poor company. He stared absently ahead of him, scowling faintly, biting his lip. Men would fall in love with her, too; all sorts of men. Horrible!

THE next day he could not wait to see the Colliers because he had been thinking about them so much, and was so conscious of a change in his feeling for them, it seemed odd to him to find them so placidly unstirred. It was a Sunday, a sweet and fragrant Sunday full of warm breezes and the deep and new green of foliage upon new grass. They had been to church, but they were back, and in household gingham now, and Hilary's unflagging energy had decreed that this was the day to carry out some long-cherished plans for the front garden.

It was a small garden, but delightfully sheltered by the old brick wall on two sides and by the house. It had been the "Carolan's kitchen" and the side wall of the big Carolan mansion on the others. There were two old cherry trees, a great elm in it, trees now in rich leaf, and fluttering in the morning sunlight with birds; there was an enormous cherry tree, a young elm, a plum-tree just losing its snowy bloom, and several stocky old lilacs that showed fragrant masses of lavender and white blossom between their clean, heart-shaped leaves.

Hilary directed the raking, digging, hauling. Her idea was to clean the old brick path, obliterated for a generation, and to establish a circular table under the elm, where she and Dora might have many a Summer breakfast and supper. The Spring morning was warm, Craig's face grew wet as he worked, and Dora's soft, straight, flyaway locks clung to her white forehead.

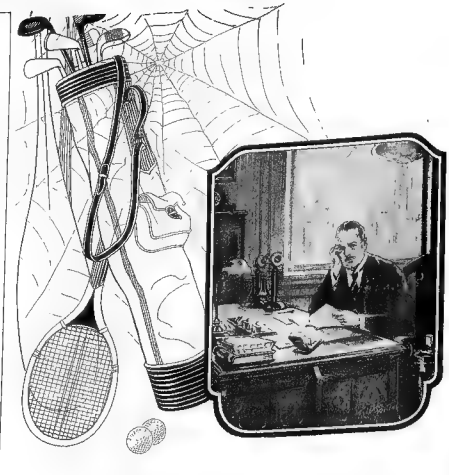
The earth was wet and soft from recent rains, weeds yielded easily, and presently a great heap of them lay wilting fragrantly in the sunshine, and Hilary's rake brought order and beauty under the elm. The damp earth, newly uncovered by the rake's teeth, dried in a pale brown crust over the furrows; the sprawling lilacs were tied into sheaves, and sunshine penetrated delicately into mossy corners that had been hidden by the rank, false shoots of the roses.

Dora went into the kitchen, and presently Craig stood below her at the front door, drinking eagerly from a tin dipper of cold water. Hilary, muffled in the sun-flecked path, and surveyed them contentedly.

"Now when the vines fall into place," she summarized, "and the lilacs don't look so stiff, and when we get that old blue table-cloth washed, Butterfly, and the chair mended—I'll see old Diggs about that at the factory to-morrow—then I think it'll be simply adorable."

"And for afternoon tea!" exulted Dora, sucking a pricked finger. "When the shadows begin to fall——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



Are your Life-Preservers up in the Attic?

MANY long months of indoor weather are ahead, before golf sticks, fishing kit, swimming suit and garden tools come into use again—months filled with business duties or household cares—months of *hard work*, bounded by four walls.

Many's the day you will be wishing for the "pep" and "go" and fitness you felt last summer.

Be sensible in the selection of your diet. Don't make the mistake of loading the body with a heavy, starchy diet when you've put the life-preserving exercise away. That's the mistake that leads to dullness, weariness, brain-fag—and maybe to worse misfortunes. Try a dish of Grape-Nuts, with cream or milk for breakfast. Try Grape-Nuts in place of your usual lunch.

That's safety, sanity—and comfort.

Grape-Nuts with cream or milk is a complete food, with the perfected goodness of whole wheat and malted barley, including the wheat vitamin, the phosphates and vital mineral elements. It digests quickly and easily without fermentation. It contains the essential bran from the whole grain to stimulate intestinal activity.

Grape-Nuts is deliciously crisp and appetizing, welcome at any meal—and it can be had in a moment.

Not only will a sensible diet, in which Grape-Nuts plays a full part, fit you for the rigors of winter, but will build up that reserve strength which will permit you to take advantage of the joys of the coming spring and summer.

Where you don't find Grape-Nuts you won't find people.

Grape-Nuts Six-Minute Pudding

1 cup Grape-Nuts
1½ cups milk
1 tablespoonful sugar
½ cup raisins

Cover Grape-Nuts with milk. Add sugar, raisins, and a little nutmeg. Boil six minutes and serve with any good pudding sauce.

Recipe makes six portions

Made by
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.

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The Guest Dinner -Canapés

When these dainty little appetizers serve as the first course of the guest dinner, there is no finer relish to use than Gulden's Mustard. Especially palatable are the canapés made of thin fingers of crisp toast, spread with ham-mince highly seasoned with Gulden's. Gulden's is the condiment supreme, a mustard of unequalled quality. It is a special blend of imported and American-grown mustard seeds ground exceedingly fine, pure grain vinegar, and certain other spices that give to Gulden's the flavor which is so particularly its own. It is a delicious, tantalizing flavor that puts an edge on appetite. Gulden's is bottled without preservatives of any kind, and because of its purity keeps fresh to the last spoonful in the round glass jar. At better grocery and delicatessen stores everywhere.

GULDEN'S Mustard

READY·TO·USE *Established 1867*

After the theatre—a delicious hot supper at home!

INFORMAL suppers are fun for everybody, including the hostess, when you have an Armstrong Table Stove.

Whether you want just a bite or are hungry for hearty refreshments, you can cook it all in the dining-room.

This wonderful stove, which *cooks three things at once,* makes a great variety of tempting dishes possible — oysters, creamed or broiled, lobster Newburg, chicken a la King, cheese dreams, welch rarebit, club sandwiches, eggs a la Beauregard, toasted English muffins, waffles and many delicious, unusual canapés!

Remember that the Armstrong Table Stove is *more* than a toaster—it boils, broils, fries, steams, and bakes waffles too. Costs no more to run than an electrical toaster.

Ask to see an Armstrong Table Stove at your electrical or hardware dealer's. Price $12.50 with aluminum toaster, deep boiling pan, griddle, four egg cups and rack. Waffle iron $4.00 extra. Write for booklet M.

THE ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.
Formerly The Standard Stamping Company
238 Seventh Avenue Huntington, W. Va.

ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE
Cooks 3 *things* at *one*

BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

Craig, refreshed, sat down on the doorstep, panting. The tussle with tough, old fibrous vines and heavy roots had left the man comfortably tired. He was as enthusiastic as the girls over the picture of those Summer breakfasts, here in the delicate shadows of mellowed old wall and towering trees. He wondered, flexing a sore hand thoughtfully, how many other women, possessing these old gardens, had seen in them similar possibilities.

"How about washing our hands, and lunch?" he suggested hopefully.

"What I was thinking was," Hilary answered readily, "that it's one o'clock now. Now suppose you go home to your lunch, and we'll have something to eat, and clean up, and Butterfly can get in her practise—one hour anyway. And then you come back at about four, and we can have a drive? And then our first supper here—wouldn't that be fun?"

Craig agreed to the plan contentedly; it was characteristic of these young creatures that they brimmed with plans.

The warm Spring days went on. And with every one of them he felt himself drawn more and more away from the old life he had known in the city, and closer and closer to these new influences. He said to himself that even now it would be simple enough to break the Mount Holly ties, yet day after day he felt himself hungering for a sight of the two sisters, for their little budget of news, for his share of their lives. He found himself, in the very middle of a formal dinner, or seated behind some perfumed and bare-shouldered woman at the play, lost in a dream of what was going on in the little reconstructed garden under the elm-trees in Sugarhouse Lane.

ONE night, under those trees, Hilary and Dora sat until very late, talking. It was a smothering, hot night in early June; the day had been cruelly oppressive everywhere, and before supper the girls had gone up the river to the bridge, with a hundred or more exhausted neighbors, for a swim.

Cool and comfortable, they had later shared their supper in the garden. Now a hot moon was sailing across the metallic dark blue of the relentlessly clear heavens, and great blots of lacy shadow fell upon the grass and the uneven bricks of the walk. The face of the little house looked charming in the uneven light; its primitive lines and steep roof suggested the picturesque past to Hilary's dreamy eyes. She fancied the hoop-skirts moving in and out of that plain, fan-lighted door, or, earlier still, the Empire frocks of the Revolutionary days, when Hessians cut with their spurs the old benches of the Quaker Meeting-house, and stabled their horses impudently in the Carolan gardens. What agitated, ringleted little face had peered from that doorway; what handsome and strapped portmanteaus—what shovel-bonnets and caped cloaks had made hurried departures through their little arched gate?

"Hilary!" said Dora suddenly.

Hilary roused from a dream. Dora was at her knee, on a low stool; she had been fiddling idly, but now she laid the Amati upon the table where their rice and cherries had been lately flushed, and leaned in her seat, her clasped hands oh Hilary's knees. Hilary, in the moonshine, could see the glitter of her earnest eyes.

"Hilary," said Dora. "I can't stand it. I have to talk to you!"

"My darling—" Hilary murmured, at a loss.

"I—Hilary, I *must* know," Dora said. "Are you—are you—is Craig in love with you, Hilary?"

The question found Hilary totally unprepared; it came with the violence of a shock. Was he in love with her? She did not know. She had been content to wait all through this marvelous Springtime. She knew he liked her, depended upon her; she felt sure that some day he was going to ask her to be his wife. But placed as she was, guardian of herself and Dora, she could know no more.

"I think he is!" said Dora calmly, and waited.

"And if he is?" Hilary countered, stroking Dora's soft little hand, that lay in her own.

"If he is," Dora answered in a hard voice, "I am going away."

"Going away?" Hilary echoed, painfully awakened from her dream.

Dora was silent for a moment, and Hilary saw a stern, grave expression upon the young face that was turned up to the warm sky.

"Yes," Dora said finally, in a quiet, determined tone. "I think I will go away."

"To Europe? To—to work with Kronski?" Hilary asked, bewildered and uneasy.

"Oh—Kronski!" Dora exclaimed impatiently. "No," she added, more quietly. "That's done for, Hilary. I shall never touch my violin again. I—I can't!"

"Butterfly!" Hilary gasped, her house of life dissolving about her.

"I can't," Dora repeated. "That's over. If Craig cares for you, it's only right, Hilary. You've had more than your share of trouble—you're an angel; every one knows that. And of course he loves you," sobbed Dora, suddenly breaking into desolate tears, and laying her head on her sister's knee; "why shouldn't he? But I—I can't stand it! I've—I've—haven't you seen it? Haven't you seen that it's always been Craig—always—since that very first night when Kronski came? I've never had a happy moment since, not *one* I can't help it! I'd rather die," Dora rushed on passionately, her wet face raised for a moment, and her eyes meeting Hilary's defiantly, "I'd rather die than stop caring! He—he sat next to me that night, and talked—talked to me—and I—I——"

"Dora, my dearest, you must control yourself!" Hilary interrupted, alarmed at her violence, her heart turned to ice. Amazement and consternation were making her feel dizzy and ill, but she knew enough to clasp her arms tightly about her sister, and as their faces touched they both broke into fresh tears

"Hilary, I'm spoiling everything for you," Dora resumed again, after a moment, in a penitent and broken voice. "But I love him," she whispered, with trembling lips, "and I always shall! I can't stay here—and just look on! I've got to get away, somewhere. Hilary—I'll get a job in an office, anything—just to be busy—to try to forget! But music—" she interrupted herself suddenly, "no, it doesn't mean anything to me any more. I can't get interested—I can't think of anything but Craig—it's no use trying!"

"You must not let yourself get all worked up this way, Butterfly," Hilary said, quietly. She felt confused and hurt, as if she had just had a violent blow upon the head; but it was reassuring to know that she could speak so naturally. "Craig is fond of us both, dear—he has never—he has never given me any reason to believe that it was especially—me."

Dora twisted her young body about, slid to her knees on the grass, and clasped her sister about the waist. Hilary, seeing her own baffling Dora in their white cuffs upon Dora's shoulder, and feeling the youth in her own heart dying before this younger vision of youth and first love, was conscious of a vast desolation.

"Hilary, Hilary!" breathed Dora, her whole exquisite little person aglow with unearthly beauty in the Summer moonlight, "it's my *life*. The career—the music—that was Mother's plan and mother's plan. But this—this is *me*, Hilary! You don't know how I've suffered! It's the only thing I've ever wanted in my life. He's the only man that I've ever known—I can't seem to see the rest—I don't hear them! I—Hilary, I'd go to him barefoot, bareheaded; I'd follow him into any country—into the desert—into prison! Just the look in his eyes—just the smile—you know the way he smiles when he is pleased—Hilary, won't you help me? You've always helped me. Won't you? Because otherwise I'm going away—where nobody knows me—where I can forget——"

Hilary kissed her, resting her face against Dora's face for a long minute and closing her eyes. She felt exhausted with these few minutes of earthquake; her whole world was changed.

Presently she would go into the house, and light candles in the hot darkness, and brush her hair, and turn down the two white beds. To-morrow would come, and coffee-making, and her fresh dark-blue dotted Swiss for the office, and her broad hat. Old Kraut would come in with the invoices, and the extra packers would chatter in the shade of the ice-house. Life would go on, changed and twisted as it was; she would live, because she would not die.

"My darling," she said aloud, after an unnessured silence, in which they had clung together, "don't let this thing be an unhappiness to you. He does like us; he does come to see us more than any one else! Just believe that it is all coming right, dear, and it will come right!"

Butterfly, breathing hard, and spent with emotion, rested against her childishly, their cheeks touching.

"I adore you!" she whispered, with a long breath.

AND suddenly courage and confidence, almost joy, flooded Hilary's heart at exquisite pace. A hundred doubts and misgivings that had made the last weeks uneasy, that had made her definitely unwilling to face the relationship between herself and Craig, unwilling to analyse it, vanished completely. She had feared what his love might be to her; she was not sure of herself under his mother's and father's eyes, under the eyes of his friends.

But she was always sure of Butterfly; the most exquisite and endearing and brilliant of all humankind. It was almost with relief that Hilary turned from the unfamiliar thought of encompassing her own happiness, and began to plan once more for that of Butterfly.

She had cherished a little dream of herself as young Mrs. Spaulding; of what this brilliant match would mean for a quiet little secretary from the Spaulding factory. There were a few days of strangeness and pain while she altered this dream, and put her wonderful little sister in her place.

But even this did not upset a nature as tempered as Hilary's. Her one great fear was that Craig might not seriously care for either of them. If Butterfly must be heart-broken, she decided, then all the more reason for the European trip. They

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THE WONDER of the DUO-ART

A Famous Music Critic Attends a Concert and Is Amazed by the Extraordinary Capabilities of This Great Modern Pianoforte

"Finally it came; a series of bass chords, played with the tremendous power and sonority that only human fingers can produce; . . . 'That's Friedman,' I announced triumphantly . . . . Then I looked. There sat Friedman with his hands in his lap."

This is the first of a series of articles on the Duo-Art Piano. Later issues of this magazine will contain articles by Ignaz Jan Paderewski, Josef Hofmann and others who will discuss the Duo-Art from an educational and cultural standpoint. The article this month was written by Mr. Deems Taylor, music critic of the New York World, and originally appeared in a recent Sunday edition of that paper

"IT was in 1909, writing in 'Tono-Bungay,' that H. G. Wells made what was probably the first mention in literature of the mechanical piano-player, or, as it was then called, the pianola. He called it 'a musical gorilla, with fingers all of one length. And a sort of soul.' But that was twelve years ago, and the musical gorilla has climbed the Darwinian ladder so high that he can fairly claim to belong to the order of 'homo sapiens.' Ignaz Friedman's recital at Aeolian Hall the other night brought home rather forcibly the tremendous strides the player-piano has made as an instrument of genuine artistic potentialities. Two of the numbers on his program, Liszt's 'Les Preludes' and his own suite, were works that called for two pianists. In each case Mr. Friedman at the first piano was accompanied by himself at the second, through the medium of a player-piano.

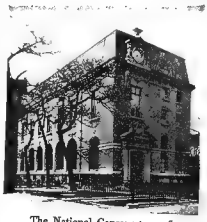
"I would shut my eyes and try to tell the real Friedman from the imitation"

"Frankly, I have always been prejudiced against mechanical pianos, accepting the 'Tono-Bungay' characterization of them as being still fundamentally true. Granting that they could play notes faster and more accurately than any human fingers, I would never have dreamed of taking them seriously as instruments for the production of real music. The Friedman recital, therefore, seemed a good opportunity to compare the living pianist with his mechanical replica and so settle forever the fate of the latter. So when Friedman and the reproducing instrument began to play his suite for two pianos I proceeded to put the performance to the much-advertised test proposed by the manufacturers: I would shut my eyes and try to tell the real Friedman from the imitation. The pianist himself began; that much I made sure of before settling back to what an uncharitable neighbor scornfully mistook for slumber. After two or three minutes I began to wonder when the reproducing piano was going to start. I opened one eye, to discover that the keys of the reproducing piano were moving. It had been playing for some time.

"Disconcerting, this, but hardly conclusive. I shut the eye and prepared for further investigation and research. I would wait for some passage—it was sure to come—that would betray the essentially mechanical nature of the synthetic pianist. For some time the two instruments were plainly sounding together, but at last came the moment for which I had waited—a series of rapid solo scale passages played in the smooth, colorless, effortless style that only a mechanical instrument could achieve. So I looked. It was Friedman.

The very touch and tone of its human instigator

"This was too much. Music critics are notoriously opinionated and irascible, and here was a mechanical device threatening to disprove several of my most treasured theories. It was obviously absurd to claim that a mechanical piano could reproduce Friedman's playing so perfectly that no one could tell the difference, and I was there to prove it. So once more I closed my eyes, prepared for the ultimate, conclusive trial. Somewhere the pianist or the player instrument would render a passage in a style so utterly characteristic as to be unmistakable; there remained only to wait for it. I waited. Minutes passed. Two or three times I said, 'that must be Friedman;' 'that must be the reproducing piano.' But I wasn't absolutely sure. Finally it came; a series of bass chords, played with the tremendous power and sonority that only human fingers can produce; the sort of tone in which the hearer can almost detect the impact of the hammers against the strings. No mechanical device in the world could play the piano like that. 'That's Friedman!' I announced triumphantly to my incredulous neighbor. Then I looked. There sat Friedman with his hands in his lap, gazing idly out into the audience—counting up the house, for all I knew—while that confounded reproducing piano thundered away by itself with the very touch and tone of its human instigator.



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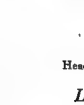

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The methods of the past were fatal to the teeth, as is evident everywhere. You can continue in this hit or miss fashion, or start to care for your teeth properly today. The responsibility is yours. Ask your dealer at once for an Alberite Rotary Wedge Brush. If he can't supply you send us 35c in stamps—specifying whether you want a hard, medium or soft brush. With it we will send you a copy of "How to Save your Teeth."

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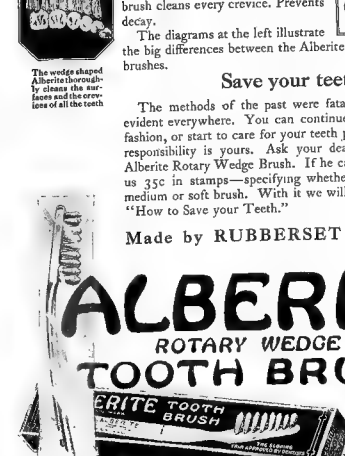

BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

would get away together now, at once, if that should happen that would convince them that Craig had gone out of their lives.

Otherwise—well, the long-planned career must be temporarily abandoned. Mother and father could wish no richer life for Dora than that of a good man's wife, safe from need of financial worry forever, beloved, admired, socially secure. Young Mrs. Spaulding would be no less lovely a wife and mother because she could charm her husband's friends with her violin.

And Hilary's self? But she would not think of herself. She would—oh, there were a thousand things that she might do. She might travel for a little while——

The thought of a steamer-deck, without Butterfly, would choke her at this point. No Butterfly, and no Craig, with his smooth, dark head and his ready, gray-eyed smile and his kindly, interested voice. She must manage to live within those two—for a while.

"But they will have children," Hilary breathed to herself, over her desk. "Darlings! And then I can be with them, part of the time, anyway——"

ONE afternoon, two or three days after her talk with Butterfly in the moonlight, Craig came to her desk with some important letters. When Hilary's clever, swift right hand had transcribed them he still lingered for a few minutes, in his usual mood of friendly interest in what concerned her.

"Frightful weather!" he commented. "I was out on a yacht all day yesterday off Long Beach. And I wished a hundred times that you and Butterfly were there!"

"I always feel that one would be terribly dependent upon the other people on a trip like that," Hilary observed thoughtfully. Craig for the hundredth time was struck with surprize at her wisdom.

"These were not agreeable people, and we ate and drank too much!" he confessed, with his sudden smile

"Ah, well, that's what I'd be afraid of," Hilary said. "Dora and I and the Kenrys, got an old boat," she went on, "and went up the Rancocas—oh, miles. We swam—it seems to me the water never was so heavenly, and we cooked lunch at that lovely little beach up where the old dredgers are!"

He was watching her, with a half smile.

"Does it ever strike you that you are an unusual person?" he asked

She flushed, shook her head, almost as if she were displeased.

"Well, are you and Butterfly to be at home to-night?" Craig smiled. "I have two alligator-pears for you, and a box of taffies for her Ladyship. And be sure you tell her that I missed you yesterday!"

THE sudden flame of courage in Hilary's heart was like a prayer. They were both standing now; she by the outer office on some errand; Craig meditating a drive, perhaps with them both, before it was time for dinner. Outside, a burning, humid day lingered to its unrefreshing close. The air smelled heavily of cooking fruit.

"Shall I tell her that, Craig?" she asked, trembling, and with sudden significance.

He looked at her, surprized, and a little confused.

"She's only eighteen," Hilary faltered, sudden tears in her eyes. "—I don't want you to hurt her, Craig!"

His face grew very grave. He walked to the window; looked out upon the cluttered, dusty yard, the pushing small trucks loaded with bright, unlabeled tins of fruit.

Had he analyzed where his feet were leading him, even an hour ago, he would have said that it was to this earnest girl in the thin brown dress, with her bright face, pale, and her hair curling wetly with the heat. But her words, her tears, brought to his mind a vision of Dora, Dora frail and eager and wanton. Dora who seemed to him child and friend in one; and with a great rush of tenderness and humbleness and joy he knew the truth.

"Hilary," he said gently and seriously, coming back to stand beside her. "I don't want to hurt her—not forbid! You know what I want. Will you—will you let me tell her?"

Now that it was done—now that it was done—Hilary felt only an inclination to cry. To cry, and have him comfort her—to have some one, at last, share with her the loneliness of living! Her knees felt weak and her head confused; she laid cold fingers for a second on his hand.

"Come to-night!" she said in an odd whisper

"And are you glad, Hilary?" Craig asked, his own whole being flooded with gladness.

"Craig, what better could I have wished for her?" she stammered. He saw her lip shake again; she tried to smile, and went hurriedly from the room.

Craig drove her home half an hour later, and they three recled to the roads for a long hour before dinner, Dora sitting beside Craig on the wide front seat, and breathing deep, ecstatic breaths of the moving air.

Hilary felt oddly satisfied over the weary exhaustion of her spirit; she would share their joys, and she would always know that they owed some of them—just a little part, to her.

When they drove home, and while they dined languidly beneath the trees, thunder boomed in the burning north; there was now and then a hot puff of air that turned the leaves lazily. A sudden furnace gust blew open the garden, and Craig went to shut it. Hilary sipped her iced coffee slowly, she did not eat.

Later she slipped away with the tray, and left Dora and Craig alone together. She saw Craig move his chair, and Dora half turn in hers; their faces were close together, and they talked for a long, long time.

Hilary straightened the kitchen; went into the sitting-room and straightened it, too, before she sat down at the piano.

Italian books on the table—they would not need Italian now. And the map of Munich; they had amused themselves by making familiar the directions and the streets and squares. No use now. And Dora's exercises——

Hilary began to play idly; and the exquisitely blending chords floated out into the walled garden, and made it more magical still the magic hour that Dora and Craig were sharing.

Suddenly windows rattled; a door slammed, and the high tops of the trees swung and tossed in violent agitation. Hilary ran to the door. The storm had not yet reached her sheltered garden, and Craig had his arm about Dora, and her head was upon his shoulder.

For one second Hilary stood still, watching them in the deep gloom. Then she called cheerfully:

"Children, come in!"

CRAIG told his father and mother a few days later, when he ran into town to lunch in the old family mansion in Madison Avenue. Rodney Spaulding, grizzled, thin, helpless in his wheel chair, only smiled and nodded. What his boy did always satisfied him.

Mrs. Spaulding was a magnificent person of sixty, gray-headed, stout, imposing. Her eyebrows were sternly black in a rather florid face; her eyes small, keen, and gray; her mouth heavy, and faintly shaded with hair. She was an extremely clever, extremely sensible person, and she rather approved his decision than otherwise.

"I'm very glad it isn't Violet Vanderwort!" she said, ruffling her salad with her fork.

"There never was anything in that!" Craig answered, flushing.

"No, I know there wasn't," his mother said briskly. "But let her alone.

"Your girl is musical, Craig?" his father asked, smiling.

"Oh, very—that's been all her life. Her mother was a professional musician; I don't suppose you ever heard the name of Sabine Charpentier?"

"On the contrary!" Mrs. Spaulding said, surprized. "I remember the name very well, and so do you, Rodney. Don't you remember when we were in Vienna, in the nineties, that a pretty French girl with that burned-red-looking hair was married at the Embassy to a Boston man, a musician? Collier—something Collier, of course! I hope your Dora has her mother's red hair, Craig"

"The sister has magnificent dark-red hair, ropes of it," Craig answered, "but Dora is fair. A soft sort of light-brown hair, like—well, not gold, but awfully bright and soft."

"Bring 'em to lunch with us Thursday—Wednesday," his mother commanded. "Your father'll be down-stairs. And don't go to-day without a present! I have for Dora. Your grandmother's ring; it's old-fashioned, but she'll like it."

"Thanks, Mother," Craig said gratefully, touching her firm, square hand.

"If she's what you say, you're very lucky," his mother said unemotionally. "I'm going to that charity thing this afternoon; your father may stay for a little while. Your friend Violet's ever-dances, the divorced one. You might come and break the news to her gently!"

"Thanks," Craig said, grinning. "I'm done with that lot. I think I'll go back to my girl!"

IT WAS only a week later, a feverish, enchanting, unbelievable week for Dora, that Hilary found one morning in her mail a large envelop of frail foreign paper, addressed in a flowing hand, with enormous scrolled capitals and bright-violet ink.

She opened it; it was from Kronski. He was coming to America in the Autumn for a stay of several weeks; he would give concerts everywhere, and he hoped to see her and her Butterfly. During September he would have a New York studio, and "call the neighbors in"; would they come to see him there?

Hilary read the letter, folded it, and sighed. She was alone at the breakfast-table on a bright, hot, shining morning; she fell into deep study over her untasted coffee.

Kronski and the Amati and the strange cities and strange languages that had made her future and Dora's for so many years—these were all faded like a dream now. Everything was changed; that dearly loved future that seemed to keep their father and mother still in their lives, and the hard, sweet, anxious past, the past of German verbs and hoarded car-fares, of bread puddings and worn shoes, of exquisite companionship, and of hopes and tears and joys shared!

All gone. All gone. What could she say to Kronski except that her sister was to be married in the Fall, and was to go abroad

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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You will follow their example when you make this ten-day test.

Film is unclean

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between them and stays.

Food stains discolor it, making the teeth look cloudy. Then, too, it forms the basis of tartar. That's why teeth lose their luster.

Modern research proves that film is the cause of most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other troubles, local and internal.

Few people escape

Under old methods, few escaped the troubles caused by film. The tooth brush left much film intact. Then night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, it threatened serious damage. Thus tooth troubles became almost universal and were constantly increasing.

So dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film. Two methods have now been found. Able authorities have proved their efficiency, and leading dentists everywhere now urge their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Entirely new effects

Pepsodent brings to users five desired effects. It combats the film. It polishes teeth without the use of any harmful grit.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. Which is there to digest starch deposits before they ferment and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. Which is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay. It leaves the teeth clean, white and glistening.

Every application brings these essential effects. Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, brought just opposite results. You will be amazed and delighted when you see and feel the change.

Help them combat film troubles

Pepsodent is most important to the coming generation. Few children have escaped tooth troubles heretofore. Millions of lives have been affected by them more or less. Many have been wrecked.

Now dentists advise that Pepsodent be used from the time the first tooth appears. Never let a day go by without it. That advice, now followed the world over, is bringing a new dental era.

You should know this modern method. Send for this test. Cut out the coupon now.

The chief effects

Whiter teeth and cleaner. A normal alkaline mouth. Starch deposits digested and dissolved.

One retires with the knowledge that Nature's forces are fighting the enemies of teeth. Old methods never brought such effects.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste made to meet modern requirements. Endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 955

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 277, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

.....

Only one tube to a f...

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From a drawing by Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott

Do you choose her oatmeal as carefully as her milk?

YOU wouldn't think of giving your baby "any old" milk. You *know* that certain milk is better.

But when you say, "I want a package of 'oats,'" aren't you forgetting that there is also a great difference in *oats*, which is the child's *most* necessary cereal?

Specify H-O (Hornby's Oats), the only oats especially prepared for the food-needs of children by steam-cooking and pan-toasting.

Steam-cooking in closed kettles under high pressure breaks down the starch-cells and dextrinizes the starch, thus making H-O (Hornby's Oats) digestible and nourishing—that's why H-O is different from ordinary-priced oats.

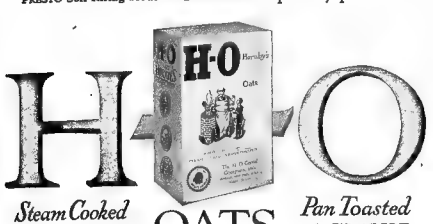
Pan-toasting in the old-fashioned way over deep coal fires makes H-O golden-brown in color and gives that delicious H-O flavor.

H-O never cooks up sticky or pasty.

Every home can afford H-O. Health is cheap at any price.

The H-O Cereal Company, Inc.
Buffalo, N.Y., and
 Atr, Canada

Also Makers of
Force Whole Wheat Flakes
Presto Self-Rising Flour



Steam Cooked for HEALTH OATS *Pan Toasted for* FLAVOR

H-O is packed in new-improved label-sealed and moisture-proof cartons

BUTTERFLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

with her husband? What could fame and wealth give Dora, whose days were one intoxicating round of glories and delights? Little Dora Collier had suddenly become an important person overnight, no mere vague promise of drudgery and possible success could appeal to Dora now.

"Butterfly," Hilary said, when her sister, looking like a sleepy doll, appeared in the doorway. "Here's a letter from Kronski. He'll be here in September——"

"He'll be here for the wedding, then!" Dora commented, yawning.

"I wish you could do some work with him, or with some one, Butterfly."

Dora was not listening; she buttered a roll.

"Oh, Hilary—what a time we had last night! I wish you had come! It is the most wonderful club you ever saw; chintzes for the fires, and such people! The music was horrible—jazz. I don't know why they like it——"

"But you will keep up your own music, dearest? Think—think what it meant to mother!"

Dora came about the table, climbed into her sister's lap, in a fashion she had never quite abandoned, and rested her soft little body against Hilary, and her velvet cheek on Hilary's own. Her web of bright hair tumbled upon Hilary's shoulder.

"You old darling," Dora said, sleepily affectionate, "I'll do it for what it means to you! You and I will go see Konrad, if it's on the wedding-day itself, and we'll work like tigers at whatever he says I must do!"

The second instalment of "Butterfly" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, *published November 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your* Pictorial Reviews *and read it all at once.*

THOSE GREAT AMERICAN WOMEN

NO SOONER was the September Pictorial Review on the news-stands than letters began to pour in from every direction in answer to Ida Clyde Clarke's article, "Everybody Knows These Great American Women, of Course! But Who Are They?" Evidently Mrs. Clarke was correct in the contention that we do not know our own great women.

Here is the outstanding fact: Of the hundreds of letters received, *only three* contained the names of the six women described in the article!

Almost every list contained the name of Jane Addams. It seems, accordingly, that Miss Addams is the best-known woman in America. Next to Miss Addams the name that appeared most frequently on the lists was Mrs. Charles B. Knox, the manufacturer of a well-known food product.

Probably half of the lists included Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "the efficiency engineer of the woman movement." Until very recent years Mrs. Gilman was prominently before the public as a writer and a speaker, addressing audiences throughout the country.

Very few seemed to know anything about Ellen Churchill Semple, the distinguished woman scientist, and fewer still knew Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, who was last year elected president of the Baptist Convention, one of the largest religious bodies of the world. Only half a dozen mentioned Dr. Alice Hamilton of Harvard, the first woman to occupy a chair in a great university.

Miss Semple is a native of Kentucky. She was graduated from Vassar College, studied at the University of Leipzig, Germany, and is one of the most eminent of American geographers.

Mrs. Montgomery is a native of Ohio, a graduate of Wellesley College, and a licensed minister—rare as a writer! Everybody seemed to know that she is great and that she has done something wonderful, but few seemed to know what it is. So far as her name is concerned she takes rank in this contest with Jane Addams and Mrs. Knox.

And the movie stars—of course! How great they are in the estimation of many people! Nearly a hundred lists were made up entirely of screen stars. Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Pearl White, Mary Miles Minter, Norma Talmadge, Vola Dana, and dozens of others came in for their share of glory. Students of intellectual progress among women will hardly find material of this in their reckoning.

As was to be expected, the fiction writers were not forgotten. Corra Harris, Kathleen Norris, and Mary Roberts Rinehart were many times included in lists of the truly great. The advantage the screen people and the popular writers have is obvious.

Other names frequently mentioned were Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Miss Julia Lathrop, Mrs. Raymond Robins, Miss Florence Kelley, Miss Alice Robertson (Congresswoman from Oklahoma), Miss Jeannette Rankin, and Miss Maud Wood Park.

Many lists contained the names of Susan B. Anthony, Frances E. Willard, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, and other great leaders of another day. But the article dealt with *living American women only*. Many also selected Maud Ballington Booth as the churchwoman mentioned. According to "Who's Who" Mrs. Booth was born in England.

The most heartening feature of the whole experiment has been the large number of club presidents who have written to say, "You have made us realize how ignorant we are, and we have decided to make the study of American women the leading feature of our Winter program." Mrs. Clarke's article was read and discussed at weekly bridge clubs, and in a small city in South Carolina a group of young business women have organized to study contemporary American women.

Here They Are

Jane Addams
Sociologist, Chicago

Charlotte Perkins Gilman
Feminist, New York

Ellen Churchill Semple
Scientist, Louisville, Ky.

Helen Barrett Montgomery
Churchwoman, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Alice Hamilton
Medical Woman, Harvard University

Mrs. Charles B. Knox
Manufacturer, Johnstown, N. Y.

"Who Is to Blame?"

UNDER this heading an article was published in our August issue dealing with the domestic troubles of a Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fraley.

It was a vividly written recital of certain events which unfortunately led up to a separation, and the question was asked whether Mr. Fraley was to blame for the final disaster that overtook them or whether Mrs. Fraley was responsible.

The article brought us a tremendous number of the most interesting letters Pictorial Review has ever received.

They came from North, South, East, and West; from men and women in all walks of life. Doctors wrote, educators gave their opinions; city people, farm people, business men and women, and followers of the arts and professions—all contributed.

Every one of these letters was most carefully studied and tabulated, and it will interest our readers to learn that approximately sixty per cent blamed Mrs. Fraley for her domestic fiasco, thirty per cent placed full responsibility at Mr. Fraley's door, while ten per cent decided they were both equally guilty. The hundreds and hundreds of letters received seemed to prove that Mr. Chester had touched on a subject of vital import in many American homes.

The editors take this opportunity to extend their thanks to all those who favored them with contributions.

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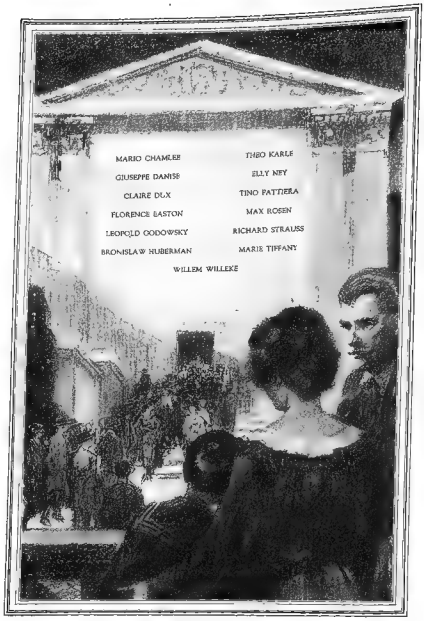


This New Hall of Fame, Mother,

Is the Musical History of Today

The changing musical situation which noted educators say must be considered when choosing phonographic music for homes where there are children

JENNY LIND, Adelina Patti—Calve. Each generation has its own idols; its own Hall of Fame.

They come. They pass. And the cultured people of each generation know them; are on terms of intimacy with their art.

And so with this generation. But with a *new* Hall of Fame of concert and operatic stars—great artists of today, succeeding those of yesterday.

Chamlee, Danise, Dux, Easton, Godowsky, Huberman, Theo Karle, Ney, Pattiera, Rosen, Richard Strauss are among the names it embodies.

Are you giving your children the opportunity to know these artists?—to become acquainted with the supreme attainments which inspired world critics to acclaim them?

High musical authorities say their recordings are essential to the modern musical education, and must be considered when choosing phonographic records for the home.

PLAY ON ANY PHONOGRAPH

You can hear them now, regardless which make phonograph you have. For all have chosen Brunswick as the most fitting means to perpetuate their art. And Brunswick records play on any phonograph.

Thus the world's *de luxe* recordings, including those of no less a master than Richard Strauss himself, are available to every home.

WHY BRUNSWICK WAS CHOSEN

By means of exclusive methods of Recording and of Reproduction, Brunswick brings phonographic music into the realms of higher musical expression.

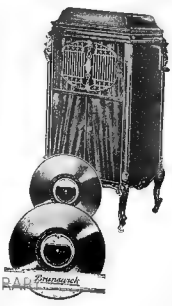
"Mechanical" suggestion—discord and vibration are refreshingly absent. Tones are sweeter and more beautiful. Expression is clearer. The true musical expression, both of the artists and their art, is reproduced in amazing fidelity.

HEAR—COMPARE

Hear The Brunswick, phonographs and records. You will find them featured, as the Standard of the Day, by those shops devoted to that which is best in music, in every city and town.

There is a Brunswick dealer near you, who will gladly give you a demonstration.

The Brunswick plays all makes of records, and Brunswick records play on any phonograph.



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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS

STRAIGHT FROM THE BUTCHER'S BLOCK

The Second of Our Marketing Articles, in Which an Expert Tells How to Shop for Beef and Veal

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

BUTCHER, please give me a rump pot-roast from the chuck." This does sound ridiculous, but such was the demand a young housewife made of her butcher. The butcher was an honest man, and so he gave her a pot-roast from the rump and charged her rump prices; but he could as easily have given her a chuck pot-roast and charged her the price of a cut from the rump.

The choice of meat is the most difficult marketing problem for the average woman. In most schools of home economics a well-known meat-dealer talks to the classes in marketing and explains the ins and outs of purchasing meat, usually separating a side of some animal, ordinarily beef, into its different cuts so that the students may know them when buying.

We wish that every one of the readers of this page could attend one of these meat-cutting demonstrations; but the next best thing is to have Mr. Edward Thurston of the Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, talk to you about meat and explain the cuts, where they are found and how they can best be used.

Mr. Thurston gives the meat-cutting demonstration to the students of Simmons College and the Garland School of Home-making, as well as before many other groups of women.

This experienced marketman says, "It is a very difficult proposition for one to buy meat advantageously without some idea of the cuts most suitable for the purpose for which they are intended to be used.

"Often a customer comes to the market and asks the salesman, 'What is cheap to-day?' After he has mentioned several of the most reasonable cuts, such as pot-roast, Hamburger steak, shin of beef for soup, or a nice piece of corned beef, the customer will say, 'I guess I will have some kidney lamb-chops; or a pound of steak,' which are the most expensive cuts in the market.

"Porterhouse steak and prime rib-roasts are so familiar and frequently purchased that they are exceedingly high in price. There are other parts that are just as good in flavor, and, on the whole, as tender that we sell with difficulty even at a much lower price. This forces the butcher to charge high prices for the steaks and roasts so as not to lose on the rest of the beef.

"I want to suggest certain questions that you should ask yourself before you go to market. 'What kind of meat do I want?' 'How much must do I want?' 'What will go well with seasonable vegetables to make an appetizing menu?' 'How long a time can I allow for cooking?' 'How much will my food-budget permit me to pay for this piece of meat?'

"If the woman who is marketing would only decide some of these questions before she starts out she need not succumb to 'Nice loin-chops to-day, Madam?' when 'nice loin-chops' are one of the most expensive meats at the time.

"Before you make your food plans for the week get the 'market' reports, for this is the way to make sure of the greatest return for the money you spend. Perhaps you read the weekly report in the daily papers, hear it by radio, telephone your butcher, or visit the market. Lamb may be plentiful, perhaps veal is cheap, or there may be an oversupply of beef fore quarters and you can get a chuck-roast at six cents a pound less than it was last week.

"When certain cuts or kinds of meat are scarce they are sure to command a higher price than those that are 'heavy' on the market. Perhaps you have planned to have a leg of lamb. Should you find lamb hind quarters high in price, and that a leg of lamb costs more than your food-budget allows, why not select a shoulder at twenty-five cents a pound and have it boned and rolled? You will find this just as satisfactory in flavor and tenderness as the leg of lamb at forty-two cents a pound.

"In the Winter, especially, when you go to market you see trays of steaks, chops, and roasts which have already been cut. This is done for one of two reasons: either because they are cheap on that particular day and the butcher wants to attract your attention to them, or because he has had some extra time and thinks it to his advantage to prepare the meat for the trade. This meat is usually cheaper than that which you select from the piece, but if it has stood for some time the flavor will probably be injured from the loss of some of the juice. Many times, however, the cut meat is a very good buy and it is greatly to your advantage to use it.

"Do not buy meat just for your immediate use, but purchase several days' supply at one time. Either ask the butcher to keep the meat for you in his refrigerator and to deliver it on the day that you want it, or, if you have a good ice-box, you can hold meat over, even in Summer, for two or three days. Meat kept in this way will be much more tender than if used immediately.

"As you shop around, you may find different prices charged for what seems to you to be the same kind of meat. The difference in price is usually due to a difference in quality. The best grade of beef on the market is corn-fed. The fat is white and firm and plentifully supplied, so much so perhaps that you feel you are paying too great a proportion of your money for it, but it is this quantity of fat that indicates well-fed beef. The lean part of the meat, or the muscle, should be a rich dark red when first cut and well mottled with fat, on standing it turns a lighter red. The muscle-fibers are short and firm. Corn-fed beef is tender even when cooked quickly.

"The other grade of beef is grass-fed. The flesh is dark and the fibers long and stringy; the fat is yellowish in color, and there is very little of it when compared with that in corn-fed beef.

"In most sections of the country a beef-animal is first cut into sides, and then each side is divided into fore and hind quarters. Starting at the neck and counting back, this division is between the tenth and eleventh ribs. This leaves the fore quarter with ten ribs and the neck, and the hind quarter with three ribs. It is in quarters that we most frequently see the beef hanging in the market. When the butcher puts a fore quarter on the meat-block he divides it into halves lengthwise. The top or back half has the ribs, chuck, and neck, and the lower half, known as the rattle, is left with the shank, fleet, brisket, and shoulder. When divided in this way it is quite easy to tell exactly what one is buying. After it is further divided into various cuts and put in the show-case the matter is not so simple.

"You get the tenderest meat in the fore quarter from the back-rib section, and, on a good beef-animal, this will weigh from twenty-five to thirty pounds. It is from this section that the prime rib-roast comes. The first two ribs furthest removed from the neck are called the first cut of the prime rib. This is juicy, tender meat well mottled with fat and makes one of the choicest oven-roasts either with the bone removed and the meat rolled or with the bone left in and cooked as a standing rib-roast. The third rib is known as the second cut and the fourth and fifth ribs together as the third cut of the prime rib. Few people can detect the difference in the quality of meat on the first and the fifth rib, and yet if the first cut of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

ONE CAN NOT BUY TO ADVANTAGE WITHOUT A KNOWLEDGE OF THE CUTS

How to Use the Familiar Cuts

BEEF

OVEN-ROASTS

Fore Quarter
Chuck-ribs
Prime Ribs of Beef
Shoulder-clod
Undercut

Hind Quarter
Face of the Rump
Porterhouse
Short Cut of the Rump
Sirloin
Sirloin-tip
Tenderloin
Top of Round

POT-ROASTS
Brisket
Cracks
Round—Aitchbone
Shoulder-clod

SOUPS
Chuck
Neck
Plate
Shank

STEAKS

Fore Quarter
Chuck
Shoulder-clod
Skirt Steak

Hind Quarter
Flank Steak
Hamburger— Bottom Round
Porterhouse
Rump Steak Back and Face
Sirloin
Tenderloin Fillets

STEWS, BRAIZING, and CASSEROLES
Brisket
Chuck
Face of Rump
Flank
Neck
Plate
Round—Aitchbone
Shank
Shin
Short Ribs

VEAL

CUTLETS OR STEAKS

Fore Quarter
Breast
Shoulder

Hind Quarter
Leg
Loin
Rump

POT-ROAST
Lower Part of Leg

OVEN-ROASTS

Fore Quarter
Boned Shoulder
Breast

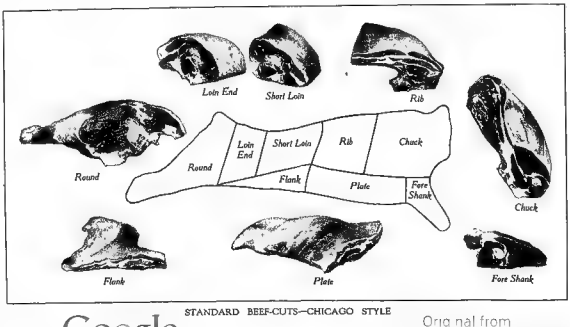
Hind Quarter
Leg
Loin
Rump

SOUP, JELLIED MEAT
Knuckle or Shin

STEWS, FRICASSEES, CASSEROLES

Fore Quarter
Breast
Neck
Shoulder

Hind Quarter
Flank
Shank



STANDARD BEEF-CUTS—CHICAGO STYLE

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THIS GIRL IS HELPING YOU

HERE is one of the neat, prim, happy "Heinz girls" who work for you in the Heinz spotless kitchens making 57 Varieties of good things for your dining room table.

It would delight you to watch her at work, and to know that the 57 Varieties not only taste good but are prepared from the choicest materials and with a skill and care and cleanliness that would please you in your own kitchen at home.

A supply of Heinz 57 Varieties on your pantry shelf is like having a Heinz girl in your own kitchen –clever and competent, in neat, white cap and apron, amazingly quick and tidy—and with the same high regard for purity, cleanliness and good taste that you have in preparing things for your own family to eat.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 Varieties

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Eatmor Cranberries

Cranberries should be on the table every day

They are the most delicious—healthful—economical of fruits.

8 lbs. of cranberries and 2½ lbs. of sugar make 10 tumblers of beautiful jelly. Try this recipe—

Cranberry Jelly

Cook until soft the desired quantity of cranberries with 1½ pints of water for each two quarts of berries. Strain the juice through a jelly bag.

Measure the juice and heat it to the boiling point. Add one cup of sugar for every two cups of juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for five minutes; skim, and pour into glass tumblers or porcelain or crockery molds.

Try this delicious sauce with meats—

Cranberry Sauce

One quart cranberries, two cups boiling water, 1½ to 2 cups sugar. Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes; skim; add the berries and cook, without stirring, until they are translucent

This recipe makes an exceptional ice—

Cranberry Ice

One quart cranberries, one pint water, one pound sugar, juice of two lemons

Cook the cranberries with the water until the berries are tender; then strain; add the sugar and cook until this is thoroughly dissolved. Cool; stir in the strained lemon juice, and freeze to the consistency of water ice. Serve as a dessert or in sherbet glasses as an accompaniment to roast turkey or any hot or cold meats Enough for six persons.

For the most appetizing of pies, try this recipe—

Cranberry Pie

Have ready a partly baked pastry shell. Pour in sauce when cold, made by the above sauce recipe, put strips of pastry over the top, and finish baking in a moderate oven.

Always cook cranberries in porcelain-lined, enameled or aluminum vessels never in tin.

A recipe folder, containing many ways to use and preserve cranberries, will be sent free on request.

American Cranberry Exchange,
90 West Broadway, New York

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

CHOOSE your butcher with care and he will help you choose your meat with intelligence. After you have bought your meat be sure to use the right method of cooking for a particular cut. Poor cooking spoils the steak as well as the broth, and often brings disfavor upon a cut which in itself is not to blame

"M"—FOR MEATS

THE choice of meat for dinner at its present price is a serious question, particularly if your family in the dim past belonged to the "chop and steak school" that ate roasts and other large cuts under protest only, turned up aristocratic noses at any meat served with a sauce, however piquant, and scornfully "hissed stewed!" Most of us are very fond of crisp, brown, juicy broiled steaks and chops, and it may be an economy of time and therefore of money when meals must be prepared quickly to serve such cuts often

In the ordinary household, however, where costs must be considered, the larger cuts, which take longer to cook, should be used several times a week. It might be mentioned here that a pressure-cooker "roast" can be prepared in from one-half to three-quarters of an hour and that in a quick-meal household such a utensil will be found to pay for itself in a short time from the saving made by the use of cheaper cuts

All meats, except when used for soup should be "seared" (browned quickly) to keep in the juices. Do not salt meat until after it is seared Some epicures dust pepper heavily over the steak, chops, or roast before searing. This keeps in the juices and gives a delicious flavor. While steak broiled over a coal-fire has an unequaled flavor the gas-broiler is not to be despised, nor is a heavy iron frying-pan when used according to broiling rules

The best cut of meat may be spoiled by poor cooking and the cheapest cut may be made delectable by right methods of cooking.

The Tender Cuts of Meat

Roasting

ALLOW fifteen minutes for each pound of beef, twenty minutes for each pound of mutton, lamb, or poultry, thirty minutes for each pound of veal or pork.

Tender meats should be cooked in their own juices and basted occasionally. After searing the tougher cuts, such as chuck roasts or shoulder of lamb, add a little water for basting. The very tough cuts should be covered after the water is added, and allowed to braize.

When using a coal-stove have a hot oven (500 degrees F.). Cook the meat on the rack for fifteen minutes to sear, then remove to the floor of the oven. Baste every fifteen minutes. The meat may be seared on the top of the stove.

When using a gas-stove light both burners ten minutes before needed (500 degrees F.) As soon as the meat begins to brown lower the temperature to 350 degrees. Baste every fifteen minutes. The meat may be seared on the top of the stove.

Gravy for Roasts

THE fat in the pan may be used for gravy. Pour off any extra fat, leaving about one-fourth cupful in the pan. Add one-half cupful of flour, brown, and stir until smooth; add two cupfuls of cold water, and cook, stirring constantly until it boils. Boil three minutes.

Broiling Steaks and Chops

WHEN using a coal stove have a hot, clear fire with dampers open for broiling. Cook the meat seven to ten minutes, depending upon the thickness. Turn often, and when cooked season with salt and pepper

When using a gas-stove light the broiler-oven ten minutes before needed. Cook the meat eight to fifteen minutes, depending upon the thickness, with the door open. Turn the meat often, and when cooked season with salt and pepper.

When pan-broiling have ready a hot pan; sear the meat until light brown, using no fat. Lower the fire, and cook eight to fifteen minutes, depending upon the thickness Turn the meat often Season and serve with or without a melted butter sauce.

Boiled Ham

SOAK several hours or overnight in cold water. Cover with fresh cold water, heat to boiling-point, and cook slowly until tender, four to five hours Remove the kettle from the range and set aside that the ham may partially cool; then take from the water, remove the outside skin, sprinkle with brown sugar and fine cracker-crums and stick with cloves one-half inch apart. Bake one hour in a moderate oven (300 degrees F.).

MEATS (Continued)

The Tougher Cuts of Meat

Meats Cooked in Water

THE tougher cuts of meats have more flavor than the tender cuts, and should be cooked in water to soften the fiber. To preserve the flavor, as in stews and pot-roasts, sear the meat by browning in a hot frying-pan or by covering with boiling water. Boil five ten minutes, add salt, and simmer until tender. To draw out the flavor, as for soup, soak the meat in cold water one hour, heat slowly to the boiling-point, and simmer for several hours.

Gravy for Meats Cooked in Water

WHEN meat has been cooked in water the gravy should be prepared by adding thickening to the liquid left in the pan. To two cupfuls of liquid add one-fourth cupful of flour which has been mixed with enough cold water to pour easily. Let come to a boil. Boil three minutes and serve.

Soup-stock

6 Pounds Soup-bone and Left-over Meat and Bone
4 Quarts Cold Water
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
6 Cloves
1 Tablespoonful Salt
3 Sprigs Thyme
1 Cupful Carrots
1 Cupful Turnips
1 Cupful Celery
1 Chopped Onion

WIPE the bone and cut the lean meat in inch cubes. Put in soup-kettle, add water, and let stand for thirty minutes Heat gradually to boiling-point, and simmer for four or five hours. Add the vegetables and seasonings, cook one and one-half hour, strain, and cool as quickly as possible. When cold remove the fat from the top and reheat, with or without the cooked vegetables.

Pot-roast

WIPE the meat, dredge with flour, salt and pepper. Sear in hot fat. Add enough boiling water to cover, boil five minutes, and simmer until the meat is tender, keeping closely covered. Vegetables may be added during the last hour of cooking. Bay-leaf, thyme, or other herbs may be added if desired. Before serving thicken according to method for gravy.

Mock-duck

2 Pounds Thin Round Steak
4 Cupfuls Bread Stuffing
Water or Milk

SPREAD the meat with the stuffing. Roll and tie or skewer together. Dredge with flour, salt and pepper and sear in fat until golden brown. Place in a baking-dish, and add water or milk to half cover Cook until tender in a moderate oven (300 degrees F.), about half an hour. Thicken the liquid according to the method for gravy. A flank steak may be used instead of round. In that case a pocket should be made for the stuffing and the pan covered while cooking, which takes at least an hour.

Veal Birds

CHOOSE thin pieces of veal steaks cut four by two inches. Spread with bread stuffing, and roll. Fasten with tooth-picks, and follow directions for mock-duck.

Bread Stuffing

4 Cupfuls Soft Bread-crums
Salt, Pepper
1 Chopped Onion
Sage or Other Herb
¼ Cupful Melted Fat
Water

Casserole of Meat

PREPARE and sear the meat as for a pot-roast or a stew. Place in the casserole, fit one-third full of boiling water, cover, and cook in a slow oven until tender. Vegetables may be added during last hour.

Swiss Steak in Casserole

1½ Pound Round Steak
Flour
1 Onion
1 Cupful Boiling Water
1 Small Carrot
Fat
Salt
Paprika

POUND into the steak as much flour as it will hold. Sear in hot fat. Add the onion and carrot. Place in the casserole with the salt, paprika, and the boiling water, and simmer until tender.

Making Perfect Tea by Sight

THE new Pyrex Transparent Tea Pots make better tea with the usual methods by showing at a glance when the tea is just the right strength for serving and the tea actually tastes better because it sparkles so appetizingly through crystal clean Pyrex.

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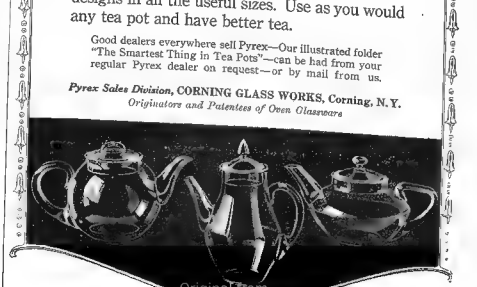

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

A BUSINESS WOMAN'S BUNGALOW

BY MAE SAVELL CROY

"PLANNING the House to Save Labor" is the title of this series of articles, of which this is the second. Different types of dwellings are taken up from month to month. If you are planning to build a house, or remodel one already built, or want to rearrange your kitchen and laundry, save these articles.

Mrs. Croy's experience in house-planning, together with her personal knowledge of housework, enables her to grasp readily what women need in the way of service departments. The various pieces of machinery which she recommends have all been used by her, not once or twice, as a mere test, but day after day in her own home.

—*Editor Home Bureau.*

WHAT woman does not love a bungalow, particularly if she be the housekeeper as well? Yet the average bungalow presents problems which induce many women to choose a two-story house in preference. Most bungalows are built for the purpose of avoiding labor, yet many of them have sleeping-rooms in such close proximity to the service department and living-room, with the added disadvantage of having to pass through one room to reach others, that the advantage of easy cleaning for which the bungalow was originated is completely offset.

The plan here shown tends to eliminate these disqualifications. When the door leading from the main-entrance hall to the narrower rear one is closed, the sleeping portion of the house is entirely shut off, and likewise the service department can be separated from the rest of the house.

Excavation being an expensive item to consider in most localities, cellar - space was planned only for a furnace-room and a cold-storage room with a dirt floor.

The low entrance terrace is of brick, and forms a delightful place to sit on a Summer evening when one naturally wants to be out from under cover. There is a two-foot wall around this terrace, and on it are set flower-boxes filled with shrubs, blossoming plants, and trailing vines, which, with the house as a background, afford a charming view.

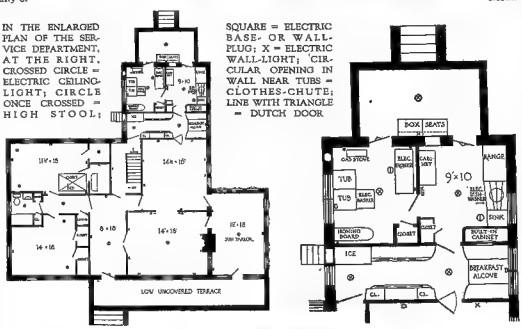
The sun-parlor serves the purpose of an additional room, and it may be left open on all sides, with such an abundance of casement-windows is it provided.

THIS bungalow was planned for a business woman who is the housekeeper as well as the bread-winner, and who does her own housework with what assistance is given her by her two young daughters after school-hours and a woman to come in one or two days a week for the heavy cleaning. Every detail of the house was planned with a view to allowing all the rest and comfort possible.

The fireplace in the living-room is provided with an ash-chute for dumping the ashes down into a receptacle in the cellar, where once or twice each season they are added to the ash-barrel used for furnace-ashes, or else saved for putting around the roses in the Fall. There is a gas-outlet for the fireplace for supplying fuel to one of the new types of gas-heaters which are so satisfactory and much needed when wood is not available.

The electric vacuum cleaner being used on the carpets, draperies, upholstery, and mattresses once a week, this house remains much cleaner than if it were cleaned daily in the old way, and it is easily operated by one of the girls, who does not even have to wear an apron to keep herself tidy while doing the work.

IN THE LAUNDRY, THE HELPER USING THE IRONER



IN THE ENLARGED PLAN OF THE SERVICE DEPARTMENT, AT THE RIGHT, CROSSED CIRCLE = ELECTRIC CEILING-LIGHT; CIRCLE ONCE CROSSED = HIGH STOOL; SQUARE = ELECTRIC BASE- OR WALL-PLUG; X = ELECTRIC WALL-LIGHT; CIRCULAR OPENING IN WALL NEAR TUBS = CLOTHES-CHUTE; LINE WITH TRIANGLE = DUTCH DOOR

THE PLAN AT THE UPPER LEFT SHOWS THE ENTIRE BUNGALOW; THE ONE AT THE UPPER RIGHT THE SERVICE DEPARTMENT ALONE, REPEATED ON A LARGER SCALE. IN THE PLAN OF THE WHOLE HOUSE IS SEEN THE UNUSUAL AND HIGHLY CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS, IN WHICH EITHER THE SLEEPING PORTION OR THE SERVICE DEPARTMENT CAN BE SHUT OFF BY ITSELF. THE ROOM ADJOINING THE SUN-PARLOR ON THE LEFT IS THE LIVING-ROOM WITH A FIREPLACE; THE OTHER THREE APARTMENTS ARE BEDROOMS, EXCEPT THAT THE ONE CONTAINING THE CLOSET-BED CAN BE USED IN THE DAYTIME FOR A SITTING-ROOM, SEWING-ROOM, OR OTHER PURPOSES

SINK, ELECTRIC DISH-WASHER UNDER DRAIN-BOARD

A novelty that proved itself a necessity several years ago for the house of limited size, or for the sleeping-porch of a large house, is the closet-bed shown on the floor-plan as being in the northwest bedroom, and pictured in the two bedroom photographs.

When this bed is swung upward and around into the closet and the closet-door closed, there is no hint that the room is strictly a bedroom, for then it is a spacious and comfortable sewing-room or sitting-room for a member of the family who may not wish to spend the time with a caller for another member. At night when the bed is in place for sleeping, it is as desirable a sleeping-room as could be wished for. This type of bed is very popular with those who have used them.

An objection which might be made to a bed of this kind is that when it is in the closet it does not receive enough air. However, when it is made up for the day the bedclothes are clamped down tightly at the foot but left loose at the head, which is in the lower position when the bed is thrown upward to swing around into the closet. The clothes hanging thus receive more air than if the bed were made up in the usual way, with the bedclothes tucked under the mattress. If the closet-door is left ajar a part of the day the bed is as well ventilated as it would be if it were in the room. However, it could be placed in a closet containing a small window or a skylight.

The bed is well balanced, making it easy to lower it to position, as well as requiring no effort to swing it upward—and it can be put close accidentally. For a full-size bed the closet should measure five feet three inches in width by three feet six in depth, with a closet-door three feet seven inches wide. A large, comfortable davenport, which can be converted into a bed, is in the living-room. Entrance to the kitchen can be gained without having to disturb the occupant.

THE bathtub does not block passage to the window. Most of us know how irritating it is to have to step into a bath-tub or to strain awkwardly across it to open or to close the bathroom window. There is a small wall-cabinet with mirror in the bathroom, and a large and roomy medicine-closet, with shelves from ceiling to floor, and there is also space set apart for a shower. The bath-room is tiled, and the wall also is tiled to a height of five feet. The floor-tiling is not the conventional square or octagonal white tiles; instead tiles of brick-red are intermingled with white in a pretty design, and every little mark or footprint is not visible. The border around the wall-tiling has the same shade of coloring in it, and even the bath-towels carry out the color-scheme. A good grade of linoleum for the floor is as easily cleaned as tile, and with ordinary care will wear so long that the renewal of it is not to be considered.

There is ample closet-space for the bedrooms and a large linen-closet opening into the hall. In each closet there is a specially designed little hanger for increasing the hanging capacity, which is in the form of an arm attached to and extending outward from the closet-door when the clothes are hung on it. After it has been filled it is swung upward so that the door may be closed. This little device is very simple and very inexpensive.

The workshop of the bungalow, that is, the kitchen, pantry, and laundry, is ideally planned and furnished with a view to one person cooking

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CLOSET-BED, MADE UP READY FOR USE

CLOSET CLOSED, CLOSET-BED FOLDED WITHIN

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A BUSINESS WOMAN'S BUNGALOW

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dinner and doing the laundry work at the same time, which is easily accomplished with the aid of the fireless cooker, pressed into service before leaving in the morning, or that of the pressure-cooker if dinner is left entirely for preparation after five or six o'clock in the afternoon.

It is a simple matter to have the washing-machine running while a meal is cooking, and in between the stirring of food, or waiting for it to cook, the faucet can be turned for the water to drain, and the clothes can be run through the wringer. Clothes washed at night can be left standing in clear water and hung up in the morning, but if hung up at night they get the benefit of the dew. Such pieces as are hung indoors on the little overhead clothes-dryer are usually in good condition for ironing the next morning and can be taken down and rolled up until evening.

The electric ironer is placed where the worker gets the light on her work and not in her eyes, and the laundry-trays and the washing-machine are near the window, so that any steam which escapes from the hot water running into the trays can be drawn through the open windows to the out-of-doors, requiring less frequent cleaning of the room. The washing-machine with its swinging wringer is in such position that it accommodates both tubs as well as the machine itself when wringing out the clothes. The ironing-board can be closed up in a small wall-cabinet in vertical position. This cabinet is built in the wall, flush with the wall-surface, and the sleeve-board is just over the ironing-board. There is also a shelf in this little cabinet for the electric iron. The cabinet with boards and shelf can be purchased ready-made and easily set into a wall.

By using the clothes-chute of ordinary glazed sewer-pipe, set in the wall in slanting position, at the right of the laundry window, that back-breaking task of taking the heavy, wet clothes out to hang up is avoided. When the clothes are ready for the line the small door over the inner end of the chute is opened, and the clothes are shot downward and outward into a basket which sets in the yard under the outer end of the chute.

THE range is in the corner of the kitchen, and the sink and drain-board, set thirty-eight inches from the floor, are at the right-hand side, while adjoining the sink is a built-in cupboard, with a counter-shelf eighteen inches in width, on which the soiled dishes are placed before they are put into the electric dish-washer. The dish-washer has proved itself of great value in relieving the houseworker of a very laborious and unpleasant task.

After the dishes are washed and allowed to steam-dry, it is but the work of a moment to place those in daily use in the ready-made kitchen-cabinet, while the others are rolled on a wheel-tray or service-wagon to pantry or dining-room. In this household dishes are washed but once a day, and when stacked neatly in the dish-washer in the morning the kitchen is tidy and attractive, and breakfast-dishes are washed with the dinner-dishes, tho sometimes dinner-dishes are left over instead and washed with the breakfast-dishes in the morning.

A pot-closet eighteen inches deep and two feet wide is built in the corner near the door, and shelves are placed therein from within two feet from the floor to twelve inches from the ceiling. The space at the bottom is left for such tall articles as the pressure-cooker, fireless cooker, ice-cream freezer, and bread-mixer and cake-maker, while each pot has a place of its own on a shelf covered with linoleum.

The ready-made kitchen-cabinet, with its wide table-leaf, bread-box, and bread-board, its place for frequently used utensils, for spices, flour, sugar, etc., is in the corner near the outer wall, and all the meals are prepared within the space of a few feet, between cupboard, sink, and range.

The opening in the wall represents a small door to a pot-closet, with a spring-lock on the outside, which is used daily by the milkman, the groceryman, and the butcher. When the small closet does not hold all the supplies delivered they are placed through the wall-closet and on the leaf of the kitchen-cabinet; the door with its spring-lock is closed, and no one has to answer the door-bell, and no one has to go out on a cold or stormy morning to bring in the bottles of milk.

That latest of built-in conveniences, the "Pullman alcove," contains, besides the two box-seats and a table a little below the level of the window-ledge, cabinets up high over the seats, for storing supplies bought in quantities. The soiled dishes from the alcove-table are put through the sliding door and on the shelf of the built-in cabinet on the kitchen side, and food is also passed from range to table in just as few steps.

While this table is used for the general service of the family, it might be used as a children's dining-table or the maid's dining-table in households where the family is large or where there are maids to be provided for. Still another purpose is as a sewing-room, with a portable electric sewing-machine setting on the table when sewing is in progress, and stored in the box-seat when not in use. No table-cloths are provided for this table, but a piece of heavy linoleum is fitted to it, and the edges are bound with thin metal to prevent wear.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

The cheapest known way to wash clothes

Remember the old-time Servant Girl of 20 years ago? Dependable, cheerful—always hard at work. The work she used to do can now be done just as well by the six Western Electric appliances.

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What's more, clothes washed the Western Electric way last ever so much longer.

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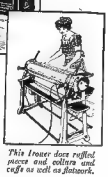
Sewing fast or slow, this portable machine answers instantly to the foot control.

With its steady heat, the Western Electric Urn saves forethought about cooking.

The Dishwasher washes your many accessories and keeps them out of the kitchen sink.



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"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

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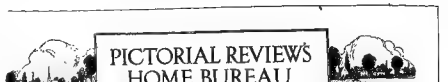

A BUSINESS WOMAN'S BUNGALOW

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A little electric plug for connecting two or more electrical devices at one time and from one electric outlet permits the making of coffee and toast at the same time, or if an electric grill or table stove is used, coffee and toast may be made and bacon broiled simultaneously, while eggs can be cooked during the consumption of fruit or cereal. If fruit is prepared the night before and the cereal placed in the fireless cooker, there remains little to be done toward getting breakfast.

In the plan there is a door shown for placing the ice in the ice-chamber from the outside, eliminating the wet footprints of the iceman; but this woman, being a thoroughly efficient business woman, installed an electrical refrigerator which keeps the contents at a uniform temperature all of the time. A decided advantage of the electrical refrigerator is the *dry* cold which it furnishes, making the ice-box much easier to keep clean and more sanitary generally. Certain desserts are perfectly frozen in the little ice-chambers of the refrigerator and at no additional cost in electricity, which is the only real cost in the operation of this modern ice-box.

If there is one criticism of this arrangement of the service department it is that the range is some distance from the ice-box. However, there is the advantage of having the refrigerator just that far from the heat, and since the habit is formed of using a wheel-tray or service-wagon, or sometimes an ordinary hand-tray, for carrying all foods at one time to and from the kitchen, the distance is not greatly inconveniencing.

With all the labor-saving devices installed, it is readily understood why the woman who works in this house is not as fatigued at the end of her double day—in office and in home—as the woman who devotes all of her time to housekeeping in a house where labor-saving devices are yet to be installed.

STRAIGHT FROM THE BUTCHER'S BLOCK

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THE neck is a very good purchase when the housewife wants a juicy piece of meat for beef-tea or soup, but it is tough, and if used in stews or casserole-dishes requires long slow cooking.

From the rattle, or the lower part of the fore quarter, comes the shoulder-clod. This is a heavy muscle on the top of the leg which can be cut free from the carcass. In good beef this makes excellent steaks, oven-roasts, and pot-roasts, and a steak from the shoulder-clod is an economical purchase because you do not pay for bone.

The lower part of the rattle is divided into the short ribs and the navel. In a large beef these ribs are about six inches long and are economical. They are reasonable in price and excellent for roasting, braizing, stews, and corning. Below the short ribs is the navel, a rather fat piece of meat which is also good for corning. The brisket is the breast of the animal, and extends back to the ribs. It is juicy and well mocked with fat, and is considered the very finest piece for corning.

The whole shin or fore leg is known as the "long shin," for it has the long shin-bone, which is rich in marrow, and is a delicacy at times with steaks and soups. When the long shin has been cut off, the short one is left. This is used mostly for soups, as there is very little meat on the bone.

From the upper part of the fore quarter comes the skirt steak. This is a thin, coarse-grained muscle with a membrane, which should be removed before the steak is scored for broiling.

When estimating the price of meat it is always safe to consider that a cut from the fore quarter of any animal will cost less than one from the hind quarter, and yet very few housewives know how to use many of the fore-quarter cuts.

You see that the fore quarter of beef will supply roasts from the prime ribs, chuck-ribs, and shoulder-clod; steaks from the shoulder-clod and the chuck and skirt steaks; pot-roasts from the chuck or shoulder-clod; meat to braize or use in stews and pot-pies or casserole-dishes from the short ribs, chuck, and neck; bone and meat for soups from the neck and shin, and meat for corning from the brisket and rattle. There is meat for every kind of cooking in the fore quarter, and yet the highest price asked for any part of it at the present writing (late Summer) is thirty-five cents a pound.

When the side of beef is cut into fore quarter and hind quarter, three ribs are left on the hind quarter. The hind quarter is then divided into three parts: loin, rump, and round. The three ribs that are left on the loin are called the sirloin-tip, and from them are cut the well-known sirloin-roasts or sirloin-tip steaks. Such a steak is an economical purchase for a small family. These ribs are not quite as heavy as the prime ribs, but the 'eye' of the meat is very tender, and these ribs will retail at about ten cents per pound more than the prime ribs.

"All the upper part of the hind quarter back to the hip-bone is known as the sirloin or the loin, and from the sirloin you can get the tenderest and also the most expensive cuts of meat, such as the tenderloin of beef.

"After the sirloin-ribs have been taken from the hind quarter the rest of the loin is also cut into steaks and roasts. The porterhouse steak comes next to the rump, and can always be distinguished by the T-shaped bone and the 'eye' of the meat resting next to one arm of the bone, with the tenderloin on the other side. The long flank end or 'tail' of the porterhouse steak is often tough and not suitable for broiling. You will find that such a steak will serve more people if you have your butcher remove this end from the flat and put it through the meat-grinder, then pat the ground meat into shape and fit it back into the steak, skewering the outer rim of the fat so that it holds the chopped meat.

"There are only six porterhouse steaks from one beef, so they are necessarily expensive. Save the porterhouse steaks for special occasions. The T-bone steak has the same shaped bone as the porterhouse, but it is cut from the center of the loin. If the tenderloin has been removed from the porterhouse the latter is served as a club- or minute-steak.

"Continuing toward the ribs, the next steak is the sirloin. The sirloin is a much smaller steak than the porterhouse, often weighing only two pounds. For the large family it is a much more economical purchase to buy one large porterhouse than two sirloin steaks. If the small family is satisfied to eat the steak at more than one meal, then a porterhouse is often a practical buy.

"One of the most popular hotel and restaurant steaks is the minute-steak. This steak has no tenderloin, and may be cut from a short sirloin or a small porterhouse from which the tenderloin has been removed. When buying this steak have the butcher cut it not over an inch thick, and split it, beginning at the outside, but not quite separating the slice. Open and pan-broil until well done. This is very much like the old-fashioned country steak, and is very popular with men.

THE steaks described are Boston cuts. In New York and many other sections of the country the large steaks from the rump end of the sirloin are called the sirloin steaks and are known as the flat-bone and the hip-bone sirloins, while the small end of the loin forward of the ribs is cut into the porterhouse and Delmonico, shell, or club steaks.

"The rump is between the loin and the leg, and is divided into the back, the middle, and the face of the rump. The back and middle of the rump are used for choice cross-cut steaks, and the face for oven-roasts, braizing, and stews. While the face and back of the rump can both be used for pot-roasts, they are not an economical purchase. The tenderloin from the rump is usually cheaper in price than the sirloin tenderloin and is smaller in size. When cut in slices the rump tenderloin is served as 'fillet mignon,' so popular in hotels and restaurants.

"The round is the thick part of the hind leg, and is divided by a membrane into the top and bottom round. The top round is the inside of the leg, and is a little larger than half of the cross-section. It is used for steaks and roasts and makes satis-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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Hundreds of men helped to make this coffee—the most critical, most dissatisfied men we could find. These men did your complaining for you in advance; we knew if we could satisfy them that we could satisfy you.

But there is another Man in the case—more important. The man who is responsible for the blend of Premier Coffee is one of the great coffee experts of the world. His father was a coffee expert; his three brothers are coffee experts.

So much for the Man.

Now for the can. Any old can will hold ground coffee. But the grounds aren't what you pay for; you throw them away. It's the aroma that is important. We pack Premier Coffee in a Premier vacuum can which preserves every particle of the rich, fragrant coffee oils.

We do not want to disturb any happy relationships. If your husband is satisfied with the coffee you are now using, madam, do not buy Premier Coffee. We want our friendly competitors to keep the satisfied coffee users—all of them.

Give us only the dissatisfied men and Premier Coffee will become the largest-selling Coffee. Just as Premier Salad Dressing, which was developed to meet the critical demands of women, has become the largest-selling Salad Dressing.

This first magazine announcement is just an invitation to wives of men who are not happy about coffee. To them we make this—

Unusual Introductory Offer—Order a pound can of Premier Coffee from your grocer today. If Premier Coffee does not satisfy the family—the men of the family particularly—return the can and get your money back in full.

You *know* Premier Salad Dressing: American women by their loyalty and friendship have made it the largest-selling Salad Dressing. And now we offer Premier Coffee for your husband. If your grocer does not yet carry Premier Coffee send us his name and ten cents in stamps for shipping and by return mail you will receive a generous serving packed in the Premier Vacuum Can—full of aroma—as fresh and as delicious as the minute it left our roasting ovens.

Premier Coffee

A man's coffee blended by a great coffee man

Francis H. Leggett & Company, New York
Department 13-D.

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Are you too tired to eat?

Are there days when you are so weary you do not care even to think of food?

A cup of hot STEERO bouillon with its savory flavor revives the tired appetite, and you find yourself longing for a hearty meal.

To prepare this delightful appetizer is the simplest thing in the world. Just drop a STEERO bouillon cube into a cup and pour on boiling water. It is ready to serve instantly.

STEERO
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
BOUILLON CUBES
Patented Oct. 31, 1911.

Hot STEERO bouillon makes a delicious first course for luncheon or dinner. Then, too, a STEERO bouillon cube adds greatly to the flavor of gravies, sauces, hash, stew and many warmed-up dishes.

Remember to put STEERO bouillon cubes on your order list to-day. For sale at grocery, delicatessen, and drug stores. Be sure that you get STEERO bouillon cubes. The trade mark STEERO is stamped on every wrapper. STEERO bouillon cubes are packed in boxes of 12, 50 and 100. If not to be had at your dealer's, we will mail you a box of 12 on receipt of 35 cents.

Free samples of STEERO bouillon cubes

We will send you free samples of STEERO bouillon cubes. And for 10 cents a 64-page STEERO Cook Book full of practical recipes. Check and send the coupon below.

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STRAIGHT FROM THE BUTCHER'S BLOCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

factory oven-roasts If the meat is larded or suet is wrapped around the outside of the meat. The bottom round is used for pot-roasts, Hamburger steak, casserole-dishes, and beef-juice.

"The flank steak is a rather coarse steak, and comes from the lower part of the hind quarter. The fibers are tough, and the steak should be scored across the grain with a sharp knife or plate. This is one of the cheap steaks.

"The hind shin or shank is used for stews, soups, and the foundation of aspic jelly.

Veal

"WE DIVIDE veal into the fore and hind quarters, but leave only five ribs on the fore quarter. The flesh of good veal is yellowish pink in color, and the fat is firm and white. When a calf is killed too young the veal is known as 'bob' or 'green' veal. This is pale in color, and the muscle is soft and flabby. Never purchase 'bob' veal, as it is poor in flavor and difficult to digest.

"Economize by asking for some of the good cuts from the fore quarter, as they are cheaper than those from the hind quarter. Try a boned shoulder of veal and see if you do not like it as well as the more expensive leg. Ask your butcher for a cut from the breast large enough for a roast and then have him cut a pocket to hold the dressing. A knuckle of veal contains a large amount of gelatin, but little meat, so, if you are planning a jellied dish, make sure of enough meat by buying some of the shoulder. The expensive cuts of veal are the loin and leg. These are tender and take little time to prepare for cooking. The leg may be cut into steaks called cutlets, corresponding to the round steaks of beef The lower part of the leg may be used for oven- or pot-roasts.

"I have said nothing about the so-called extra portions. When shopping around for unusual meats don't overlook the hearts, which are so delicious braized or stewed; the livers, which may be cooked and served with strips of bacon; the sweetbreads and like delicacies, the tongues, and the kidneys, which are delightful in such dishes as stews or kidney-pies with flaky crusts.

"Modern methods of marketing make it possible for the American family dinners to be different as far as the meat is concerned. You could serve a hundred of them with never the same meat dish twice!"

Mr. Thurston will talk in the same clear and thoroughgoing manner about lamb and pork, in an early issue.

FORTY-NINE MARRIAGE LAWS, NO TWO ALIKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

jury was composed of twelve men, five of whom were from the rural districts and foreign-born naturalized Americans. Three men held out, and altho credible witnesses testified that knocking her down was a frequent pastime of his and that he had resorted to sundry other such slight pleasantries as branding her forehead with a red-hot slate pencil, she was denied a divorce.

IN New Orleans a woman who had been happily married for eight years woke up one day to the fact that her husband had fallen in love with a vaudeville actress, also married. About this time her husband took a vacation and went away for three weeks. When he came back he went to his club to live. Six months later he left town again, and in a few weeks she received a letter from a law firm in Reno, Nev., enclosing her husband's application for divorce and asking her to sign it. She had too much character to try to hold a man who did not want to be held, so she signed his application. Next she read that the actress, too, had gone to Reno, hired a room, as her husband had done, left some clothes there, as her husband had done in his room, and paid a servant to care for the room, as her husband had done, and then had gone back to the man who had done, to wait for the six months to pass so that they could go back and get their decree.

At the end of the six months they both went back to Reno, got their decrees, and were married the same day. The wife tried to protect her property rights, only to find that his property, consisting of stocks and bonds, had been disposed of without her signature. This may be done in Louisiana. The first wife has gone to work. The husband and his new wife are touring Europe by motor.

THESE are all cases of record in the courts of the States where they occurred. There are numberless ones like them in many States. How could it be otherwise with divorce, marriage and divorce laws in forty-eight different States, many of which are lax in their prescriptions and shamming and many narrow in their interpretations of justice when mismating occurs, and few of which agree in principle or detail, in some instances even refusing to recognize the laws of other States? Reviewing these laws, it is a miracle that divorce, which now tallies the astounding count of one in about every nine marriages, is not the complete eventuality of all American lives.

Ponder these facts about our marriage laws Seventeen States fix no marriageable age—that is, the age when young people are considered mature enough to marry with the consent of their parents. In nine of these—Florida, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Vermont — the common-law ages of twelve for girls and fourteen for boys have been formally recognized. In Kentucky and Louisiana the marriageable ages fixed by law are twelve for girls and fourteen for boys; in Kansas they are twelve and fifteen respectively; in New Hampshire thirteen and fourteen; in South Carolina fourteen and eighteen; in the District of Columbia, North Carolina, Iowa, Utah, and Texas they are fourteen and sixteen.

While the majority of States place the legal age where young people may marry without parental consent at eighteen or twenty-one for girls and twenty-one for boys, New Hampshire, Tennessee, and Maryland permit the marriage of girls of sixteen or over without consent of the parents. Tennessee permits a boy of sixteen to marry without parental consent, while Idaho, North Carolina, New Hampshire, and South Carolina permit males of eighteen to marry without it.

Altho the majority of the States prohibit the issuance of a certificate to a minor below the specified age for marriage without consent of the parents, yet twenty States prescribe no penalty for the official who issues the certificate without the required consent. And in only one State, Connecticut, where a selectman must authorize such a marriage, is anything more than an affidavit from the parent or guardian necessary to legalize the union of minors.

AS for licenses—all States have provisions, but most of them are pretty feeble. Wisconsin and Mississippi are the only States which declare that no marriage is valid unless a license has been issued according to law. South Carolina declares that it is unlawful to marry without a license, but it also declares that such neglect does not "render any marriage illegal!" While many States penalize the celebrant of a marriage without a license, in Maryland only is there a penalty (a fine of $100) for those who marry without a license or the publication of bans. In Georgia, Maryland, and Ohio a license is not imperative if the marriage is previously announced by bans. In only five States, Arkansas, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, and Rhode Island, must both parties to a marriage apply in person for the license

While eight States require advance notice before a license may be issued, Delaware and New Jersey are the only States insisting upon a lapse of time between the issuance of the license and the marriage. The same diversity and laxness obtain with the forty-eight provisions for recording marriages after they take place, some States requiring only local records, others both local and State; some requiring the report to be made within three days, others in five, others in thirty, and others in sixty days. Only twenty-seven States impose a penalty on the official who fails to comply with the law on this point.

In nineteen States there is no law restraining the feeble-minded from marrying. And in the majority of the States where there is such restraint the applicants themselves may swear that they are fit. Four States only disqualify paupers. Three States put the ban on drunkards. Only fifteen States definitely forbid miscegenetic marriages (marriages between two people of diverging races, such as the black and white, or the brown and white).

ACCORDING to a recent analysis of marital conditions in the country made by the Department of Commerce through the Bureau of Census, there are 1,600 married males of 15 years of age in the United States. Of these 80 were divorced the same year. Of 3,222 boys of 16 who married, 144 were divorced. At 17 the number of marriages increased to 7,699, at 18 to 24,944, at 19 to 58,909, the divorce toll being respectively, 266, 770, and 1,327.

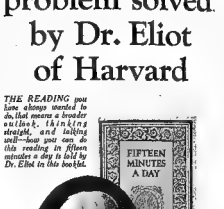
The figures on the female population are even more startling. 12,384 girls of 15 married. At 16 the number reached 41,626, and at 17, 90,930 The divorce figures are for the corresponding ages 499, 1,268, 2,792.

I could go on with these discrepancies almost endlessly, but I think I have shown

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

Your reading problem solved by Dr. Eliot of Harvard

THE READING you have always wanted to do, that means a broader outlook, thinking straight, and talking well—how you can do this reading in fifteen minutes a day is told by Dr. Eliot in this booklet.



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HOW can you gain, in just a few delightful minutes' reading each day, that knowledge of a few truly great books which will distinguish you always as a well-read man or woman? How can you, by reading, acquire a deep and true conception of human nature and human affairs? How are you to become well versed in those niceties no less than in those fundamentals of life, which you can know only by carefully selected reading, never by random reading?

It is that question, of so much importance to you, as it is to every thinking person, that you will find answered in the booklet describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

It tells you what few great books—biographies, histories, novels, dramas, poems, books of science and travel, philosophy, and religion—picture the progress of civilization, and, as Dr. Eliot says, "enrich, refine, and fertilize the mind." Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The booklet tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the books essential to the Twentieth Century idea of a cultivated person;" how he has so arranged these books that even fifteen minutes a day are enough; how, in these pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad view-point that progress in every walk of life demands to-day.

"For me," wrote one man, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure."

Every reader of this page is invited to have a copy of this handsome and entertaining little book which is being distributed to acquaint people with Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books. Merely mail the coupon to-day.

Send for the booklet which gives Dr. Eliot's Own Plan of Reading

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By mail, free, send me the little guide-book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

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The "Anniversary" Pattern

A NEW PATTERN with a most expressive name.

What more delightful and more suitable Anniversary Gift than a selection of "Anniversary" pattern silverplate in a special Anniversary Chest or Gift Box?

These special chests and boxes are lined with genuine blue silk velvet and make a handsome setting for the silverplate—*without extra cost.*

Isn't there a birthday or other anniversary celebration in your family pretty soon?

See the attractive displays in the stores.

For further illustrations of this and other patterns, write for Booklet 26-X, to International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

"Anniversary" Sugar Shell

"Anniversary" Salad Fork

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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Mother!

Your mother always *insisted* on this Trade-Mark—*Rubens*

To her it identified the infant shirt that meant better health, greater comfort and happiness for baby and convenience for her. *Her* doctor and *her* nurse recommended it, too, because its double thickness across the chest protected at this vital point of baby ills.

Millions of mothers still buy Rubens, as *your* mother did, for the same advantages. No tapes, no buttons to worry. The adjustable belt fastens with a safety pin. Thus it adjusts itself to the growing body. Rubens makes baby less fretful at dressing time and happier all day. Note that it goes on and comes off easily, like a coat.

Knitted in 12 soft materials for infants and young children. Some priced as low as 25c.

Be sure to *see* this trade-mark before you buy. If any store cannot supply you, write us.

RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

Made only by

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
16 N. Market St., Chicago

1897-1922
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30th Anniversary Week
November 13th to 18th

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To commemorate our 30th year of making this one garment — Rubens Infant Shirt — over 30,000 stores will offer Rubens Infant Shirt, in *silk and wool*, all sizes, for $1.00, that one week only.

Your mother never had an opportunity like this.

FORTY-NINE MARRIAGE LAWS, NO TWO ALIKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

pretty definitely what slight protection our marriage laws give the young and inexperienced and how necessary, if our family life is to be maintained, is a uniform law.

In a report made public last Fall the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church spoke with authority when it declared that American family life was threatened with ruin. It dwelt particularly upon the "discordant home life of the American people" and the "increasing throngs in the divorce courts, weeping women, unhappy men, orphaned children—orphaned not by God's will but by the selfishness of parents."

Discussing marriage, it said, "Prostituted as it is in the United States to a mere means for physical union, a legalized form of concubinage, it will prove the result of increasing sterility, as it always has done in the past."

In closing it recommended that "the criminal, feeble-minded, and morally vicious be prevented from propagating their kind," and urged that insistence upon health certificates as an antecedent to marriage."

THE report speaks truly. More and more the family is disintegrating, if not into the divorce courts, into the criminal and juvenile courts or into public institutions. Loyalty and faithfulness between husbands and wives are becoming negative qualities. Domestic happiness is diminishing toward a minus quantity. And the oncoming generations are drifting in hazardous courses because of the laxity of their home life.

Is this not an arraignment of our entire marriage and divorce system? Does it not show that, unless some drastic revision is made, the fabric of our national family life must inevitably fall apart? There can be only one answer to these questions: the affirmative. It is one that all thinking men and women have come to give them.

But talking about it can do little more good. For some years, now, men and women of intelligence and social endeavor have talked and exhorted the public to action, the lawmakers to legislation. A few feeble efforts have been made to put through some sort of national law by which the marriage and divorce laws of the different States could be adjusted. But they have fallen by the wayside of committee dilatoriness or have entirely failed of consideration.

Some States have adequate laws, but their wisdom can bear only partial harvest if they do not receive the recognition of other States. For in a nation still in the making, and where there is such vast territory to be settled and cultivated as there is in this country, population naturally shifts from one place to another, and if one State's law is to become another State's crime confusion must be the eventuality, and is.

How can a decent family life be maintained in a nation where there is a chamber of divorce horrors? Do you know that New Hampshire permits divorce on fourteen grounds, among which are desertion, three years; habitual drunkenness, three years; failure to provide, three years; and if the wife goes out of the State for ten years? Do you know that in Kentucky there are eleven grounds, including joining a religious sect disavowing marriage and an ungovernable temper? The grounds in Connecticut are infidelity, fraudulent contract, wilful desertion, three years with total neglect of duty, habitual drunkenness, cruelty, imprisonment for life, infamous crime, and seven years' absence without being heard from. In North Carolina divorce is granted on two grounds—infidelity and seven years' abandonment where there are no children.

In New York infidelity is the only ground for absolute divorce. In South Carolina there is no divorce. The rest of the States move up and down the scale between the extremes. The various requirements for residence are as unstable. Nevada and Idaho require that a plaintiff reside but six months within the State before bringing suit for divorce. Alabama requires from one to five years, one clause of its law reading "A wife may divorce her husband when, without support from him, for two years preceding the filing of the bill, she had lived separate and apart from his bed and board for five years next preceding the filing of the bill and has actually resided in the State during all of said period." Thirty-three States require one year's residence, eleven States two years', while Connecticut, Massachusetts, and the District of Columbia set three years as the legal period.

This residence period is, however, not what it seems. In many States renting an apartment and keeping clothes and personal belongings in it meet divorce purposes, so long as the plaintiff pays a flying visit now in a while and is present at the hearing of the divorce suit.

Inequality of men and women in grounds and in matters relating to custody of children is another weak spot in the laws of many States. In Maryland the father can appoint by will a guardian for his children, and in case of divorce, no matter whether he be at fault or not, he is given sole custody of the children unless he can be proved unfit. In that State, too, a man may divorce a woman if before her marriage to him and without his knowledge she had been unchaste. Lack of chastity on the part of the husband previous to marriage is not a ground for divorce for the wife.

In Virginia the custody of the child is vested in the father, and when the wife sues for divorce, her fitness as a mother, the welfare of the child, and the unfitness of the father are of secondary consideration when the question of the care and custody of the child comes up.

A recent decision is ill untrative. A wife sued her husband for divorce. She proved that he kicked her and talked about shooting her. He did not deny her charges. Altho her decree was granted, and her fitness to have their children, one of three months and the other of two years, was not questioned, the court gave their custody to the father because he had property and she had none.

An insidious discrepancy in the divorce laws of the various States is in the matter of service. Some States require that the respondent (the party against whom suit is brought) in a divorce case must receive a personal service of summons and must be represented in court when the case is tried. Others require the actual presence of both parties if possible. Most States, if personal service is impracticable or if the respondent does not answer, require only a three months' service by publication in any newspaper in the town where suit is brought. A few States do not demand personal service, but are satisfied with summons by publication.

The great malignity lies not alone in the deviations, but in the perversity of those State courts which refuse to recognize, or if recognizing set aside, the laws of other States and their court decisions. And this is often done in a number of States.

What is the result of this colossal hodge-podge?

The young and unthinking and irresponsible are permitted to marry when the only result of their marriage can be a divorce. In many places there are frequent records of cases where unhappily married men and women, having gone to other States than their own to secure divorces, have married again, and, soon returning home, have had their divorces declared illegal because their home States do not recognize the laws of other States. What this does to the second marriage and to the children by such a marriage is obvious.

In one or two States there are almost daily emigrations of unhappy wives and husbands to other States because their own States will not grant them freedom on any ground but infidelity. In these same States the Domestic Relations Courts are kept busy trying vainly to adjust the domestic tangles and miseries caused by the physical cruelty, intemperance, abandonment, and failure to provide of husbands whose wives must bear their wretchedness because the law does not permit divorce on such grounds.

In many places, too, we have the spectacle of girls of twelve and boys of fourteen, and girls of fourteen and boys of sixteen, being allowed to marry with the consent of their parents, bringing children into discordant surroundings, and then separating without thought of what becomes of the children. In nearly every State the slight restrictions placed upon the marriage of mental and physical defectives are responsible for a large part of the criminal population.

Looking all these facts squarely in the face, the only safe and sane solution to the jumble, therefore, is a uniform marriage and divorce law, and one that will do justice to every citizen, rich or poor, male or female, young or old, and, above all, to the children, who after all are the most important constituents of true marriage and of paramount concern in our national integrity.

AS THE making of such a law is of grave importance it must be reviewed from many angles, each one of which has a direct bearing upon the national integrity. It must be neither too rigid nor too lax. It must consider the equality of men and women, with a definite regard for the sanctity of marriage, its responsibilities and obligations, for the rights of parenthood, and—the paramount consideration—for the heritage and environment of the children. Above all it must give full credence to Section 1, Article IV., of the Constitution of the United States, which reads: "Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State. And the Congress may by general laws prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof."

Also some little consideration must be given to Paragraph 1, Section 2, of the same article: "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

Scanning the rulings of some of the State Supreme Courts on what might be called interstate marriage and divorce proceedings, one is tempted to wonder whether or not the Constitution has not become a dead letter in the minds of some judges.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

Protect Your Child's Health

Dr. Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

are made of *our hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with some soft wool.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and also the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give the unique *Soft-Knit* feeling.

The hygienic qualities are spun and knit into Dr. Denton fabric.

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* **Dentons do not shrink** but keep their original shape.

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Our new, patented, extra-full seat gives ample room in seat and crotch.

Elastic outside seams, collars double thickness, strong button holes, facings all stayed. Fabric is a mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil. *Each size is amply proportioned.*

Made for children up to fourteen years old. *Prices low for the quality.*

Insist on genuine Dentons. Name is on neck hanger. Our trade mark is on the tag attached to each garment. Sold in over 5,000 Dry goods and Department Stores.

If you cannot get them from your dealer, write us.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,
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FORTY-NINE MARRIAGE LAWS, NO TWO ALIKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

But now at last the light is breaking. After thirty-five years of dilatoriness, during which social scientists and groups of men and women who saw the menace of our confusing and indiscriminate marriage and divorce laws pleaded in vain for action, action is under way. At the urgency of PICTORIAL REVIEW the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America, during its biennial at Chautauqua this June, passed the following resolution:

Whereas the stabilization of its family life is a nation's strength;

And whereas the inadequacy of our forty-eight States' diverse and contradictory marriage and divorce laws threatens the stability of our national family life;

Be it resolved that the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America indorse the movement for a national uniform marriage and divorce law which shall prevent hasty and ill-considered marriages, preclude interstate confusion, and insure a proper justice to all members of the family when divorce becomes necessary.

AT THE annual convention of the National Federation of Professional and Business Women, at Chattanooga, Tenn., in July, the same resolution was passed. For two years, now, the League of Women Voters has indorsed the principle of a national uniform marriage and divorce law.

At present writing, PICTORIAL REVIEW is preparing a bill creating such a law, which, when completed, will be presented to Congress. It is being drafted by one who has a wide knowledge of laws and men and who is an expert on constitutional law as well. It has been gone about wisely and carefully and only after conference with those who have the best interests of future generations at heart. The basis of this law being fundamentals, it will take up every angle of the family, weigh each one carefully, and formulate provisions which shall approximate justice as nearly as human wisdom can.

First of all, it will consider the marriage problem. It will set a definite marriageable age for both sexes. Sixteen seems to be the consensus of opinion for the marriageable age for girls and eighteen for boys. This, of course, with consent of the parents. Next it will set a definite age for marriage without consent of the parents. Consensus here says eighteen for young women and twenty-one for young men. These provisions will be broad enough to take in emergencies.

Marriage licenses will have to be applied for in advance, and both parties to a prospective marriage will have to be present when the license is issued. In addition publication of the banns will be compulsory. The marriage of those whom mental examination proves feeble-minded will be prohibited. Proof either of which of the parties are under legal age—that is, under eighteen if a female and under twenty-one if a male—the parents or guardian of the party of nonage must be present or represented by a properly constituted authority. And what I think most important, a marriage recognized as valid in one State will be valid in all States.

The divorce provisions will be equally comprehensive. The matters of service and procedure will be carefully taken up and threshed out. Equal custody of the children, where both parties are equally fit, the manner to have their care when they are of tender age needing maternal love and guidance, shall be advocated.

The majority of jurists, social scientists, and lawyers who have considered the subject, feel that five grounds cover the entire cause and purpose of all divorce action. They are infidelity, physical and mental cruelty, desertion for a period of a year or more, failure to provide, and habitual drunkenness. These are minimum grounds upon which all States must allow divorce, but each State may, if so inclined, increase the grounds to include incurable insanity, the commission of a felony by either party, and physical unfitness for marriage.

Interlocutory decrees, which shall become final only after the lapse of a year, during which either party shall be free to marry again, are to be under consideration. And again, what is most important, a decree granted in one State shall be recognized in all other States. Above all, it will be a fluid bill, firm in its interpretation and supervising States' rights only where national justice and welfare demand it.

There will be none, I am sure, who will question the wisdom of these marriage regulations. There may be those who will perhaps think that there are too many grounds for divorce. Common justice demands them. Infidelity, which custom has considered the unpardonable crime in marriage and which shall be the most constructive of the clergy concede as a ground for divorce, is no more a breach of the Christian code than is physical cruelty. And it is well to remember that while many a sinner is a gentleman, many a puritan is also a brute. No woman should be asked to remain with a man and to be cheated of a chance for a belated happiness if that man has so little regard for her that he can not control his brutal impulses.

Then, too, there is the man's side of the story. He is entitled to some consideration. And as women are not given to infidelity, and it takes a pretty husky

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

Rosalie Finds A Way

By Barbara Winship

Illustrated by Alice Seipp

EVEN yet, Rosalie couldn't believe it. Only a few months ago she had been living in a weather-beaten frame cottage in a far western town.

Then the wonderful thing! A legacy—just like fiction. Not large, but enough comfortably.

So here she was in a famous eastern college with the favored girls in the world for room-mates. Happily she glanced about the pretty sitting-room.

"I'm just the luckiest girl in college."

Over and over Rosalie told it to herself. Who wouldn't be, she thought. Her eyes widened as they fell on the girls.

On the couch was Sylvia, lovely, golden-haired Sylvia. Sylvia of the low, sweet voice; Sylvia of the slow, graceful movements. But Rosalie well knew the keen brain behind those leisurely manners. The same quality of brain that had placed Sylvia's father high in the councils of the nation.

Next her was curled winsome Noreen! At the study table sat Jean, from Massachusetts, sweetly serious.

There was but one cloud in Rosalie's sky. Merely a tiny one, probably it would blow away.

The eternal clothes problem—you might have guessed it. Rosalie hadn't thought of clothes, in her joy at the tiny legacy enough for board and tuition at this famous eastern college.

Of course, college was awfully democratic, and nobody cared what you wore. Still, many of the girls—Sylvia and Noreen were very simple things, but lovely in quality and design. And the labels! Even Jean, whose father was just a college professor, had two or three party frocks and silk "undies."

"Well, they don't mind my shabby things, so I can," Rosalie said to herself philosophically. "My blue muddy dress does very well for classes, and we're not neglected to judge parties. It doesn't really matter."

But—what was Sylvia saying? It was one night following the Christmas holidays. Rosalie had been studying, but now she raised her head in vague alarm.

"Rosalie must go with me, since she lives too far to go home. You others come home with me, too. Mother will give a dinner-dance—and there will be loads of invitations, besides."

Rosalie's brain whirled. Dances—and her old white organdie! Teas—and her cheap blue taffeta, beginning to split!

Long hours she tossed that night, trying to plan an excuse. She had expected to remain at college for vacation. The girls didn't dream, of course—they didn't want to lend her money; Noreen to share her own wardrobe. She couldn't bear either.

WITH terrific swiftness came the day before vacation. Every one was packing. Rosalie slipped out and walked long, long up a country road, her head aching, her heart stumbling.

Then—an idea! She stopped, felt her hot cheeks. It wouldn't be an untruth—her head was splitting! Resolutely she turned and went back to the campus, then to the office of the resident physician.

The girls, returning from last-minute shopping, found only a scribbled note. At once they stormed the infirmary, but a stern nurse allowed them merely a scant five minutes with the patient. When they had gone, Rosalie lay guiltily, but strangely at peace, in the little white bed.

After vacation, things were never the same again. Rosalie was always self-conscious, wondering if her shabbiness embarrassed the others.

Spring vacation loomed, too, with Noreen to be hostess. Again the sleepless nights, the tormenting days. What should she do—there must be a new excuse.

One day, when alone, something inside Rosalie broke, and she collapsed, a sobbing heap, by her little bed—never hearing the door open.

"Why, honey—what on earth—?" Soft yet strong arms lifted her into bed, brought blankets and a hot-water bottle.

The sophomores were serenading Rosalie.

"There, hush—hush," soothed Sylvia. "I'll put an engaged sign on the door—after a while you can tell me—"

It was a relief to confess, at last, thought Rosalie in her exhaustion.

"Dearie, you should have told me before. And—why, I believe I have an idea right now. I know the cleverest girl at home who—" (Oh, wise and infinitely considerate Sylvia, to tender practical ideas rather than a humiliating loan!) "You can start right away and work all spring vacation. The others will think you're making up French and mathematics."

ROSALIE was the first to return in September, already unpacking a shiny new trunk when the others arrived.

Immediately Noreen spied the brown velvet. "You never got that adorable thing in Nevada!"

"And look at this cream satin!" gasped Jean. "Oh—where did you get that darling black lace?"

But Rosalie only smiled mysteriously, donned a dashing little jumper of scarlet jersey for their first campus walk.

The first class meeting of the year is always exciting, but one of the special thrills came when a starry-eyed young person arose to second the nomination of Sylvia Randall for sophomore president.

Rosalie had never "talked in meetin'" before, but when one is arrayed in a just-right frock of rose linen, scalloped to perfection and flared and fitted to a debutante's taste, the matter of addressing an audience is simple.

"Who—it can't be!" the whispers rippled across the assembly hall. "Rosalie Taft! Isn't she the sweetest—! Did you ever see such a cunning dress!"

The sophomores had discovered Rosalie.

Rosalie in bright gingham—Rosalie in pastel organdie! It was hard to say which was the most charming picture. And when you finally decided, along came spring days and there was Rosalie in a distracting cape costume of violet tweed, or Rosalie in something very concocted of serge and satin, with quaint trimming of wooden beads, and your mind was all unsettled again.

AND was there ever so glorious a night as that of the play, with Rosalie the leading lady? Rosalie as the shy village maid in the first act. Rosalie, the dauntless little private secretary of the second. Then the triumphant third act, with Rosalie, the butterfly, emerged from the chrysalis of loneliness and poverty, a witch of a Rosalie whom none had seen before!

At last the girls got her home, to the flower-filled sitting-room, and finally the visitors were all gone. Then the "family" gathered close.

"Now, you promised to tell where you got all your pretty things," reminded Chean.

"I was so unhappy last year," began Rosalie, "for I hadn't nice clothes like you girls. I had decided not to come back. But Sylvia found out and showed me a way.

"There is a school, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, which teaches girls and women, however they may be, to make their own clothes. And of course, that means a saving of half or more.

"I didn't think I could do it, but when Sylvia told me of friends who had learned, so easily, I began at once and worked all spring vacation. Why, by June I could make the nicest things—I made some lingerie for Sylvia—and simple dresses. When I got home I told the town became interested and it seemed as if every girl I knew wanted me to make something for her.

"It's a wonderfully fascinating way to learn—pictures explain every step—and the lectures are so kind and helpful that I progressed beautifully. Soon I was making pretty organdie frocks for the home folks and, of course, had earned more than enough to pay for the course. With the extra money I bought material for my own clothes, and you have seen the results. They haven't cost but twelve dollars."

"That beauty! I thought it must have been seventy-five," cried Noreen.)

"I saw the prettiest dress—will you copy it?"

But Sylvia held up a hand.

"Listen!"

Through the windows floated a song:

"Oh, Rosalie, we love you best!
Our Rosalie from the Golden West."

The sophomores were serenading Rosalie!

Before slipping into bed, she tossed a good-night kiss to the darkness. "One of the two dearest schools in the world," she whispered, "but I wouldn't be here if it weren't for the other one."

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FORTY-NINE MARRIAGE LAWS, NO TWO ALIKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

woman to inflict physical punishment on a man, these two grounds would give him no chance of escape from a destructive and inharmonious marriage. But women do desert, and at the same time refuse to divorce the husbands whom they have abandoned. Sometimes they stay around home, a serpent's tongue the weapon of their offensive. Therefore desertion and mental cruelty must be grounds for divorce if the law is to afford proper justice for men as well as women.

And to those who maintain that a one-ground divorce law or no divorce at all contributes to the higher morality of a State and a people, let me quote from "Divorce, a Study in Social Causation," by Professor James P. Lichtenberger, president of the American Sociological Society and professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, and who is acknowledged by social scientists as an authority: "Where statutory provision is made for divorce either the necessary or the most feasible cause is utilized. Ample illustration of this truth is to be found in the fact that while almost sixty per cent. of all the divorces in the United States in forty years were granted on the grounds of cruelty and desertion, in New York State all are granted for adultery. The citizens of New York are not necessarily more immoral than those of other States, unless compelled to be, either actually or confessedly, in order to secure legal separation from the marriage contract. Chancellor Kent, after a long career on the bench of New York, stated that he believed that sometimes adultery was committed for the very purpose of obtaining divorce because it could be secured on no other ground

"The same philosophy applies to the case of South Carolina. It would be absurd to suppose that the State is free from domestic discord and all sexual immorality simply because no divorces are granted. Divorces are prohibited in South Carolina, but we are not left to our theory as to the facts. South Carolina has found it necessary to regulate by a law a proportion of his property which a married man may give to the woman with whom he has been living in violation of the law."

And here Professor Lichtenberger cites a case in which the courts were called upon to apply this law in order to protect the wedded wife and her children and in which it appeared that both the man and the wife had been living in adultery since their separation.

AS a further estimate of the divorce problem, later on, in the same study, he says, in discussing the necessity for an adjustment of marriage and divorce: "The net result of the modern movement will be to place marriage upon a better basis, with larger guaranty of its permanency. The question of stability, then, is chiefly one of adjustment. It is not only futile but highly undesirable to seek to check the processes of evolution. To attempt to dam the stream without providing a waste-weir is only to compel an overflow and the formation of new and perhaps destructive channels.

"The reactionary attempts in our day to increase the ecclesiastical restraints in order to overbalance internal pressure, is misdirected energy and invites moral disaster. Arbitrarily to diminish the number of divorces under resisting conditions would be to increase immorality and crime. The proper point of attack for those who wish to check the tide of divorce is the causes rather than the results."

And these causes not only Professor Lichtenberger, but all scientific authorities as well as legal experts and those interested in the racial problem, admit are bad marriages. Give us better marriages and we will have fewer divorces. This is the purpose of the national uniform marriage and divorce law, which PICTORIAL REVIEW, with the help of the men and women of the country, hopes to have enacted by Congress in the immediate future.

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As a matter of fact, anyone who can measure with a spoon and count as far as four can make a salad dressing as good and as easily as the best chef.

3 tablespoonfuls of Wesson Oil
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or lemon juice
½ teaspoonful of salt
A little pepper or paprika—
or both

And an additional flavor if you want to add it. Stir well.

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"FISH COOKERY," by Evelene Spencer and John N. Cobb. We will buy and cook fish with much more enthusiasm since we have become acquainted with this book.

Mrs. Evelene Spencer is the fish cookery expert for the United States Bureau of Fisheries, and Mr. John N. Cobb is director of the College of Fisheries, University of Washington, Seattle

You will find over six hundred recipes, with directions for preparing all the well-known kinds of fish and many with which you may not be familiar, but which are used at all. Sauces and dressings suitable for accompanying different kinds of fish are given. Oysters, clams, crabs, lobsters, shrimp, frogs, terrapin, turtles, and whales have their place.

Altogether, this book should be a great help in the preparation of a food which has so many possibilities, but which the average household usually partakes of as fried (Little, Brown & Co.)

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

A NORMAL BABY AT TEN MONTHS OF AGE

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Judging from your report received this morning I should think your little Paul a very normal baby. His weight of twenty pounds is good. I note he has gained one pound during this last month since you weaned him completely from the breast. His five little teeth are quite enough for his age, and I am glad he had no trouble cutting any of them. I will answer your questions according to number, as usual:

1. "Paul does not creep much, but pulls himself up by the side of his pen and stands a little. Should he creep more, and shall I try to teach him?"

Ans. No, do not urge him; give him the opportunity to creep if he likes. Many babies do not creep at all, but stand and walk first. His baby-pen allows room for the exercise he feels most like taking.

2. "Paul loves his cereal and zwieback. May I give him any other food now besides his bottle and fruit-juice?"

Ans. You may begin the use of oatmeal now, as the weather is cooler, also hominy, and any other cereal that requires several hours' cooking in a double boiler. Cereals that are not cooked enough are often the cause of much trouble. They should be strained through a sieve after cooking and served with a little of the 10 A. M. bottle poured over them. Give two tablespoonfuls of any one of these now. You may also begin the use of beef-juice this month. This should be given just before the 2 P. M. meal. It may be poured over a tablespoonful of well-cooked rice, or have part of a zwieback crumbled up in it. Give one tablespoonful of the juice first and gradually increase to two tablespoonfuls during the month. To make this beef-juice, get round steak and slightly broil it. Place it in a meat-press and squeeze out the juice; add a pinch of salt. It should be fed warm, but do not get it too hot, as it may curdle if you do. Stand the cup of beef-juice in a pan of hot water to warm it, but do not try to heat it directly over a fire. When you first begin its use add about an equal part of warm water, but soon begin to omit the water and give the clear juice. Fat-free mutton- or chicken-broth may sometimes be substituted for the beef-juice to give a little change, in which case one or two ounces of the broth may be used either clear or with the rice. I enclose recipes for these broths and many other simple foods you will soon use for little Paul. Any other mother wishing these useful recipes may have a copy of the leaflet, if she will send a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request for same.

3. "Please give me the right formula for Paul now."

Ans. Here is the formula:

Whole, certified milk (raw), 31 ounces; barley-gruel, 9 ounces; milk- or malt-sugar, 2 level tablespoonfuls. Pour eight ounces into each one of five bottles and feed every four hours. Use one level tablespoonful of the barley-flour to nine ounces of water, and boil half an hour in a double boiler as usual.

4. "If I strengthen the formula this much, I shall hardly have enough milk in the giant-bottle I take especially for Paul. Shall I have to get more than one quart of the certified milk? I can not understand why I do not always have enough."

Ans. This is a question that comes up many, many times. Usually we find the difficulty lies in the fact that the nursing-bottles are not graduated very accurately. Sometimes this causes a shortage of milk in each bottle. Get a really good, reliable glass graduate and measure your milk in that. There should always be thirty-two ounces of the raw, certified milk in the bottle when it is delivered to you. After you have prepared your formula pour it into the graduate again and fill the bottles from this, using exactly eight ounces of the prepared formula by the mark on the graduate, whether it comes above or below the eight-ounce mark on the bottles. We do not use more than one ounce of milk for a baby, but prefer to add other foods gradually, rather than to give more than this amount of milk. Incorrectly marked nursing-bottles puzzle many mothers.

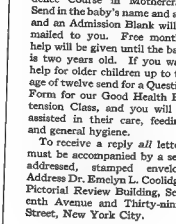
5. "May Paul have a cracker in his hand to nibble on when we go out in the afternoon sometimes? I see so many babies doing this and wonder if Paul is missing anything by not being allowed one."

Ans. By no means begin this bad cracker habit. It will grow worse as the baby gets older, and you will regret it later on. Crackers take the edge off the appetite for the regular meals; they keep the gastric juices at work when they should be digesting the previous meal or be at rest. When the baby is a little older you will find a cracker mentioned sometimes with a regular meal, but never between meals. I have seen babies take out a box of crackers and come home with the box almost empty; then the mother wonders why the baby refuses his milk at bedtime, but wakes up later in the night very hungry. Give plenty of boiled water between meals, but nothing else, if you want to train the baby to have a perfect digestion.

6. "Paul seldom has a cold, but sometimes one seems just beginning, as he sneezes and sniffles a little. Is there anything I should do to break up a slight head cold?"

Ans. The first thing to do for a cold is to open the bowels with a dose of castor-oil. At this age two teaspoonfuls is enough. Give this before the 6 A. M. meal, from one-half to one hour earlier if possible. It is far more apt to remain on the stomach and more effectual if given when the stomach is empty.

Keep the nose clear by gently swabbing it with olive-oil or liquid albolene. Do not, force drops up the nose, as you may endanger the ear; be very gentle. Omit the tub-bath for a few days and give instead a sponge-bath under the blanket. If the baby has no fever and the cold is only a very slight one, he may go out in the sun for an hour in the warmest part of the day. If more severe, it is better to keep him in the house for a few days, but in a room full of sunshine and fresh air. When these simple remedies are not enough, inhalations of steam, either of plain boiled water or some medicated vapor like compound tincture of benzoin, will usually give great relief. If you have a regular croup-kettle this should be used; if not, take a cheap tea-kettle, and elongate the spout with a cardboard funnel. Throw a sheet over the crib to make a tent, and stand the kettle on a table over a gas or electric stove or an alcohol-lamp so that the funnel conducts the steam under the sheet. This should be repeated for ten or fifteen minutes several times daily. It is also excellent for croup. If there is fever or a bad cough, call your doctor at once. It is also a good plan to add a few more ounces of barley-water and subtract a few ounces of milk from the formula while the cold lasts.



EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. If you want help for older children up to the age of twelve send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class, and you will be assisted in their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

To receive a reply *all* letters must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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HEALTH, STYLE, AND CORSETS

BY HELENA BERTRAM

ONE of the most notable of recent developments in women's dress is the new and greatly heightened appreciation of the corset. The girls and young women who, for special reasons, decided a while ago that this garment could be discarded without sacrifice of health are welcoming it back, their lesson learned.

Women of maturer years, always appreciative of that which serves the double purpose of beautifier and health-preserver, have seen demonstrated, in a variety of ways, the facts upon which their conviction has been based.

"Corsets for health" might be the new slogan, because it states the truth so far as it goes, yet the complete and happy reconciliation of beauty, style, with the prevailing mode, with physical well-being, leaves that excellent phrase inadequate. The physicians are all enthusiastically on the side of the correct-model corset as are the designers of correct and artistic costumes.

I had a talk the other day with a woman who for fourteen years has made the fitting of the human form her study and her profession. She is, accordingly, an authority.

"There has been," she said, "greater development in the corset in the last ten years than in any other part of women's clothing. You can remember not so very long ago how a corset was considered something merely to make the waist small. As for its being scientifically designed to meet the requirements of the individual, this was only the dream of a few advanced corsetieres.

"The corset of to-day was designed both to correct and to protect; to correct by supporting the body from the hips upward and relieve strain; to protect against incorrect posture and the accumulation of unnecessary fat.

"In the light of this enlarged conception of the corset the thin woman as well as the stout needs this garment. In the former, of course, the standpoint is that of health and posture. There are, in fact, reasons why she needs it even more than does her heavier sister. The latter has fat to protect the nerves and vital organs. The thin person, unprotected, gets the full strain and drag of her clothing upon the more sensitive parts of her anatomy.

"The modern corset is made to fit securely at the hip line; to anchor where the natural bend of the body comes. This gives the waist-line every protection and allows perfect freedom for breathing and other movement."

"Can you tell me," I asked, "what you think would happen if dress-designers should decide to change the long, loose waist-line which we now have, to the higher, tighter effect? Would the corset swing back to the old-time tight waist?"

On this point there was little doubt in her mind. "We have passed that stage forever. Corsets are made to fit the human figure, and our bones and muscles will not alter to suit the whim of fashion.

"The high, tight waist effect may be gained by the cut and design of the gown. Pads and third pieces correctly will work wonders in giving an appearance of slenderness where it is wanted, and the corset will continue to support and relieve strain, rather than press inward and downward, as in the olden days of the wasp-waist.

"AS YOU know, the question whether corsets are necessary at all has swept our country and been much discussed. There is no denying the fact that many girls and young women discarded the corset. There have been instances in which the result seemed, at least for the time being, to be satisfactory; but the majority of these people have not found their corsetless days as agreeable as they had anticipated.

"In a large Eastern college for women, for example, where athletics and the constant teaching of hygiene sought to keep the girls fit, a year without corsets on the part of many of the students produced a reaction.

"A large majority of those who had discarded them have been ordered by their physicians to put them back. And it was the doctors, mind you, who once upon a time used to condemn corsets! That is, they condemned the corsets that they then knew.

"These college girls are found to be suffering from back and lung troubles as a result of their supposed emancipation. One physician in sending his corset prescription for some of the young women asked to have the garments made high in front to force the shoulders back and correct the stooping posture to which students are always subject.

"The relation of the corset to the posture is much more vital and important than most people imagine. While on one of my business tours I went into a beauty-parlor in a large American city. The waiting-room was filled with women. When my turn came the operator turned sharply to me and exclaimed:

"'You are the only woman in this room who isn't sitting on the end of her spine! That's what makes me wild. Women don't wear the right corset or the right shoes, and then they come here and expect me to take the lines out of their faces and fix them up!'

"I can tell when I look at a woman's face if she is properly corseted. Her expression, the lines upon her countenance, tell me at once if she is fitted to that which suits her particular needs, or if, on the contrary, to a garment which throws her out of poise and is uncomfortable."

Madam digressed at this point to offer sundry remarks about ill-fitting footwear. Then she resumed: "As important as securing the correct model of corset is its adjustment to the individual. A horizontal position seems now to be the favored one for the front-lace corset. There are good reasons for this, too. If the corset is adjusted while the body is relaxed and all the organs are in their proper places, then when one stands erect they will remain in correct position, or nearly so, nearly so that when the corset is put on while they are even slightly lowered.

"ANOTHER important point, which must be repeated again and again, is the necessity of loosening the corset-laces each time the corset is taken off, and adjusting them afresh when it is put on. When you are tired it is so easy only to unhook the corset and slip out of it But this won't do; the laces should be untied to insure their being rested when put on."

Not content with the improvement of the garment itself, some of the manufacturers maintain classes which the salespeople from the different stores attend for instruction regarding the fitting and adjusting of corsets.

"I hope the day will come when no one will be allowed to fit corsets without a license," said the specialist who has been talking to us. "So important is the selection that it should be done only by women who are trained, and who understand the anatomy, physiology, and hygiene of the human body.

"It is an old, familiar story, the desirability of having the corset fitted to the wearer. So familiar that it would seem all women must realize its importance. Yet a trip to the corset-counter in any department store quickly convinces one that there are still many who have failed to give the question serious thought.

"A woman would not dream of asking a saleswoman for a hat, giving the head size, choosing one that looked attractive, and purchasing it without trying it on. Unthinkable! Shoes, dresses, coats, all are carefully selected and tried on. Yet the corset, the very foundation of all correct costuming and a supporter of health, is oftimes selected in a few minutes, without being fitted.

"This is not always the fault of the stores. Expert fitters are employed by all the large establishments to serve their patrons. They study the figure and know the particular kind of corset and the special model which will best fit the individual customer. Still the counters are lined with women satisfied to buy their corsets in this haphazard manner—by appearance only."

BY WAY of argument I offered this expert the suggestion that, because, for generations, women have worn corsets they have come to feel the need of their support and protection, whereas they might be able to grow away from them. I got a prompt retort. She replied:

"Watch the long line of foreign women landing every day at Ellis Island or any other of the immigration ports. Of corsets they know nothing, nor did their mothers or grandmothers. These women are strong, to be sure. They have been hardened by fresh air and outdoor work. But look at their figures! They are much farther from being the perfect human form than our more highly civilized women who have the advantages of correct costume and a reasonable amount of exercise."

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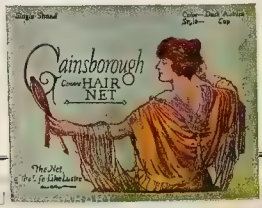

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WATCH THE YOUNG EYES!

BY HOMER ERASTUS SMITH, M.D.

IN ALL the world there is nothing more beautiful than the body of a little child, nothing more delightful than to watch the dawn of its intellect. One of the first signs of an awakening intelligence is the harmonious action of a baby's eyes, but ignorance of the fact that all babies at first lack control of associated movements causes many an anxious mother to believe that her baby squints.

Babies, however, are not born with the sense of perspective nor, until the period between the sixth and eighteenth months of life, is there developed the nervous connection between the two eyes that makes them move together properly. Why does a child cry for the moon and reach out its little hands to grasp it? Because it has not developed the faculty of estimating size or distance.

We speak of the unfolding of an infant's mind, but in reality it is the infolding, for the brain must infold impressions before these can unfold into purposive acts. For this reason defects in our sense-organs will alter mental and physical characteristics, and any disturbances of the eye or its functions will exert a profound influence upon the mind and the body of a growing child.

THE child born deaf is always dumb, not because of any defect in the brain-centers or in the mechanism of speech, but because speech is an imitative faculty and we can repeat only what we hear. The baby comes into being with its brain like unto an empty storehouse divided into many vacant rooms, into every one of which are to be put the things that properly belong there, so that out of them may be taken the things to be assembled for a useful purpose. There are separate spaces in the storehouse for memory-impressions coming through all the *six* senses, sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch, and the muscular sense, the last being the one which controls the poise of the body. Whether the brain-storehouse can hold just so many and no more memory-impressions or if its capacity is limited only by the acquisitiveness of the individual, is a matter undecided, but the writer inclines to the latter view.

Connecting all these receptacles are innumerable little fibers—the nerves—which can pick out impressions stored within the brain, carry them to a common meeting-place, and there arrange them in orderly fashion to create in the mind a definite idea. Recollection and remembrance are not only two separate actions of the brain, but are different phases of its function: the first is an unconscious, the second a conscious effort. *First* we re-collect the facts, next we re-member them; if the former function fails then the idea lacks completeness; if the latter, it suffers distortion and becomes inexact.

If the little brain-bins are only partly filled or if in some of them are distorted impressions it is evident that there can be drawn out only a paucity of crooked ideas. While any of the avenues through which impressions are carried may be partially obstructed, thus leaving its own little bin unfilled, it occasionally happens that there isn't any bin at all. For instance, there are those with hearing unimpaired but who are tone-deaf. They have no ear for tonal memories, and they know no difference between "Old Hundred" and "Yankee Doodle" except by the tempo.

Again, there are persons who have perfect vision for form but who lack the little bin into which to put color-impressions. To such a person a marine view, even should the artist paint it—as he properly might—with the waves *rose* and the winds *blue*, would be no incongruity; it would appear to him only like a gray day. This defect, occurring in five per cent. of men, while only an impediment to the complete enjoyment of life for its possessor, carries a serious menace to the lives of others if he who is color-blind happens to be a sailor or a railroad employee, because signals for direction or warning are given by colored lights. In this connection may be mentioned the fact that women are almost never color-blind, altho this is hard of belief when we see some of their facial decorations.

Sometimes these little brain-bins become closed in or the connections broken; in either event curious things happen. Words that we read have a little brain-bin, words that we hear have another; if the first is shut off, we can understand every word that is spoken to us, but the printed page conveys absolutely no meaning; if the other, we can read, but can not understand the speech of our friends.

The little child who, for the first time, is given an orange gets into every little brain-bin a new impression, into that for sight go the form and color, into feeling the texture and feel of the rind, into smell its odor, into taste the savor of the fruit, the muscular sense is called into play by its weight, and when the mother speaks its name hearing completes the cycle. If the baby should be blind three important features, *size*, form, and color, would be lacking in its concept of this particular object. No such catastrophe is here to be analyzed, but only the unsuspected functional disorders which can work much havoc and which may go undetected until the damage is done.

The four disturbing conditions, potent for harm, are far-sightedness, near-sightedness, astigmatism, and latent squint, and my purpose is to show how all of these exert a baleful influence on mind and body.

People in general think far-sightedness means good vision for distance. This is true, but only partially so; technically it means an undeveloped or short eyeball. The fact is we can not see clearly unless the light which enters the pupil comes sharply to a focus upon the back of the eye—the retina. If the eye has a normal length light from distant objects falls as sharp images without strain, but if the eye is too short this sharpness can be attained only by an effort.

We have inside our eyes a marvelous mechanism which enables us to see clearly things at close range, and this mechanism in action is called accommodation. A normal eye calls upon this for near work only, but a far-sighted eye must exert it during every waking moment. Accommodation means muscular effort, if this is excessive it means a drain on the nervous system, and if too long continued exhaustion of the nerve-supply. An eyeball doesn't have to be shortened very much to throw an enormous strain on the focusing-power; so little as one-tenth of an inch will practically put the eyes out of business.

LINKED with the focusing-power is of convergence, this means that we turn our eyes in to fix and focus on an object at the same time. It is astonishing how nature will adapt itself to insult or abuse and with what resents it overcomes improper functioning or mitigates its evil effects. What happens to your little one with a short eyeball is this: During his early life—provided he does not contract some weakening disease—his eyes remain straight, but when he reaches school age and must use his eyes for long periods at short range then nature may take off part of the strain and put one eye out of business by a disfiguring squint. The eye which turns in no longer sees the object at which the other looks, the brain refuses to harmonize such dissimilar pictures, and if this condition is permitted long to continue the squinting eye suffers a permanent impairment of sight.

This is one of nature's precautions to avert a greater disaster. Provided squint does not occur nature adopts other plans to prevent harmful use of the eyes. First, because of the defect, it puts the child into the backward class. And just here it should be forcefully asserted:

That any school-child—barring evident idiocy—that isn't one hundred per cent. perfect in the junior grades is not mentally but physically deficient, and in the vast majority of cases it is the eyes that are at fault.

It should be made a penal offense to send a child to school without a test—under atropin—of the condition of the eyes. That the sight for distance appears to be perfect is no criterion for determining malfunction nor any excuse for omitting this examination. The worst sufferers often have the best vision, and hence it is that the usual school tests fail to detect latent trouble.

The backward child *can not* get the lesson into its little brain-box; it uses up so much nerve-force in the physical act of seeing that there is very little energy left with which to record the visual impression. Nature is carrying out a silent rebellion of which the child is unconscious. The little

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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EVERY DAY used to start with a battle with Betty: it was nag, nag, nag, to get her to eat her fruit.

Then one morning mother had an idea: she sprinkled the fruit with Dromedary Cocoanut; and the old familiar dish became a delicacy.

Many mothers seem to have made the same discovery at the very same time. They used to think of Dromedary Cocoanut only for pies and cakes and desserts. Now they are sprinkling Dromedary on all sorts of every-day things—see the list below for example.

And it's really wonderful how an old familiar dish is transformed into a thrilling new dish by this simple trick of sprinkling Dromedary.

One Minute Sprinkle recipes

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut in the batter just before baking waffles.

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WATCH THE YOUNG EYES!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

one is not wilfully indolent, but is, unfortunately, incompetent to learn. A parent who should punish a child for this lack of attention commits as cruel an injustice as if he should beat one who limps because of a clubfoot.

It needs no argument to prove what all this strain does to the child's mentality. The brain-bin is practically empty of visual memories and a lopsided intellect is sure to result. Vision is so important to life that to conserve sight nature brings to bear all her artful devices. The tired lids soon shut out the irksome task and the child falls asleep over its books. Normal children are eager to learn, and drowsiness, especially at the morning lesson, always means eye-strain and not general fatigue. If the insult is too great nature takes revenge by making the unconscious offender most wretchedly ill.

THE chief attack is made upon the stomach. Indigestion, both in children and in adults, is more often due to eye-strain than to any other single cause.

Next from the same cause comes headache, either of the bilious type or the nagging variety.

A child must find outlet for its innate energies; if it can not find exercise in mental activity it must in physical. Many children with poor vision hate school but delight in outdoor sports. Thus they develop robust bodies at the expense of undeveloped mentality. If compelled to take up school-work they play truant and, lacking proper companions, take up with vagabonds.

One of my medical friends took a census of the juvenile criminals in the Elmira Reformatory and found three-quarters of the boy inmates with disordered vision.

A near-sighted child has clear vision up to a short distance only. Beyond this all objects are out of focus. For instance, everything beyond forty inches appears as in a fog. Even this moderate amount bars him from map and blackboard work in school, and from all the outdoor games that children delight in, but it doesn't affect his reading ability; in fact makes it easier. Compelled to find solitary diversions within a circumscribed area, such children become morbid and introspective. One of my near-sighted patients who, because of his father's prejudice, had never worn glasses, only became aware at twenty years of age that there were letters on the trees. It was too late then to correct faults of a weakened body which housed a brilliant but erratic intellect.

Astigmatism has a fearsome sound, but all the word means is "without a point." The term is descriptive of an effect—light-rays do not come to a point on the retina. The cause is an inequality of curvatures of the clear window in the eye—the cornea. Normally this should be bounded by curves like a ball; if there is astigmatism it is shaped like the bowl of a spoon. This malformation can produce a greater damage than either far-sightedness or near-sightedness, the two conditions previously described, or its only effect may be poor vision.

What may appear astonishing is that the greater the impairment of sight the less the damage done to the body. The explanation is simple: By strain and effort the eye seeks and can attain clearer images if the curves are only slightly out of true; but if the disproportion is great no effort, however vigorous, can achieve good vision. The eye, therefore, gives up the struggle and all strain ceases. Now, however, there enters in, not the voltage of the nervous system, which follows slight astigmatism, but the evil effects of poor sight on mentality and character.

Astigmatic children can not see clearly at any distance, so their little brain-bins get only faint or blurred impressions. To them a round object appears oval and a square one longer or shorter than it really is. They go through a world of shadows with an undeveloped mind.

If we are to maintain our proper spatial relations vertical lines must appear as such, but they do not to an eye with an oblique astigmatism; therefore to rectify them the child tilts his head one way, his spine the other, and a spinal curvature is developed.

The sesame to a new world of light and beauty is a pair of properly ground and polished little pieces of glass held securely in front of the eyes. But mothers think children with glasses present sorry spectacles.

The writer knows from long experience how strenuous are the objections of mothers to the wearing of glasses by their children; their thought is that this is a tacit admission of inferiority, for they are not aware that there is no such thing as a perfect eye.

Their objection is that glasses are so unbecoming. This, nowadays, is not a valid objection if an expert does the choosing of the frames. There is no type of face in which the facial expression of personality can not be accentuated nor one which falls short in symmetry of feature which can not be improved in appearance by properly selected glasses. Even were it true that glasses must be unbecoming, how can this compare with the benefits which they confer in health and comfort?

Last, but not least, a latent squint can work havoc and wreck the nervous system. Unlike the three conditions previously described, there may be perfect, well-sustained vision—note I don't say comfortable vision—in other words, each eye is perfectly sound and functions well singly, but the team hasn't been broken to double harness. The reason for this is not far to seek. Before man got up on his hind legs his eyes were on the sides of his head and each eye had a brain-bin all to itself. It has taken milleniums to bring these eyes closer together, even longer to develop the connecting nerve-fibers between the two, and even yet co-ordination and harmony have not been attained.

Last of the functions to be established as a racial trait and the most easy to suffer disorder is binocular single vision; this means that an object in any position within the field of vision is seen singly tho regarded by both eyes at the same time. That sounds simple, doesn't it? and yet to achieve this means that simple thing requires absolute and exact co-ordination of twelve muscles. When any one or more is out of balance with the others there is a tendency for one eye to stray from the straight and narrow path until it is made to see the error of its ways by a savage pull that uses up a lot of nervous energy. Now, this force can not be applied indefinitely without either a nervous breakdown or so great a drain upon the nervous reserve as will leave other and remote organs suffering from an inadequate supply of nerve-force.

THE welfare of the child is the reason for this article, and its message is to the parent. Not only do mind and body suffer from eye-strain, but many physical and nervous disorders cause which, apparently, have no causal relationship with the eyes at all. To realize fully the far-reaching effects of eye-strain one need only remember how vital is the function of vision to every act, emotion, and thought. The eye is in closest connection with the brain, and, through the connecting nerve-fibers, with the brain-centers which preside over every bodily function.

The child who starts out in life handicapped by poor or painful vision has a constant and deep struggle.

If your child fails to keep up in its classes, if it comes home from school exhausted or irritable, if its sleep is disturbed, if it develops nervous disorders, if it has dizziness or headaches (especially of the bilious type), if its appetite is capricious or its digestion out of order, or if it is generally run down without evident organic disease, let its eyes be examined by some competent specialist. Do not rest content with simply determining if it has good distance vision, but have a searching analysis made of *all* the ocular functions. If nothing wrong is found you will have ruled out the chief and most important cause of functional nervous diseases. If, on the other hand, disorders of sight are found and *properly* corrected you will have opened for your little one a portal through which he shall pass out onto the road which shall lead him to his rightful heritage—a world of health and happiness.

A LIFE-SAVING WEEK

JUST because many people do not understand, or will not take the simplest of precautions, there are, every year, thousands of unnecessary deaths from cancer. In the year 1921 more than ninety thousand persons died of this dread disease in the United States. It is safe to assert that many thousands of these victims would be alive and well to-day if they observed the first symptoms in season and taken a little pains to remove the danger.

The week of November 12 to 18, 1922, according to the modern calendar, wears an ominous name, but is really a highly beneficent period, because during these days the American Society for the Control of Cancer publishes the information which will save countless lives.

It is after the age of forty-five that most victims of cancer die. The doctors agree that the majority of these cases can be cured if the symptoms are recognized and certain simple rules are followed. Almost any of us may have these symptoms, and it is accordingly a wise move to write to the American Society for the Control of Cancer, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City, for the pamphlet which gives all the necessary information. If one finds in oneself the symptoms described, the thing to do is to consult immediately a good physician and follow his advice.

As a result of last year's Cancer Week campaign there was a distinct improvement in the situation, as reported by surgeons.

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QUESTIONS THEY ASK WALLACE

An Explanation of His Famous Method of Reducing to Music

By WALLACE
PHOTOGRAPH BY KEEDY STUDIOS

ACCORDING to the figures we keep at Wallace institute, my method of removing superfluous flesh has thus far been used by a little over 185,000 persons. In addition, we have received nearly 65,000 letters asking questions about the course. So many people these days are seeking relief from overweight, it is possible the answers to those questions most frequently asked would be of general interest.

What is often asked is "How can *music* make one thin? It can not.

If mere music were a means of reducing we should see few stout people! For homes without a phonograph are scarce. It is, of course, the specific directions and activities outlined on my records—not the records themselves, or the music—which reduce weight. I specialized in this work eighteen years before I conceived and perfected the course on phonograph records. The method reduces through counter-acting the natural, underlying causes of fat.

THE next most frequent question is this: "How many pounds will your reducing records remove from me?" And strangely enough, it is not hard to answer this question quite accurately. Experience in so many thousands of cases enables me to state an average figure which will come very close, and anyone may tell for one's self from the table I give here. It is only necessary to take into consideration the age and height. The present weight, or how long you have weighed that much, makes no difference in the ultimate result. Superfluous flesh may have been permitted to accumulate for my one of a number of reasons. Its removal, nevertheless, will be accomplished in the same way in every case—by eliminating the basic conditions that foster fat in excess of what is needed for repairing and restoring what the bodily activities consume. These are the weights that anyone may attain by this method of reducing:

Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29 Years Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 Years Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 Years Lbs.	Age 50 and Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	126	131	137	140
66	129	136	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	150	156	163

I guess thousands of people have asked me "Is your course absolutely harmless?" The best reply is to be found in the very many letters of the medical profession endorsing my methods. Scores of those taking my course have said they do so by advice of their physician. Those who for any reasons of health are forbidden to employ violent exercises have enjoyed this melody method, and finished with marked improvement physically.

WALLACE, THE ORIGINATOR OF THE METHOD MANY HAVE USED TO GET THIN TO MUSIC

"Will reducing so fast as I have heard is done by your records bring wrinkles or flabbiness?" I presume it is because the starving process and numerous cruel diets always do have such an effect that so many ask me that. I can assure you that the opposite is true of my system of reducing. For I use absolutely natural methods; I do not tear down fatty tissues, but remove conditions responsible for their growth. It is a change of Nature's own working, and therefore the new bodily condition is naturally provided for. Remaining flesh is firmer than ever. So far as wrinkles are concerned, the face, neck and other parts of the body will be seen to have a new smoothness.

NOT so easy to answer is the query as to how long it will take to reduce an individual to normal weight. Constitutions vary. Conditions are never precisely the same in two people. Reports of ten pounds lost the first week of my course are frequent. Oftener it is only five pounds in that time. But a woman who takes off only a few pounds the first week or two—perhaps only ten or twelve pounds the first three weeks—will often times start to lose weight twice as fast commencing with her fourth lesson.

I recently received a letter from a woman who had removed forty pounds along about the middle of her fifth lesson, yet she had lost nothing the first week, and only three and one-half pounds the second week. Nature sometimes requires quite a time to prepare the system for the change. But the reduction is a certainty in the end, and to understand the principles I use is to know this to be a fact. Others will state that they are too fat only in certain parts, and therefore desire only the part of my service which will reduce the abdomen, hips, or perhaps the neck and arms. It is, of course, impossible to give one magic direction which will remove fat at one point while the body is organized to produce excess fat just as fast as it is consumed. Mine is a complete, correctional course, one part preparing the way for the next, and must be taken in the sequence directed. If you are stout in only certain places, have no fear that you will lose where measurements are normal. Nature does not work that way. It is only in drugging and doping, or in denying the body needed nourishment that one's face becomes drawn, or portions of the body become gaunt and subnormal. Every day comes the query "Can your records do anything for one who is not so much overweight as poorly proportioned?" Redistribution, rather than removal of the fat is the desire. My course seems to bring results very quickly in such instances. A woman seldom realizes how completely within her control is her figure, and the contour of the limbs.

"Must I always keep up the use of my reducing records even after I have reduced to right weight?" No, but most people do so because they want to. There is something about the twelve to twenty minutes daily use of the records that everyone seems to like. Then too, the occasional use of the records every second or third day, possibly only once a week makes it impossible for the fat to return.

You may think at the outset that you will wish to lay aside the records once you reach the goal of a normal figure—but I predict that you will not.

IN spite of the great numbers who have permitted me to restore their proportions to what Nature intended, there are doubtless many more people who still carry their unwelcome weight because they frankly disbelieve in any reducing process so easy and enjoyable. To "get thin to music" sounds too simple. I know this from the quantity of letters asking if I guarantee results. To ask that is to confess that you have not carefully read the offer in my announcements. Naturally, I may not guarantee to reduce someone who I have no means of knowing will carry out my instructions exactly as given. But if directions are obeyed, reduction is sure. The very terms of my offer prove that. My first lesson is always given before anything is said about paying for my services. From that first lesson anyone can tell whether my reducing records really do reduce, and there is no obligation to go a step further unless results make you eager to continue with me.

Play Off *your* FAT !

No one need stay stout longer than it takes to notify Wallace Institute of the desire to reduce to normal weight, receive the phonographic reducing lesson that is sent free of any charge whatever, and play away the excess flesh to the tune of several pounds a week.

Wallace

REDUCING

Records

—dictated by Wallace himself, originator of the music method of reducing—are the one safe, sensible and certain way to remove any burden of fat. Thousands have reduced by this modern method.

The success of the original Wallace course has caused several to copy what they can of his method. Unless the record is signed Wallace, and unless the label says Reducing—it is **NOT** a Reducing Record.

You Can Get Thin to Music

Easy, interesting lessons of a few minutes daily will cause every ounce of extra flesh to go—and prevent its return. File after file of letters show reductions like these:

103 Lbs. lost in 4 months by Mrs. Harry Dewey, 1150 West St., Quincy, Ills.

74 Lbs. lost in 18 weeks by Mrs. Grace Horchler, 4626 Indiana Av., Chicago, Ills.

60 Lbs. lost in 3 months by Mrs. Orpha M. Van Ripper, Wyandotte, Mich.

41 Lbs. lost by Miss Helen F. Mac Dougall, Hillis, Long Island, N. Y.

32 Lbs. lost in 2 months by Mrs. J. M. Faw, St. Lawrence, Pa.

20 Lbs. lost with four lessons by Mrs. Frank J. Roth, 1004 Fremont St., Marshalltown, Ia.

—surely, Wallace can reduce you, too; just as surely as you give him the opportunity offered here and now.

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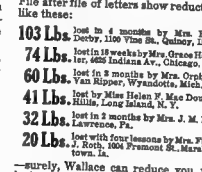

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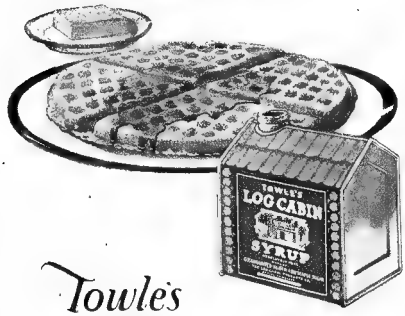

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

LOVE AND JOY, YOUTH AND GRACE, ARE BEAUTIFULLY INTERPRETED BY CHILDREN, WHO ENJOY THE EXPERIENCE

FASCINATING LITTLE ACTORS

Girls and Boys Shine on the Amateur Stage

BY EDNA E. COLLADAY

Formerly Managing Director of the American Entertainment Institute

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third of a series of valuable articles on amateur productions in their various phases by one who has spent many years in directing amateur performances and teaching the technique of both acting and managing. Readers are cordially invited to write Miss Colladay, in care of PICTORIAL REVIEW, *for information and help. Kindly enclose stamped return-envelop.*

THE possibilities for using children as a medium for expression in amateur presentations have been taken into consideration far too little in planning performances. Invariably they constitute a bright spot at rehearsals and in the productions in which they are included. Their interpretative genius is remarkable and their unaffected simplicity inimitable.

Not only is every one interested in children—the things they do and the way they do them—but children themselves are keenly interested in learning new things, and their minds are so receptive, their power of assimilation so remarkable, that it becomes a joy to teach them.

Some school-teachers may disagree with this statement, but the successful director of children's entertainments has discovered a way to make work with children a mutual delight. That teachers may profit by her experience, she makes the following suggestions.

There are three requisites a teacher must have if she is to succeed in winning a child's confidence and in influencing his mind These are personality, patience, and persuasion. A smile from a teacher will weigh more with a boy or girl of almost any age or type than any amount of sternness or the most justifiable rebuke. If a child likes a teacher or a director there is nothing too difficult for him to attempt.

I have seen a director step into a rehearsal-room that was a perfect bedlam, where there were several hundred children of both sexes, of various ages and types, and simply by her calm and smiling presence, her uplifted hand, and quiet attitude of waiting for the racket to cease, command the silent attention of every child—after several other teachers who were strict disciplinarians had failed to do so. The way she smiled and said "please," when she wanted something done, pleased the children, and accordingly they obeyed her.

There is no secret about making children like you. It is a simple process and quite worth the effort. It is the first step toward winning your way with them, of earning and retaining their respect, admiration, and affection. No instructor can hope to get the best results unless her pupils really like her. If they do they are eager, responsive, interested, demonstrative, obedient, and loyal. If they do not they are stubborn, sullen, disagreeable or hostile and defiant, apparently stupid and indifferent, annoying and noisy.

In the first place she must have patience and the power of persuasion and an appealing personality if she would successfully conduct a play, a pageant, or any kind of entertainment in which children are to take part. No one can hope to discipline children who is not able to discipline herself.

In producing a musical entertainment in which children are included it is well to remember that they respond more quickly to music that is melodious and rhythmic. Syncopation excites them and does not yield results proportionate to the trouble involved and the extra amount of time consumed in teaching it. Music that is not easily learned confuses them.

A waltz, to which they can sway in accompaniment, or a march, to which they can keep step, or anything in three-four, two-four, or common time, is the most practical kind and produces the best results.

Children learn much more rapidly and easily than adults. They have excellent memories and are free from the self-consciousness which sometimes is so difficult to overcome in older people. A song or a rôle which captivates their imagination results in surprisingly fine interpretation and realistic rendition, if the children are carefully chosen and well trained.

Very young soloists sometimes do remarkable vocal work, and they delight and charm an audience. But accompanists must lead—not follow—children's voices, and in solo work the melody must be softly but distinctly accentuated.

Children have an amazing capacity for enthusiasm and comprehension. Younger ones especially are almost invariably responsive and amenable to influence. Because of this they require very careful instruction, so there are several things to be remembered in connection with training them for any kind of performance.

Every gesture, intonation, mannerism—the very inflections and style of pronunciation and articulation of their teacher—is usually noted and carefully copied. Children are as unaware of this as they are earnest in their endeavor to make their own efforts a replica of the director's instructions. Once learned it is extremely difficult to correct anything that may be considered a defect; therefore from the very beginning be very sure of every detail connected with your direction.

Costumes

COSTUMES for children who participate in amateur performances are easily made They cost very little and lend themselves to great variety in both color-scheme and design. A musical panorama had as an opening number a doll chorus of children Really lovely effects were obtained by the use of crêpe-paper dresses of various harmonizing colors. The costumes were made by the children themselves, who in each case used for a foundation a discarded Summer frock of the child's. Crêpe paper can be used to make beautiful and artistic effects in an infinite number of ways for children's as well as for adults' costumes. It can be sewed—the heavier quality—more easily than some other materials and is surprizingly strong. I have known such dresses to last through several performances and look still fresh at the last one. Children who represent flowers, dolls, or period characters can be so costumed in crêpe paper that the effect from the front, when the stage is artistically

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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A clay of such amazing powers no less than a dozen imitations have sprung into being, applied in a moment, starts its work in ten minutes, and—

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Astounding Beauty Clay Makes a New Skin in 40 Minutes!

Here Is the Greatest News About Complexion Ever Brought to America. Even the Dullest Skin Yields to the Simple But Wonderful Method Used Abroad.

By MARTHA RYERSON

I AM going to tell you how a pleasure trip to Sunny Wales resulted in learning a *real* beauty secret. It is a secret of Mother Earth's; a natural, normal and gloriously swift way to end forever an unlovely complexion: I went to Wales with the worst skin a girl could have; one afternoon I left it in the hills! I exchanged it for one of soft texture and full of color. And this is how:

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this; the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities, nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder "I took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I *did*.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did *not!*

I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman will ever have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed we took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out*. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My blemishes were gone!

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when we met in the garden of the little inn later that afternoon was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay, though further questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we stayed on, he worked all day at his "mud pies" as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me and on all my girl friends. At last, using the natural Welsh clay as a base, he produced a compound as miraculous in its effect—only ten times more smooth and pure than the clay used by the peasants abroad.

Any One May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of any one who did not regard it as worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. *I know.*

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have. It is *so* healthful to use, it *cannot* grow hair (in fact, its action checks that undesirable downy growth) and it keeps pores their normal size because it is laid on and *not* rubbed in.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! *My father has made you a remarkable offer in the next column. Read carefully.*

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Wm Ryerson
Head Chemist

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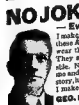

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

FASCINATING LITTLE ACTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

lighted, is lovely and the illusion almost perfect.

Gipsy or Spanish costumes can be made of muslin; fairy or esthetic dance-costumes of tarlatan and cheese-cloth, or, a trifle more expensively, of silk muslin; dress suits of black muslin, with a pasteboard foundation for hats. A "tom-cat" chorus in one children's production produced much applause owing to its unique costuming. The suits were made of black muslin, with a patch of white on the breast. Ears and tails were stuffed with paper, and each "cat" wore a large bow of red ribbon round its neck. "Yama-yams" suits are also made of muslin, with elastic at the throat, wrists, and ankles.

Character-costumes are fashioned much more easily than is usually supposed. Imagination in designing and ingenuity in making *being* the chief requisites. This applies to representations of such characters as Uncle Sam, R. Jack-in-the-box, Puritans and Quakers, brides, birds, Japanese, Chinese, or rag dolls, and so on.

FOR dramatized fairy-tales, presented out-of-doors, it will be found that soft materials are best. Breeze, sun, and natural backgrounds are responsible for this. Cheese-cloth, silk muslin—or any more expensive material, if economy is not essential, such as gauze, chiffon, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, or soft silks of any kind—can be dyed almost any color, if not purchasable in the desired shade.

Since costumes are an important factor and go a long way toward making or marring a production, great care should be exercised in their selection. Boys in uniforms of any sort—all costumed alike—look very well. A military drill with the boys in Boy Scout uniforms invariably makes a hit with an audience. Simple costumes are best for children in amateur performances; elaborate ones frequently appear bizarre.

Make-up

CHILDREN should be very lightly made up. They do need make-up, of course, to relieve the ghastly impression stage-lights give to any one without it, but care and patience and tact should be exercised in applying it, for little people are apt to be nervous about unknown procedures, unless they have a lot of confidence in the person in charge or are made to feel the process is a sort of game in which they are taking part.

Some parents and teachers object to the use of make-up for children, on the ground that it is apt to instil or encourage vanity or spoil the child's complexion. Years of experience with children make it possible for me to say that neither of these prejudices is founded upon fact. I do not know of a single case where the children did not consider the process of make-up either a game, which they went through like rehearsing and forgot all about directly it was over, or else accepted under protest, according to the individual temperament and home-training of the child.

If cold-cream, not soap and water, is used to remove the make-up, there is no danger of its injuring the skin.

The Final Rehearsal

A FINAL rehearsal for children should always be held in the afternoon of the day preceding the performance. Under no circumstances should children be asked to rehearse at night. In so doing many directors make a great mistake. Frequently parents and teachers are opposed to having their children participate in amateur performances because they are asked to rehearse at night. The teachers' contention is that one day the child appears in school listless, unambitious, and not prepared in his lessons. The parents' opposition is based on the fact that they do not like to have their children go out after dark.

"SIMPLE COSTUMES ARE BEST FOR AMATEUR PERFORMANCES"

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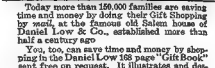

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

FASCINATING LITTLE ACTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

children's rehearsals in the afternoon. The best plan is to rehearse them one hour every other day—the girls one day, the boys the next. In this way the work may be accomplished without opposition and friction. School boards and parents both will co-operate if this plan is made clear and is consistently followed—that is, of course, if the cause is a worthy one.

Ask for volunteers among the teachers; have them come to the theater some afternoon after school and see the rehearsal, so that they will have a comprehensive idea of your plan for the children. After the rehearsal is over take them back-stage, show them the dressing-rooms, and thoroughly familiarize them with your general scheme for the performance and the part the children are to play in it. This will avoid confusion and misunderstanding on the night of the performance.

Stage-lighting for Children

CHILDREN can stand a lot of stage-lighting and look well, but we betide the director who is unwise enough not to try out, at the last two rehearsals, all the lights and combinations of lights—particularly the colored slides and spotlights—that are to be used on the night of the performance.

Lights invariably arouse two emotions in a child—surprise and curiosity—and their effect is very apparent. If the children have not become sufficiently accustomed to the lights they will not be able to keep their minds on the performance; so be sure that they are well initiated before the opening day.

Night of Performance

A FEW patient, smiling teachers, good disciplinarians, stationed in the wings, back-stage, and in the dressing-rooms will work wonders in helping to keep the little folks quiet and in order. Children, unrestrained, have a way of protruding beyond the wings, appearing round unexpected corners, peeping out through the scenery at the audience, gazing eagerly out onto the stage while scenes are going on in which they have no part, whispering excitedly through it all, chattering like little magpies, or patterning pell-mell across the rear of the stage—thus causing the back-drop to vibrate with more vigor than dramatic effect. All of these things distract the attention of the audience from the performance, besides disturbing the principals.

A director has little or no time to devote to quelling disturbances of this kind, of course, so it is necessary to have order arranged for beforehand.

Charts should be provided upon which are listed the musical numbers used, with those in which the children participate specified in red, and the wings designated in which they are to line up, for each appearance and exit. This is very essential, for no one in charge of the children could possibly be expected to understand this unless it was explained minutely and in detail; and verbal admonitions are not enough—they must be carefully written down.

The Box-office versus Children

I HAVE said that everybody is interested in children. Let me amplify that a bit. Parents are, of course, interested in their own and incidentally in their neighbors' children—if only for the sake of comparison. They want to see how much cleverer Mary Jane is than Tommy Jones, or vice versa. Therefore a performance in which children are included invariably means large box-office receipts. I have never known a single exception to this rule.

Practical Comments and Suggestions

ERRONEOUS opinion, based on ignorance of methods, and prejudice against children, appearing on the professional stage, has led some people to believe that amateur performances encourage undesirable qualities in children. To my certain knowledge amateur productions have quite the opposite effect upon them, specifically and generally.

A shy, self-conscious, awkward child is not apt to be as happy in life as an unusually joyous, graceful child, yet I have seen this very transformation brought about by amateur performances. They give the latter folks so much happiness. They so enjoy the fun of it all, the music, the costumes, the dancing, and all the details of the performance, that they look back upon it with pleasure for years afterward. It seems a pity to deprive a child of something which may benefit it in many and various ways.

Many parents have told me tales that I treasure about the joy it has brought their children.

Whether they are rough-and-tumble boys whom you are drilling; demure, shy, little girls, whose bright and eager eyes follow your every move, or high-school boys and girls, arrived at that stage of adolescence where life seems to consist chiefly of impulses to be noisy, animated, and jocular—one and all—they will respond to your requests and instructions, according to the degree with which they esteem and respect you.

Disciplining children of all ages, types, temperaments, dispositions, and mentalities is chiefly, as I have said before, a matter of personal magnetism and patience, plus knowledge of the things you want them to do, of confidence both in your own ability to teach them and in their ability to learn. Boys, for instance, if put on their mettle, and under the leadership of some one of their number who is both intelligent and aggressive, do very excellent teamwork; but they must have something that is full of action and that keeps them hard at it every minute of the time. They can not be kept idle and quiet at the same time; inaction makes them restless and noisy.

While participation in an amateur performance or two is a good and a gladsome thing for the child, personally it is a tragedy to me to see children on the professional stage. The stage as a permanency—where their plastic little minds are to be developed and their standards for later years formed—is far too sophisticated and difficult a school in which to place a child without being both unfair and selfish to it.

On the amateur stage the message that is delivered through the natural sincerity of a child—happy in being a messenger—never fails to touch the human heart as nothing but music can.

As a medium for adequately interpreting love and joy, youth and grace, sincerity and affection, a child is without a peer.

Herewith follows a practical and briefly descriptive program for an amateur performance composed of musical numbers, many of which include children and are so designated. This program is so elastic that twenty-five or five hundred children may be used, according to the number that is desirable.

It is just as easy to train a large number of children as a small group. The "Doll's Party," for instance, may be used for practically any number of children, or just a few. The same thing applies to the other numbers listed

Suggestions for Program of Musical Panorama Which Includes Children

1—(a) "A Little China Doll" (b) "The Doll's Party." Character-songs for chorus of children, arranged for flexible group comprising any number of participants, from a dozen to five hundred. Character-costumes to lend picturesqueness, such as "Miss Priscilla" in Quaker costume, "Master Albert Edward" and "Fauntleroy," etc. The rest of the costumes may be of harmonizing shades of crêpe paper, the children representing "paper dolls."

2—"Ragtime Soldier Men." Flexible group; the number to consist of twelve, boys in Boy Scout uniform; military drill, formation, and march

3—(a) "Little Rag-baby Doll." (b) "All Aboard for Blanket Bay." Flexible group song for girls of various ages, with one character-costume, the "rag doll." Rest of group in nightgowns, carrying rag dolls. Adult soloist, singing lullaby to children who kneel around her, swaying in time to rhythm of melody, and join in chorus softly. Subdued stage-lighting.

4—"Merry Milkmaids." Pretty girls in appropriate costumes. Song and-dance number

5—"Could You Learn to Love a Little Girl Like Me?" Solo number for child of six or seven, with good interpretative ability, who enunciates clearly.

6—"Japanese Umbrellas." Oriental song for grammar-school girls, in appropriate costumes.

7—"Canoe Song." Adult chorus number. Girls and men, appropriately clad, carrying paddles, pillows, etc

8—"Rube Chorus." High-school girls and boys in song and country dance. Character-costumes for leaders. Chorus-girls in pink gingham aprons and sunbonnets; boys in overalls and large straw hats.

Specialty—"Tatters." Character-song for child of good dramatic and vocal ability to interpret rôle of "newsboy." Girls do it best

9—Dance number for ten adult couples Any popular melody in fox trot time Evening clothes.

10—"The Military Band." Ensemble number and finale; includes all participants. Lively march number; al. lights up.

CURTAIN

The above program, or a similar one, runs two hours and a quarter. It can be planned so as to present infinite variety, several original novelties, and arranged to include any number of participants. The costumes are simple, inexpensive, and effective.

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YOUR toilet has been carefully made,—the moment comes for you to pass into the street and meet the critical gaze of passers-by.

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THE TOKEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

"What's locked?"

"That bottom drawer."

"Nonsense. It's nothing of the kind."

"It is, I tell you. Give me the key. Oh, Donald, give it me."

He shrugged his shoulders; but, all the same, he felt in his pockets for the key, which he gave me with a little teasing gesture, as if he humored a child.

I unlocked the drawer, pulled it out to its full length, and there, thrust away at the back, out of sight, I found the Token.

I had not seen it since the day of Cicely's death.

"Who put it there?" I asked.

"I did."

"Well, that's what she was looking for," I said.

I held out the Token to him on the palm of my hand, as if it were the proof that I had seen her.

"Helen," he said gravely, "I think you must be ill."

"You think so? I'm not so ill that I don't know what you put it away for," I said. "It was because she thought you cared for it more than you did her."

"You can remind me of that? There must be something very badly wrong with you, Helen," he said.

"PERHAPS. Perhaps I only want to know what *she* wanted. You *did* care for her, Donald?"

I couldn't see the fantasm now, but I could feel it, close, close, vibrating, palpitating, as I drove him.

"Care?" he cried. "I was mad with caring for her. And she knew it."

"She didn't. She wouldn't be here now if she knew."

At that he turned from me to his station by the chimneypiece. I followed him there.

"What are you going to do about it?" I said.

"Do about it?"

"What are you going to do with this?"

I thrust the Token close toward him. He drew back, staring at it with a look of concentrated hate and loathing.

"Do with it?" he said. "The darned thing killed her. This is what I'm going to do with it——"

He snatched it from my hand and hurled it with all his force against the bars of the grate. The Buddha fell, broken to bits, among the ashes.

Then I heard him give a short, groaning cry. He stepped forward, opening his arms, and I saw the fantasm slide between them. For a second it stood there, folded to his breast, then suddenly, before our eyes, it collapsed in a shining heap, a flicker of light on the floor, at his feet.

Then that went out too.

I NEVER saw it again.

Neither did my brother. But I didn't know this till some time afterward; for, somehow, we hadn't cared to speak about it. And in the end it was he who spoke first.

We were sitting together in that room, one evening in November, when he said, suddenly and irrelevantly:

"Helen—do you never see her now?"

"No," I said. "Never."

"Do you think, then, she doesn't come?"

"Why should she?" I said. "She found what she came for. She knows what she wanted to know."

"And that—was what?"

"Why, that you loved her."

His eyes had a queer, submissive, wistful look.

"You think that was why she came back?" he said.

AMBITION ALLEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

discovery that women were free. The ancient pessimism that the woman pays, the gloom of "Mary, pity women!" was put aside, as one might put aside dreams of the dark ages. Into the discard also went the picture of the housewife, the hand that composed flowers in a vase, the voice that taught a child to pray, the kindly presence by the secure hearth. Appeared the modern woman, physically as strong as the man, having equal business poise, having the same resilient will, having also more subtlety. Added to these were dignity, beauty, a kindly graciousness. No weakness, but no brutality. Gabriel become a woman. Thus the play.

AT FIRST act had been built to show a prosperous home in the better sort of suburb. The man of the house had been caught in the jam of big business, and had failed. All left now was honor and a moderate competence. The son cheerfully assents to withdrawing from college and going to work. The daughter will no longer go to Junior League dances, to Newport in Summer, or California or Florida in Winter. Romance is blotted from her life.

Mother, who is thirty-five, and beautiful, says nothing as to this loss. When she tries to discuss father's business she is quietly rebuked. "That is not for you, sweetheart." By dash and gesture it is implied that mama is a fool where affairs are concerned. She is a beautiful woman, a gracious hostess, a charming wife and mother, but the crudities of life mustn't touch her. "No, no!" she is closed up. Mama's eye gleams, very quietly she goes on with her household work. Thus the play.

In another act Miss Smith, the bachelor girl, is discovered in the offices of a realty firm. Lo! it is mama! But mama keen, poised, more beautiful than ever. About her hangs a mystery. Who is Miss Smith? She swings an immense deal. Her commissions amount to a hundred and fifty thousand. The iron man of the firm proposes to her. She confesses that a husband and two children mourn her disappearance. Now that her mission is accomplished, she must go back. With a romantic gesture the iron man bids her farewell. Is this tripe? Very well, it is tripe. But thus the play.

And witness what an excellent talent Margot Tennyson had to make this absurdity seem not impossible. A gesture, a look, pretty intonations, and this dream of a suburban housewifery seemed as natural as a story of Hans Andersen's to a child of seven. What credit is due to her let us not withhold.

She returns, does mama, to the house she fled six months before, where they mourn her as either dead or treacherous. Armed with her bank-book and checks, she overcomes the hearts of the family. She is elevated by them to a position little short of a papacy. Love effulges. A warm glow and radiance bathe all. How lingeringly the curtain will come down on the pleasant romantic scene! How graceful that last touch when mama gives a slight business opinion and it is listened to with the reverence due an infallible edict! How—oh, well! Thus the play.

By training, by memory, by technique of work her first act went splendidly. Here and there was a falter, but the kindly audience took it as a little naïveté, an evidence that it was the first night, the microscopic flaw that denotes what is genuine. Past the footlights was the black, delighted mass, the blurred faces of them. For possibly the first time in her career they did not exist for her. Around her was the setting of the home, so compact from out front, so artificial from the stage, with its sense of canvas and cardboard and wings, the unconcealed lights, the sense that back of it all were drafty corridors, bare bricks, the ugliness of piping.

The drawing-room in the Randalls' home. Home! Drawing-room! Why, a home was not a house. A house was something that enclosed a home. All the pictures, all the furnishings, the lights, the ticking clocks—the home was not there because of them: they were there because of the home. All her elaborate suite at the newest, greatest hotel, that was not a home. The old drawing-room in her former husband's house—— The worry of the Friesian clock that wouldn't go, the picking of a riding-crop from the piano, the rousting of a setter-dog from a chair—these had seemed annoyances, but she knew better now. In her rooms at the Admiral nothing was ever wrong, so she knew nothing.

A pang came to her. The quiet candle-light, the open fire. The new books unopened, the well-thumbed "Breaking and Training of Horses," the novels of Anthony Trollope, the ribbons that dogs and horses and cattle had won, and booked rugs, and the chairs with quaint lines, and the polished brasses, and the immense peace.

It was there she should be to-night, with Angela gone, among the warm, friendly things, private, instead of among the garish properties of a new play, in front of an audience, where she could not cry if she wanted to—she could not cry——

And a mad thought came to her: To-night I shall drive out there and go to that house, and wake Vaughan up and cry, and he will stir the fire to a blaze, and hold my hands, not with stage mummery, but with with the deep thing. And the dogs will wag their tails, and maybe the clock has been fixed. To-night she would go!

BUT she knew she would not go. The calm woman was there, the negligible woman, to whom she had so lightly given the one man she had loved. Negligible! What a fool! What a fool!

No! She would just go back to her hotel, where a calm, dignified maid awaited her, where if she rang they would bring her ice-water, where if she broke down they would send for the house physician, with his urbane manners, his ready sedative, his twenty-five-dollar fee.

She managed to finish the act, to make her exit, before the hands clenched, the tears burst. She stood uncertain.

"Won't you take your call, Miss Tennyson?"

"No! No, no!"

"Are you ill? Is anything wrong? Must you stop?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

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N562—Children's Sleeper. Cozy warmth in this well made garment of soft flannelette. Drop seat, with or without feet. Also made in white. Ages, 1 to 10.

P3888—Ladies' Pajama. Made in several lovely shades, this is a favorite with the on-ed, the bachelor girl and the young matron with youthful spirits.

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Prepare for a delightful surprise when you see these new Brighton-Carlsbad sleeping garments on display at the better stores.

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Brighton-Carlsbad is generously sized for real comfort. Each garment is roomy where roominess is needed—through bust, hips, knees and armholes. It's economical, too, because it is so well made that it lasts longer.

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If you would enjoy this pretty, serviceable and economical nightwear be sure to ask your dealer for it *by name*—BRIGHTON-CARLSBAD. If he hasn't it, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

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Ladies' Pajamas; Pajunettes	*2.00 to 3.00*	*Boys' Nightshirts*	*1.00 to 1.50*
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N3270—Ladies' Gown. Checks are used in vogue now. Also they are in a handsome gown. Similar styles for others.

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N581—Infant's Gown. This style with dainty ribbon sleeves and dropping bottom will keep the youngsters covered and warm.

P1842—Men's Pajama. Although the comfort and full sizedness of these will find them built right into this and other Brighton-Carlsbad garments. Boys' sizes, too.

P4936—Ladies' Pajunette. The new delicate pastel shades of this one-piece suit make it unusually appealing. Also misses' styles.

P3891—Ladies' Pajama. College girls and others who like youthful styles will be delighted with this smart-looking Middy Pajama.

N176—Children's Sleeper. The kiddies themselves will enjoy wearing this little sleeper with its novel kindergarten pattern. Ages, 1 to 7.

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Send for Free "Nightie Book"

Our new sleep book is full of interesting facts and ideas on healthful, refreshing sleep. Also tells about our many different styles, in all weights, for men, women and children and how to get them. Yours for the asking—write for it!

In our women's nightgowns you buy the size that corresponds with bust measure—34, 36, 38, etc. Gowns full size through sleeves, armholes and bust.

On Pajamas and One-Piece Pajunettes, a button-and-loop at ankle holds garment legs snug-ly down. No chance for trousers to work up. Affords extra warmth.

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

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Famous Stage Beauty, MARJORIE RAMBEAU, Pays Debt of Gratitude to MINERALAVA

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

That pretty, golden-haired Marjorie Rambeau, "walks in beauty" as the poet phrases it, is due to the marvelous merits of MINERALAVA of whose active and positive virtues she says:

"I know that it has brought back my natural complexion in spite of the constant use of stage cosmetics."

In this, Miss Rambeau, the popular star of the clever comedy "The Goldfish" only echoes the chorus of praise for MINERALAVA from thousands of satisfied users throughout the United States, among whom are such prominent beauties of the stage and screen as Irene Bordoni, Billie Burke, Mary Nash, Zitelka Dolores, Julia Sanderson, Irene Franklin and a host of others.

By HECTOR FULLER

Mineralava is not a cosmetic—it is a corrective!

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It is a natural clay, the wonderful corrective properties of which were discovered over twenty years ago by Mrs. M. G. Scott, the world-renowned Beauty Specialist. Tested and tried in the chemical laboratories of Europe and America, skilled pharmacists added to it certain minerals of healing and restorative power until to-day it is the one perfect product for the toilet and beauty-use of the women of the world.

Physicians who have made a specialty of studying the important functions of the human skin are agreed that there are two distinct layers, the outer skin called the Epidermis; the inner skin, which is renewing itself daily by re-birth, called the Dermis.

WHAT SKIN MALNUTRITION IS

Each day in a healthy skin, the outer surface flakes and falls away, making way for the appearance of the under or baby skin—the clear, beautifully tinted, smooth and velvety skin of a little child. It is this under skin that needs to be stimulated and nourished so that as, in turn, it becomes the outer, visible skin, it shall be clothed in beauty and freedom from blemish.

The condition of the skin that permits wrinkles, crow's feet, blackheads, coarse pores and the like, is known as Skin-Malnutrition. In other words such skin is ill-nourished and impoverished, and unable to throw off by natural means the evils that attack it.

Mineralava is the sole remedy which removes these conditions and prevents their recurrence. It not only corrects the blemishes you can see, but it also works constantly on the under skin, nourishing it to a ripe and lovely texture so that it is ready, as the old skin flakes away, to take its place—newborn and beautiful.

It was an enthusiastic woman, amazed at the lasting and continued beautifying properties of this great Nature-remedy who said:

"A MINERALAVA SKIN NEVER AGES"

and it is true—a trial will convince any reader of this magazine.

WITHIN REACH OF ALL

For a long time after the perfection of MINERALAVA its use was limited to the exclusive and expensive beauty parlors. Here, seekers after beauty gladly paid $5, $10 and even $15 for a single treatment. To-day it is within the reach of every woman.

Distributed by M. Vivaudou, the noted Parisian beauty specialist, the inventor of "Mavis" and "Mai d'Or" and other de luxe toilet requisites, he declares that no other skin corrective within his wide scientific knowledge possesses the potent virtues of MINERALAVA. In spite of its original high cost, MINERALAVA to-day is at the service of women at $2.00 a bottle. Each bottle contains enough MINERALAVA for eighteen treatments or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment.

THE EASY WAY TO BEAUTY

The MINERALAVA way to beauty is simplicity itself. It is ideal for home treatment. With each bottle comes a soft brush, and with this the MINERALAVA is spread gently over the face. It dries in about ten minutes and forms a dainty, fragrant mask. You can feel the medicinal properties of MINERALAVA as it penetrates the pores, reaching down to the tender baby-skin, stimulating the tiny muscles, strengthening the nerves, smoothing out the incipient wrinkles; removing the impurities. Beneath the mask you feel the glow of a new life for the skin. The MINERALAVA is washed away with clear, cold water and then your mirror will reflect a face the skin of which is already beginning to be as fresh and clear and sensitive to every impression as the face of beautiful youth.

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In order that every woman may have an opportunity of testing for herself the indisputable merits of MINERALAVA the manufacturers have placed on the market a Trial Tube at a cost of only 50 cents. Use this trial treatment as directed and we are certain that no woman in search of woman's crowning glory, beauty, will fail to get the full eighteen treatments in the $2.00 bottle and make for MINERALAVA a permanent and honored place on her dressing table.

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We do not do a mail order business. *Your* dealer, Drug or Department Store sells MINERALAVA. You can get the Trial Tube for 50 cents which contains enough to make you wish for more when once you have noted its wonderful effects. If you cannot secure the Trial Tube of MINERALAVA from your dealer fill out the coupon below and we will see that it reaches you at once, and your dealer will thereafter be prepared to fill your orders.

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AMBITION ALLEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

"No, there is nothing wrong. I am not ill. Just let me by!"

"But——"

"Let me by, I say! Let me by!"

SHE wished, in the second act, she could tell the truth of this business of a woman's work. It had never occurred to her before that the gulf between life and the fiction of the stage could be so wide, so unspannably wide. Just by charm and subtlety this heroine succeeded. Well, women did succeed. She had succeeded. And by subtlety and charm, too. Charm and beauty, it seemed so easy, and yet underneath— How cunningly one must work to project it, not too much, not too little, establishing a human ratio delicate as a juggler's trick! And the black moments when she was panicked. A new line around the mouth, a harder expression. And the worry—the inevitable worry, that only made things worse. Only by pleasing did one succeed, and pleasing was the hardest thing in the world. Never the luxury of a let-down.

And subtlety! Men were easy to men, but hard on women. They expected so much. You must always be calm and pleasant and beautiful. That was your admission-fee into the worker's ranks—unless you had a specialty, were cleverer than your man competitor, or cheaper to hire.

Men were hard on women, but women were harder. On the stage, at any rate. So ghoulish. Back-stage was a young woman ready to step into her shoes, to whom a calamity of Margot's would be a godsend. She would give her her chance. And if she got her chance might she not hold Margot's public? And then character parts, maybe, and then inquired so much study, so much ability. One slipped so easily, and the fall—so terrifying, so swift. It was harder to stay at the top than to get there. And none to get strength from —no love—

This absurd travesty, this scene with the iron man! What an absurdity! What a lie! Love! Why should she know about it to-night, when there was none anywhere, nor hope of any? These pretty gestures, this grace. Why, this was no more to love than a conventional ballet is to the deep, deafening rhythm of life. A compliment, a grace, that was not love, nor was even passion love. It must be changed by a mystic metabolism into something indinate and necessary as air. Oh, the foolishness, the schoolgirl concepts of it all! Love comes like a wild bird, they said. No, it comes like the steady, inevitable march of Spring. It is a hothouse plant, the superficial claimed. Ah, no, it was sturdy as an oak! And it grew so slowly, so carefully. And conflict did not kill it, if it were there. Conflict strengthened it. "Nor could floods drown it. And if a man should give all the substance of his house for love—" and he wasn't just a mad poet after all; he was so wise—so wise—"it would utterly be contemned."

But she must get on with the part.

"I shall always remember—" the iron man was saying.

"You mustn't—mustn't remember. You must—forget."

"You can take your presence from me. You can take—hope. But one thing you can not take: memory."

And women in the audience were crying. And even big men's eyes were dim. She felt like laughing, and then anger swept her, and she wanted to turn to the audience and rave at them.

"Fools! fools! Don't you know any better than this? Has life taught you no more? Don't you know what love is, you who live together in homes? This is only a slight, slight shadow—a mummer's fancy. Beware! Beware!"

AND now she had returned to the stage home, the successful woman, returned to the amazed family, the husband with welcoming arms, the adoring children. Without, among the audience, eyes glistened at the artistic triumph, the fairy-tale of a Manhattan madder in their imagination than in even fact.

The cunning suspense—the meretricious tricks of the theater, all went over, as the phrase is, big.

"It was only for you, dear heart, only for you and our children."

"And we had thought you just a little housewife—just a pretty woman—Adèle! Can you forgive us?"

A little pause, a little falter. The front rows first noticed, then the whole orchestra, then the edge of the balcony. Then a strange mass-telepathy warned them—all was not going to end as conventionally as it should. Drama lurked somewhere— There were tears on the star's face, not the tears of happy relaxation, but tears of significance. Do you notice her hands? Look. Do you see her hands?

She knew herself that she was slipping, that she had lost the play. In a minute she would crumple. Well, darn it! she said, darn it! Let it crumple. She would tell the truth.

"It's wrong," she burst out suddenly; "it's all wrong. Everything is nothing. Not all the money is worth it. Not anything is worth it."

Her voice dropped in sobs. "Don't you see? I lose my home. I lose everything. I lose husband—child—I don't know what happens."

The players stood still, shocked. The audience were tense and white in their chairs.

"And the strain, O God! the awful strain! They think you're happy, but the strain——

"Oh, it's wrong! It looks right, but it's wrong——

"I want to be home," she broke out suddenly, "I want to be home. Don't you see, I want to be home—" She teetered; broke out sobbing.

The leading man, with his tradition to save the situation, stepped forward, his arms out: "Adèle! Dear Adèle!"

And the curtain swished.

BACK-STAGE, they looked at each other in horror for a minute. What had happened? What in God's name had happened? And as they stood breathless, there came a miracle. From out front applause roared like thunder. The shaking of the hands was like crackling fire. People were cheering. A moment of stupefaction. And the author and manager were shaking her hand.

"We got to hand it to you, Miss Tennyson. You got 'em coming and going. We got to hand it to you."

"And she pulled it cold."

"To-morrow we get new posters with your name as co-author."

"I should say so. Listen to them. What a success! And you pulled it cold."

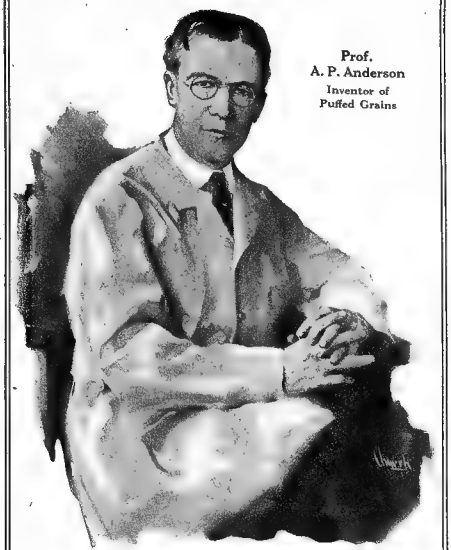
"Take your call, Miss Tennyson."

"What a success!"

She pulled herself together to face the deafening applause. Oh, well, let it go! And the grotesque trick of it. All her artificialities had been taken as emotions, and her first-night nervousness was considered an immense artificiality.

"You're such a success!"

That was all. All—the tears threatened again. All she had. She had her ambition—all she had. She had arrived at the end of the road



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A. P. Anderson
Inventor of
Puffed Grains

More Real Food

More whole grains—more milk

Children are underfed—a large percentage of them. They get enough food, but not the right food.

That is why so many able authorities write articles to mothers on this vital point.

They need more whole grains, need more milk.

The supreme dish for a child

Whole wheat is practically a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements, including essential minerals.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way.

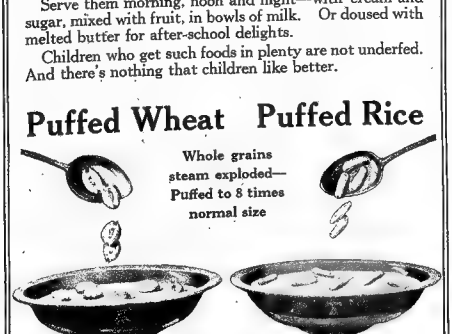
These grains are tidbits—flavory, flaky bubble grains. Children revel in them. They make whole grains wholly digestible.

They make the milk dish tempting to a child.

Serve them morning, noon and night—with cream and sugar, mixed with fruit, in bowls of milk. Or doused with melted butter for after-school delights.

Children who get such foods in plenty are not underfed. And there's nothing that children like better.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice



Whole grains
steam exploded—
Puffed to 8 times
normal size

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

THE OCTAVE OF JEALOUSY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

"A nightcap, Queenie?" he wheezed through the creaking machinery of his respiratory organs.

Mrs. Mounthead smiled brightly. "I think I will to-night, Jim."

He went to a cabinet and poured out two mixed drinks. He handed his wife one, and, raising the other to his lips, said:

"Well, here's to the boy!"

"Here's to James the Second!" she replied, and drank deeply. Her eyes sparkled. Mrs. Mounthead was excited. The bangles clattered against the glass as she set it down.

"Come and give me a kiss, old dear," she said, leaning back.

Without making any great show of enthusiasm, James did as he was bidden. He too was a little excited, but his excitement was less amorous than commercial. He had paid nearly twelve hundred pounds less for Bolder's farm than he had expected to have to. The news of his purchase was all over the neighborhood. It had impressed every one. People looked at him differently. He was becoming a big man, *the* big man in those parts. He could buy another farm to-morrow, and it wouldn't break him. And the boy—the boy was a good boy; he would do well too.

A little drink easily affected Mrs. Mounthead. She became garrulous.

"I had a good time at the Welfare, tho some of the old cats didn't like me, I know. Ha, ha, ha! What do I care? We could buy the whole lot up if we wanted to, except perhaps the Wonnicotts. Mine was the only frock worth a hiter's circus. My! You should have seen old Mrs. Mead! Looked like a washerwoman on a Sunday. The Vicar was ever so nice. He called me madame, and said he 'oped I often came. I gave a fiver to the fund. Ha, ha, ha! I didn't tell 'em that I made it backing 'Ringcross' for the Nunhead Stakes yesterday! They'd have died!"

DURING this verbal explosion James Mounthead thoughtfully regarded his glass. And he thought to himself: "Um. It's a pity Queenie gives herself away sometimes." He didn't want particularly to hear about the Welfare. He wanted to talk about "James the Second" and the plans for the future. He wanted to indulge in the luxury of talking about their success, but he didn't want to boast about wealth in quite that way.

He had queer ambitions not unconnected with the land he lived on. He had not always been in the licensing trade. His father had been a small landed proprietor and a stock-breeder; a man of stern, unrelenting principles. From his father he, James Mounthead, had inherited a kind of reverence for the ordered development of land and cattle, an innate respect for sanctity of tradition, caste, property, and fair dealing.

His wife had always been in the licensing trade. She was the daughter of a publican at Pondhurst. As a girl she had served in the bar. All her relations were licensing people. When she had a little to drink she was apt to display her worst side, to give herself away. James sighed.

"Did Mrs. Wonnicott say anything about her husband?" he asked to change the subject.

"You bet she did. Tried to put it across us—when I told her about us buying Bolder's farm—said her old man had thought of bidding for it, but he knew it was poor in root-crops and the soil was no good for corn, and that Stone had neglected the place too long. The old cat! I said, 'Yes, and p'raps it wouldn't be convenient to pay for it just now, after 'aving bought a lawn-mower!' Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Oh, my!"

"I shouldn't have said that," mumbled Mr. Mounthead, who knew, however, that anything was better than one of Queenie's violent recitals to quarrelsomeness. "Come on, let's go and turn in, old girl."

An hour later James Mounthead was tossing restlessly between the sheets, Queenie's reference to the Wonnicotts had upset him. He could read between what she had said sufficiently to envisage a scene, which he himself deplored. Queenie, of course, had given herself away again to Mrs. Wonnicott. He knew that both the Wonnicotts despised her and, through her, him. He had probably as much money as Lewis Wonnicott, if not more. He certainly had a more fluid and accumulative way of making it, but there the matter stopped.

Wonnicott was a gentleman, his wife a lady. He, James, might have been as much a gentleman as Wonnicott if—circumstances had been different. Queenie could never be a lady in the sense that Mrs. Wonnicott was a lady. Wonnicott led the kind of life he would like to live—a gentleman farmer, with hunters, a little house-property, and some sound vested interests; a man with a great knowledge of land, horses, finance, and politics.

He loved Queenie in a queer, enduring kind of way. She had been loyal to him, and she satisfied most of his needs. She loved him, but he knew that he could never attain the goal of his vague ambitions with her clinging to his heels. He thought of Lewis Wonnicott sleeping in his white-paneled bedroom with chintz curtains and old furniture and his wife in the adjoining

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

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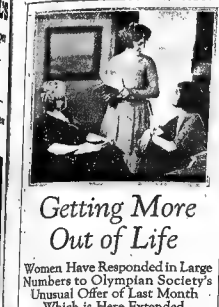

Getting More Out of Life

Women Have Responded in Large Numbers to Olympian Society's Unusual Offer of Last Month Which is Here Extended

BENEFITS of Olympian are no longer confined to members—for the time, at least! Through this practical, workable, likable plan you may become the woman you were meant to be. And there will be no regular dues, not even cost or obligation to trying the whole, splendid plan! Olympian does not mean hard study or tedious theory, but a plan of action which anyone can take hold of, and use. It employs simple, but scientific principles that are interesting, readily understood and applied. A week with this plan will prove a revelation.

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Quickened energies, new physical powers, new mental capacities. Petty ailments vanish in thin air. And now, these far-reaching aids are placed at the disposal of women generally!

Personal magnetism, "charm" are not won through hurried reading of their definition, nor set rules of conduct. Here, at last is a constructive course in self-betterment through which you can really get results. Processes of discovering and developing characteristic—making others like you—winning others to your personality and purposes. Your progress in this fascinating division will astonish you from the very start.

Thinking women are weary of this-and-that "beautifier" for which magical properties are claimed. But by how they will welcome the direct resultful things Olympian specialists tell them! You are given unfailing ways to develop correct bodily proportions, contour, carriage; secrets of skin and complexion that do remarkable things; the truly effective methods of removing lines of face and neck; three scientific hair-health facts which bring hair to abundant thickness, length and lustre—in five months. You learn how 30 and 40 lbs. of excess weight are overcome in sixty days—without starving.

Married life is made vastly more enjoyable through Olympian. Girls of eighteen are given instruction and information equipping them for life.

IN all, twenty-seven specialists are back of Olympian; most of them have devoted a life's work to the movement. Heretofore, benefits of this remarkable society have been confined to those invited to join. But any American woman may obtain full Olympian course and service (including all the material and text) without obligation of regular membership and dues. Just a small fee, should the free trial lead you enthusiastically to continue.

Should you decide to enroll, you will further receive—without a penny of added cost—six months in applied psychology. It is a thoroughly practical instruction, omitting all but the easily applied principles in development of character and mentality; successful contacts with others; analysis through observation; interpreting color, habit and memory.

SEND no money. Make the simple request for complete material and text. Use everything ten days—and note the results. There is no obligation to go a step further. If it all proves worth a hundred times the small fee asked, continue your use of everything; the society will monthly supplement the material, and serve you individually without limit.

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THE OCTAVE OF JEALOUSY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

room, where the bay window looked out onto the downs, and the heart of James became bitter with envy.

"I DON'T think I shall attend those Welfare meetings any more," remarked Mrs. Lewis Wonnicott with a slight drawl. She gathered up her letters from the breakfast-table and walked to the window. In the garden below, Leach, the gardener, was experimenting with a new mower on the well-clipped lawns. The ramblers on the pergola were at their best. Her husband, in a broad-check suit and a white stock, looked up from the *Times* and said: "Oh, how is that, my dear?"

"They are getting such awful people in. That dreadful woman, the wife of Mountshead, the publican, has joined."

"Old Mounthead's all right—not a bad sort. He knows a gelding from a spavined dray-horse."

"That may be, but his wife is the limit. I happened to say something about the new mower, and she was simply rude. An awful vulgar person; wears spangles and boasts about the money her husband makes out of selling whisky."

"By gad! I bet he does too. I wouldn't mind having a bit in his pub. Do you see Canadian Pacifics are still stagnant?"

"Lewis, I sometimes wish you wouldn't be so material. You think about nothing but money."

"Oh, come, my dear, I'm interested in a crowd of other things—things which I don't make money out of too."

"For instance?"

"The land, the people who work on it, horses, cattle, game, the best way to do things for everybody. Beardes ain't I interested in the children? The two girls' careers at Bedales? Young Ralph at Rugby and going up to Cambridge next year?"

"You know they're there, but how much interest you take I couldn't say."

"What is it you want me to do, my dear?"

"I think you might bestir yourself to get amongst better people. The girls will be leaving school soon and coming home. We know no one, no one at all in the neighborhood."

"No one at all! Jiminy! Why, we know every one!"

"You spend your time among horse-breeders and dealers and people like Mounthead, and occasionally call on the Vicar, but who is there any one of any importance that we know?"

"Gracious! what do you want? Do you want me to go and call at Crawshay Park, and ask Sir Septimus and Lady Letter to come and make up a four at bridge?"

"Don't be absurd. You know quite well that the Letters are entirely inaccessible. He's not only an M. P. and owner of half the newspapers in the country, but a millionaire. They have house-parties of Ministers and Dukes and even Royalty. They can afford to ignore even the county people themselves. Here are others. We don't even know the county."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well, the Burnabys. You met St. John Burnaby at the Constitutional Club two or three times and yet you have never attempted to follow it up. They're very nice people and neighbors. And they have three boys, all in the twenties, and the girl Sheila—she just a year younger than Ralph."

"My word! Who's being material now?" "It isn't material; it's just thinking of the children."

"Women are wonderful," muttered Lewis Wonnicott into his white stock, without raising his head. Mrs. Wonnicott swept to the door. Her thin lips were drawn in a firm, straight line. Her refined, hard, little face appeared pinched and petulant. With her hand on the door-handle she said over: "If you can spare half an hour from your grooms and pigs, I think you might at least do this to please me—call on Mrs. Burnaby to-day."

AND she went out of the room, shutting the door crisply.

"Oh, jiminy—piminy!" muttered Mr. Wonnicott. "Jiminy—piminy!" He stood up and shook himself. Then with feline intentness he walked quickly to the French window, and, opening it, walked down the steps into the garden. All the way to the sunken rose-garden he kept repeating "Jiminy—piminy!"

Once among the rose-bushes, he lighted his pipe. (His wife objected to smoking in the house.)

He blew clouds of tobacco-smoke amongst imaginary green-flies. Occasionally he would glance furtively out at the view across the downs. Half buried amongst the elms near Bartell Old Church he could just see the five red gables of the Burnabys' capacious mansion.

"I can't do it," he thought. "I can't do it, and I shall have to do it."

It was perfectly true he had been introduced to St. John Burnaby and had spoken to him once or twice. It was also true that Burnaby had never given any evidence of wishing to follow up the acquaintanceship. Bit of a swell, Burnaby, connected with all sorts of people, member of half a dozen clubs, didn't race, but went in for golf and had a shooting-box in Scotland.

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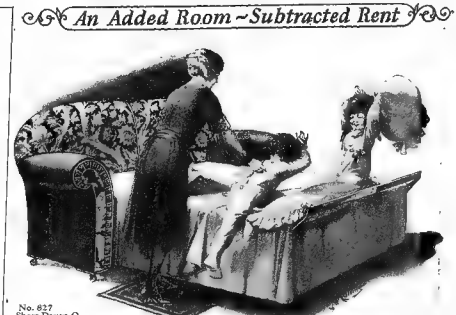
An Added Room ~ Subtracted Rent



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Daytime Luxury Plus Nighttime Comfort

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It is as much a *real* bed as it is a *real* davenport. You do not sleep on the upholstery, but on a patented, sagless, folding metal bed frame and springs. One simple motion converts it from a davenport to a full size, 72 x 50-inch bed. By day the thick, removable mattress and bedding are concealed within the davenport. Nothing indicates that the Daven-O is also a bed.

This convenient and luxurious bed-davenport takes the place of an additional bedroom and subtracts from the family budget the rental which that room would cost.

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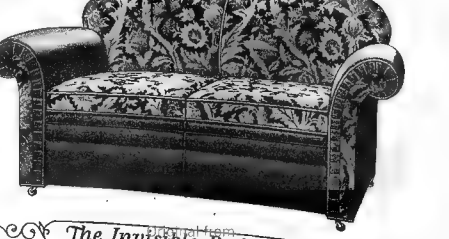

The Invisible Bed Room

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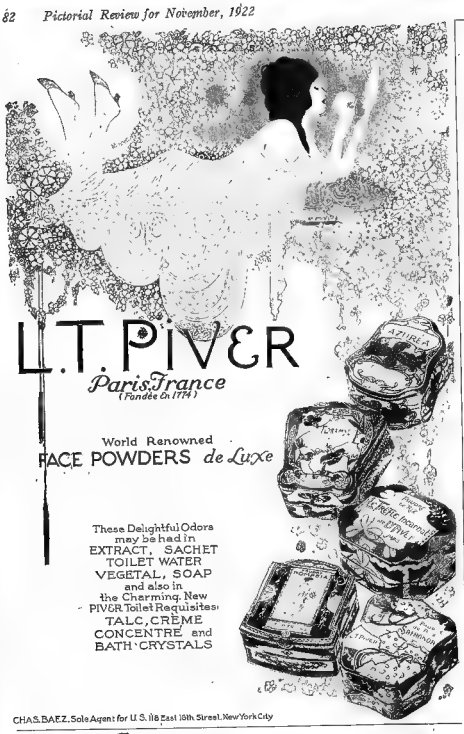

THE OCTAVE OF JEALOUSY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Some said he had political ambitions, and meant to try for Parliament at the next election. He didn't racket round in a check suit or a white stock and mix with grooms and farm-hands; he kept up the flair of the gentleman, the big man, even in the country. He had two cars and three acres of conservatory and peacocks and a son in the diplomatic service and a daughter married to a bishop. His wife, too, came of a poor but aristocratic family. Over at "The Five Gables" they kept nine gardeners and twenty-odd servants. Everything was done tip-top.

Lewis Wonnicott turned and regarded his one old man gardener trying the new mower which Mrs. Mountshead had been so rude about to Dorothy! Poor Dorothy! She was touchy; that's what it was. Of course she *did* think of the children—so getting away from it. She was ambitious more for them than for herself or himself. He had given up being ambitious for himself. He knew that she looked upon him as a slacker, a kind of cabbage. Well, perhaps he had been. He hadn't accomplished all he ought to. He had loved the land, the feel of horse-flesh, the smell of wet earth when the morning dews were on it. He had been a failure—a failure. He was not up to county people. He was unworthy of his dear wife's ambitions. Jiminy—pliminy! it would be a squeeze to send Ralph up to Cambridge next year!

He looked across the valley at the five red gables among the elms, and sighed.

"Lucky devil" he murmured. "Darn it all! I suppose I must go."

"YOU don't seem to realize the importance of it," said Gwendolin St. John Burnaby as her husband leaned forward on his seat on the terrace and tickled the ear of Jinks, the Airedale.

"A career in the diplomatic service without influence is about as likely to be a success as a—as a performance on a violin behind a sound-proof curtain. There's Lal, wasting his—his talents and genius at that wretched little embassy at Oporto, and all you've got to do is to drive three miles to Crawsley Park and put the matter before Sir Septimus."

"These things always seem so simple to women," answered St. John, a little peevishly.

"Well, isn't it true? Do you deny that he has the power?"

"Of course he has power, my dear, but you may not realize the kind of life a man like that lives. Every minute of the day is filled up, all kinds of important things crowding each other out. He always has been friendly enough to me, and yet every time I meet him I have an idea he has forgotten who I am. He deals in movements in which men are only pawns. If I told him about Lal he would say yes; he would do what he could—make a note of it and forget about it directly I turned my back."

Mrs. St. John Burnaby stamped her elegant Louis heels.

"Is nothing ever worth trying?"

"Don't be foolish, Gwen; haven't I tried? Haven't I ambition?"

"For yourself, yes. I am thinking of Lal."

"Women always think of their sons before their husbands. He knows I've backed his party for all I'm worth. He knows I'm standing for the constituency next time. When I get elected will be the moment. I shall then have a' tiny atom of power. For a man without even a vote in Parliament, do you think Letter is going to waste his time?"

"Obstinate!" muttered Mrs. Burnaby with metallic clearness. The little lines round the eyes and mouth of a face that had once been beautiful became accented in the clear sunlight. The constant stress of ambitious desires had quickened her vitality, but in the process had aged her body before its time. She knew that her husband was ambitious, too, but there was always just that little something he lacked in the great moments, just that little special effort that might have landed him among the gods—or in the House of Lords.

He had been successful enough in a way. He had made money—a hundred thousand or so in brokerage and dealing indirectly in various manufactured commodities; but he had not even attained a knighthood or a seat in Parliament. H's heavy, dark face betokened power and courage, but not vision. He was content as she had said—obstinate. In minnow circles he might appear a triton, but living within the same county as Sir Septimus Letter—Ahh! And so she pinned her faith upon her son.

About to leave him, her movement was arrested by the approach of a butler followed by a gentleman in a check suit and a white stock, looking self-conscious.

Mrs. St. John Burnaby raised her lorgnette. "One of these local people," she reflected. On being announced the gentleman in the check suit exclaimed rapidly:

"Excuse the liberty I take—neighbors, don't you know? Remember me in the Constitutional, Mr. Burnaby? Thought I would drop in and pay my respects."

St. John Burnaby nodded. "Oh, yes, yes, quite. I remember—Mr—er—er—Mr.——"

"Wonnicott."

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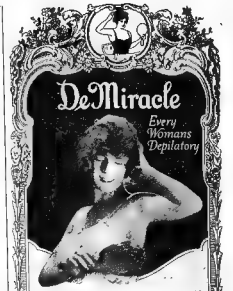

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I dance with her, I feel like apologizing for her clothes."

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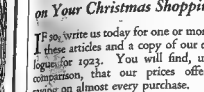

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8488—Shrine Button, with platinum front and 14 kt gold back

15943 — 14 kt green gold Dinner ring, engraved and deep 1 sapphire, safety bezel . . $12.00 each

2436 — Platinum front Camiseole Pin, 1 diamond . . . Each $5.00

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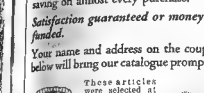

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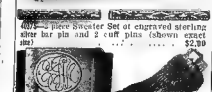

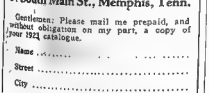

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THE OCTAVE OF JEALOUSY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"Oh; yes, of course. How do you do? My wife—Mr. Wonnicott."

The wife and the Wonnicott bowed to each other, and there was an uncomfortable pause. At last Mr. Wonnicott managed to say:

"We five over at Wimpstone, just across the valley— My wife—the girls are at school, boy's up at Rugby."

"Oh, yes—really? This was Mrs. Wonnicott, who was thinking to herself: "The man looks like a dog-fancier."

"Very good school," said St. John Burnaby. "Got to-day, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's exceedingly warm."

"Do you golf?"

"No, I don't golf. I ride a bit."

"You must excuse me," said Mrs. St. John Burnaby. "I have to get a trunk-call to London."

She fluttered away across the terrace, and into the house.

Mr. Wonnicott chatted away for several minutes, but St. John Burnaby was preoccupied and monosyllabic. The visitor was relieved to accept his hat at last and make his escape. Walking down the drive, he thought:

"It's no good. He dislikes me."

As a matter of fact St. John Burnaby was not thinking about him at all. He was thinking of Sir Septimus Letter, the big man, the power he would have liked to have been. He ground his teeth and clenched his fists.

"Darn it!" he muttered. "I will not appeal for young Lal. Let him fight his own battles."

ON a certain day that Summer when the sun was at its highest in the heavens, Sir Septimus Letter stood by the bureau in his cool library and conversed with his private secretary.

Sir Septimus was wearing what appeared to be a ready-made navy serge suit and a low collar. His hands were thrust into his trousers pockets. The sallow face was heavily marked; the strangely restless eyes peered out from under dark brows which almost met in one continuous line. The chin was finely modeled, but not too strong. It was not indeed what is usually known as a strong face. It had power, but of the kind which has been mellowed by the friction of every human experience. It had alert intelligence, a penetrating absorption; above all things it indicated—vision. The speech and the movements were incisive; the short, wiry body a compact tissue of nervous energy. He listened with the watchful intensity of a dog at a rabbit-hole. Through the door at the end of the room could be heard the distant click of many typewriters.

The secretary was saying:

"The third reading of the Nationalization of Paper Industries Bill comes on at five-thirty, sir. Boucham will be up, and I do not think you will be called till seven. You will, of course, however, wish to hear what he has to say."

"I know what he'll say. You can cut that out, Roberts. Get Sir Libby to give me a précis at six-forty-five."

"Very good, sir. Then there will be time after the Associated Press Service Board at four to see the Minister with regard to this question of packing meetings in East Ealing. Lord Lampreys said he would be pleased if I could make an appointment. He has some information."

"Right. What line are Jennins and Castwell taking over this?"

"They're trying to side-track the issue. They have every unassociated newspaper on the North against you."

"H'm. H'm. Well, we've fought them before."

"Yes, sir. The pressure is going to be greater this time, but every one has confidence you will get them down."

The little man's eyes sparkled. "Roberts, get through on the private wire to—Lambe, no, get through to all of them, and make it quite clear. This is not to be a party question. They're to work the unclons rectitude stuff, you know—liberty of the subject and so on."

"Very good, sir. The car comes at one-fifteen. You are lunching with Cranmer at Shore Towers. The Canadian paper interests will be strongly represented there. I will be at Whitehall Court at three with the dispatches. It would be advisable, if possible, to get Loeb of the Finance Committee—oh, by the way, sir, I had to advise you from Loeb. They have received a cabled report of the expert's opinion from Labrador. There are two distinct seams of coal on that land you bought in '07. A syndicate from Buffalo have made an offer. They offer a million and a quarter dollars down."

"What did we pay?"

"One hundred and twenty thousand."

"Don't sell."

"Very good, sir."

"Have you seen my wife lately?"

"I have not seen Lady Letter for some days, sir. I believe she is at Harrogate."

The little man sighed, and drew out a cigaret-case, opened it, and offered one to Roberts, who accepted it with an elegant gesture. Then he snapped it to, and replaced it in his pocket.

"Darn it, Roberts! Reeves says I mustn't smoke."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.

Without Cultural Leadership

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. We think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste. The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and other higher things. And it must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once given the chance. And we shall make the price so inviting that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

All Great Things Are Simple

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture, like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books:

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Schopenhauer's Essays. For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

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Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. This old Roman emperor was a paragon of wisdom and virtue. He will help you.

The Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unsolvable, haphazard struggle?

Dialogues of Plato. This volume takes you into Plato's immortal circle.

Foundations of Religion. Prof. Cook asks and answers the question: Where and how did religious ideas originate?

Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer presents a well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

The Idea of God in Nature. John Stuart Mill. Have ideas of God many come naturally from observation of nature is explained in this volume.

Life and Character. Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation are explained in this volume.

Thoughts of Pascal. Pascal thought a great deal about God and the Universe, and the origin and purpose of life.

The Olympian Gods. Tichenor. A study of ancient mythology.

The Stoic Philosophy. Prof. Gilbert Murray. He tells what this belief consisted of, how it was discovered, and what we can to-day learn from it.

God: Known and Unknown. Samuel Butler. A really important work.

Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For. A carefully planned study.

Sun Worship and Later Beliefs. Tichenor. A most important study for those who wish to understand ancient religions.

Primitive Beliefs. Tichenor. You get a clear idea from this account of the beliefs of primitive man.

Three Lectures on Evolution. Ernst Haeckel. Ideas expressed so you can understand them.

From Monkey to Man. A comprehensive review of the Darwinian theory.

Survival of the Fittest. Another phase of Darwinian theory.

Evolution vs. Religion. You should read this discussion.

Reflections on Modern Science. Prof. Huxley's reflections definitely add to your knowledge.

Biology and Spiritual Philosophy. An interesting and instructive work.

Bacon's Essays. These essays contain much sound wisdom that still holds.

Emerson's Essays. Emerson was a friend of Carlyle, and in some respects a greater philosopher.

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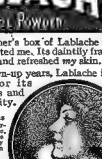

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THE OCTAVE OF JEALOUSY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

"Oh, dear!—only a temporary disability, I trust, sir."

"Everything is temporary, Roberts."

With his hands still in his pockets he walked abstractedly out of the room. A little ormolu clock in the outer corridor indicated twenty minutes to one. The car was due at one-fifteen. Thirty-five minutes. Oh, to, escape for only that brief period! Through the glass doors he could see his sister talking to two men in golfing clothes, some of the house-party. The house-party was a perpetual condition at Crawshay.

He turned sharply to the right, and went through a corridor leading out to the rear of the garage. He hurried along and escaped to a path between two tomato-houses. In a few moments he was lost to sight. He passed through a shrubbery and came to a clearing. Without slackening his pace he walked across it and got amongst some trees. The trees of Crawshay Park—his trees. He looked up at the towering oaks and elms. Were they his trees—because he had bought them? They were there years before he was born. They would be there years after his death. He was only passing through them—a fugitive.

"Everything is temporary, Roberts—Yes, even life itself." Jennins and Castwell! Of course they wanted to get him down! Were they the only ones? Does one struggle to the top without hurting others to get there? Does one get to the top without making enemies? Does one get to the top without suffering and bitterness and remorse?

THE park sloped down to a low stone wall, with an opening where one could obtain a glorious view across the Weald of Sussex. The white ribbon of a road stretched away into infinity. As he stood there he saw a dark, swarthy figure clamber down a bank and stand hesitating in the middle of the road. He was a tramp with a stubbly red beard nearly concealing his face and a filthy black-green suit. In his hand he carried a red handkerchief containing his worldly belongings—a door-knob, a portion of a foot-rule, a tin mug stolen from a workhouse, some date-stones, an onion, the shutter of a camera, and two empty matchboxes.

Sir Septimus did not know this fact; he merely regarded the tramp as an abstraction. He observed him hesitate, exchange a word with a field-laborer, look up at the sky, hunch his shoulders, and suddenly set out with long, swinging strides down the white road. Whither? There stirred within the breast of the millionaire a curious wistful longing. Oh, to be free! To be free! To walk across those hills without a care, without a responsibility! The figure, with its easy gait, fascinated him. The dark form became smaller—and smaller, swallowed up in the immensity of nature. With a groan Sir Septimus Letter buried his face in his hands and murmured: "Lucky devil!—lucky devil! O Lord! if I could die—"

PUT HAPPINESS INTO MARRIAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

present in the opening of the majority of marriages. It is right that the illusion should be there; that it should be, and I would not for anything have it altered. But imagine the plight of two people who set out on the enormous adventure of living together handicapped by such an illusion. If the illusion would last forever all would be well forever. But it won't.

The illusion originates from the state of being in love, and the state of being in love—save in the very rarest and most miraculous instances—is not permanent. It is indeed startlingly impermanent. It do not mean that people can not and do not love each other stedfastly for a lifetime. But not one person in a hundred thousand remains "in love" more than a relatively short period. Being in love involves passion, and passion is fleeting, and must be so. Passion cools into affection, often it cools into indifference; and occasionally it is transformed into detestation. These truths are disagreeable; but they are truths, and you will not do away with them by refusing to face them.

WHATEVER happens, the first illusions concerning the angelic character of the spouse are absolutely certain to disappear. Truth will out, and disillusionment will prevail. The day must dawn when the spouse will see the other spouse as he or she is seen by fellow-beings. Happily the process of disillusion is gradual. But it proceeds implacably from stage to stage. And remember that even when the parties are first confronted with their unexpected, or unrealized, difficulties, and when they have a special need of secret support.

They are learning that marriage, after everything has been said that can be said in its favor, is also a bit of a predicament. They are astonished at the number and the acuteness of the new problems which it presents. They are saddened and perhaps discouraged to discover that it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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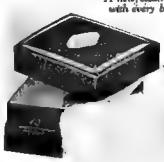

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PUT HAPPINESS INTO MARRIAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

is scarcely more romantic than any other mode of existence, that indeed it can be disconcertingly and obstinately prosaic. They tremble as they admit to themselves that the mere material and moral responsibilities attached to it are terrific. And then, at the very crisis of the hidden confusion of spirit, they are grievously distressed by the slow vanishing of the supreme illusion concerning the partner.

They had desired a perfect partner, or a partner imperfect only in jolly, charming details; a partner different from anybody else; an archangel of a partner. Such a partner was essential to their plans. Had they guessed that the partner was less than unique, they would never have married at all. And lo! The partner is imperfect in more than details: is fundamentally imperfect; is not unique, not different from anybody else—but rather like everybody else; in sum, disappointing.

I do not pretend to have pictured the whole of the psychological drama which passes in the minds of the partners in an average marriage. Far from it. I have confined myself to the darker portions of it. The general tone of the affairs is much lighter and more amiable. The average marriage is not by any means an unrelieved tragedy of disillusion. The worst that can be said of the average marriage is that it is much more disappointing, dull, tedious, prosaic, than it need be. And if I have examined only certain unfavorable factors in it, I have done so because in the study of these factors lie the means of making a better thing of marriage.

OBVIOUSLY the first thing to do is to take measures for making the romantic period of passion endure as long as possible and so arrange that as and when it closes it shall develop into steadfast affection and not change into indifference or detestation.

Now, in nearly all marriages either one party or the other soon begins to impose his will on the other. In a few, no doubt, the balance of power remains even, and a diarchy, which is a dual monarchy, exists; but in exceedingly few. The causes of the uneven division of practical power may be various. It may be due to the control of finance; it may be due to bad temper, which wins by its own unpleasantness; it may be due to health, good or bad; it may be due to other causes obscure and apparently trifling. But in most cases it is due to sheer force of individuality, which triumphs over all disadvantages.

You will see, for example, a wife who is plain and must depend upon her husband for all monetary supplies whatever, yet successfully imposing her will upon his will by simple moral power. As a rule it is the husband who is the stronger, not only in material but in moral power. In any event one of the two individualities will rise superior to the other, and this will happen as surely as water finds its level, and nothing will stop it, and each party will sooner or later accept the achieved fact.

It does not, however, follow that the secondary party likes or even accepts willingly the secondary rôle. The contrary is usually the case. There is a struggle, and the struggle is deleterious to love. In this struggle the superior, if he is wise, will never presume upon the love of the inferior to make short work of what ought to be long work. To do so is unjust; it is to take a mean advantage. And scarcely anything is more destructive of love than the sense of injustice. Naturally the inferior party may be guilty of injustice, may presume upon the love of the superior. But generally speaking the injustice proceeds from the impatience of the stronger partner. He—and in "he" I once more include "she"—will say to himself:

"She (or he) is in love with me and therefore she will give way, she will admit it, and it will be all right. I am sure of her whatever happens."

But will it be all right? It may seem all right, and may really be all right—for a time. Love will withstand all manner of blows, yet every blow weakens. And love forgets willingly and eagerly, in the ordinary significance of the word "forget." Nevertheless, that nothing received by the brain can be totally forgotten, erased, wiped clean off, is a scientific truth, amply proved. And as love subsides, unfavorable impressions of the beloved will all of them infallibly revive, and will react weakeningly upon the already weakened love.

The sense of injustice notoriously rankles. And altho a person in love is capable of the most singular illusions or delusions about the object of his passion, still his reason somehow simultaneously registers a true judgment of the said object and puts it away into a locked drawer; and when the decline of love deprives the illusion or delusion of necessary nourishment, the dangerous drawer is unlocked and its sinister contents examined. All returns into the mind. And the result may be the birth of indifference or detestation instead of calm affection.

All love, including maternal love, has this curious double faculty. In the secrecy of her brain, perhaps almost hidden from her heart, the mother will judge the unjust son as impartially as anybody. She is not genuinely deceived by him. And in regard to the son's interests it does not matter, because maternal love is usually

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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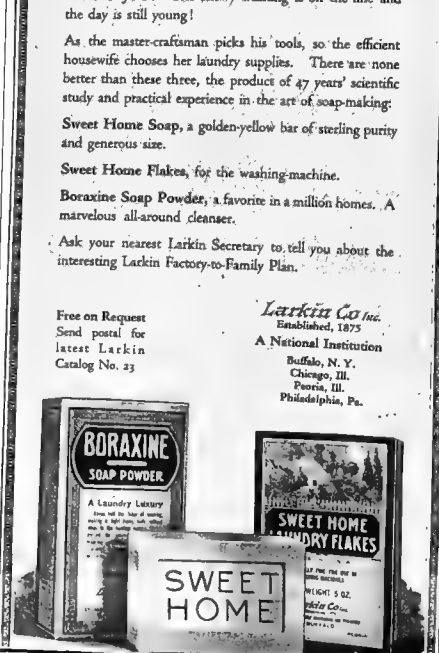

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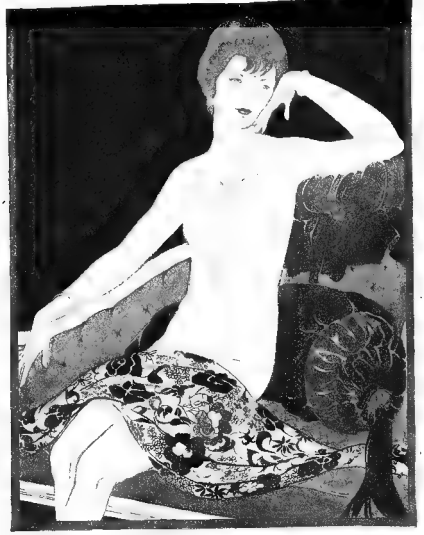

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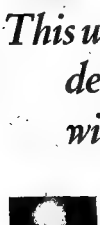

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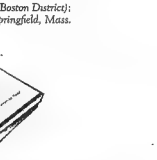

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FOR ALL THE FAMILY

PUT HAPPINESS INTO MARRIAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

pure, unselfish, and quite indestructible. The same can not be said of conjugal love, which is an immensely more sensitive plant. Maternal love can safely be presumed upon. Conjugal love can not safely be presumed upon. The realization of this axiom is one of the roots of successful marriage.

LET us now turn to the special rôle of the husband. The first and chief duty of the husband is to provide for the household the physical means of subsistence upon the scale which the wife is reasonably entitled to expect and which he has led her to expect. And from the start! My view is that nothing exceeds this in importance, and that nothing, in the end, bears a closer relation to the happiness or the unhappiness of the union. Love and bliss rarely survive penury. And when they do so, they do so only on the condition that the wife is an angel who does not mind being victimized, defrauded, deluded—call it what you like. In failing to provide the material basis of existence the husband breaks a very definite contract. The "marriage vow" has a wider significance than that which is attached to it in the matrimonial courts of justice. Nor is it fair for the husband to excuse himself by saying: "I warned her that we should be poor for a long time, and she offered no objection."

A girl will seldom draw back at such a warning, partly because she does not and can not believe wholly in its seriousness, and partly because she is too proud and too loyal and too much in love with love. Ten years of cheese-paring poverty may leave the husband almost unscathed by time, but not the wife. Those ten years should be the best decade of the wife's career, and at the close of them, if they are lean years, she may well resemble a flower culled and then denied of water. She may wear a brave face, but are you sure that in her heart the answer to the question, "Had you known how revolting would you have married all the same?" is not a decided negative?

NOR is it fair for the husband to excuse himself by saying, for instance:

"I have my career to think of. I am a painter, a composer, a barrister, and I know that I have only to wait in order to succeed."

His success would naturally react on the wife to her advantage, but not in more than a small degree. The wife's success and the husband's success are two different things, the connected. The wife may be forced to pay far too high a price for her modest share in her husband's success. The wife, in these cases, is the delayed property, sacrifices for her husband; the husband sacrifices for himself, which is infinitely easier. When success arrives the husband gets the glory; the wife gets merely reflected glory; the reward is unequal, and for the wife may be cruelly insufficient.

If the husband can only fulfil himself at the cost of inflicting undue privation and suffering on his wife, I maintain that in fulfilling himself he is committing a social crime, and I should be the last person if he abandoned the pursuit of glory in order by hook or by crook to keep his wife in comfort at the earliest possible moment. There are greater matters than personal success; a husband does not belong solely to himself, and he will not make the best of his life or of his wife's life by thinking exclusively of himself.

Again, one of the accepted maxims of marriage is that you should "begin as you mean to go on." I think that a better maxim would be, "Go on as you have begun." This applies to both partners, but perhaps rather more to the husband than to the wife. The husband, absorbed in self-fulfilment, is apt to argue, once again, in another connection:

"She is mine, now, anyhow. I've got her. Hence I can safely neglect her."

Even if the reasoning were true, it is a pretty sort of reasoning for a respectable husband to indulge in! But it isn't true. She is his, materially. He has got her, materially. But in a deeper sense she is his, and he has got her, only so long as he takes the trouble to keep her. Husband and wife may continue to live together in fullest intimacy for years after the wife has ceased to be the mistress. A woman must be won afresh about once a week. Being won is ninety per cent. of her existence, and probably less than fifty per cent. of her husband's existence.

And the eternal winning is accomplished mainly by a constant attention to externals. Altho the wife may be just as appreciative of essentials as the husband, she is certainly more appreciative of externals than he is, and more dependent on them. This is not her fault—it is her nature, unalterable, and not a bit reprehensible.

The husband may neglect his wife in small things—he is criminally careless (while magnificently conscious of a profound unspoken affection for the neglected). Few wives have much use for tongues that don't speak, lips that don't smile, eyes that don't glisten, arms that don't embrace. Their love is nourished on small outward symptoms of love in husbands. They generally remain girls even after ten children. The husband who forgets this has neither begun as he began nor means to go on as he began. He is a clumsy ignoramus with a twisted sense of values, and he has a blind spot for half of life.

Further, an otherwise excellent husband may gradually slip into the way of being an offense to the eye or the ear, or to both—he is wrong. He may by preoccupation and obstinacy fall into chronic bad health—he is a sinner (while pluming himself upon his devotion to an ideal, a cause, a profession). Let him think seriously upon trifles and upon externals.

AS FOR the rôle of the wife, the material and practical side of it ought surely to be beyond the need of discussion. That the husband should be a skilled money-earner is, as I have pointed out in my remarks upon being betrothed, accepted as quite obvious, and it should be equally obvious that the wife should be a skilled housekeeper. Unfortunately the public opinion which rules the preparation for wifehood has not yet by any means laid it down that a wife must be a skilled housekeeper. I doubt if fifty per cent. of wives at this very day are skilled housekeepers. I know that very many of them are grossly amateurish housekeepers. And nobody seems to mind much. If the husband minds, as he sometimes does, he says little, because public opinion fails to support him; and if he strangely doesn't mind, as he sometimes doesn't, the reason is that he has never been accustomed to expert housekeeping and does not know what it means.

The day will arrive when a wife who muddles any branch of the management of her house will be branded as the cheat and the waster which she clearly is. Efficient housekeeping, which signifies economical, enjoyable, nourishing, appetizing, clean, and elegant housekeeping, is not an affair demanding genius. It can be achieved by any woman of average brains and average will to learn. It is really not more difficult than good dancing—and to-day the young woman who can not dance well blushes (rightly) for her imperfection.

Now, efficient housekeeping is another of the roots of conjugal happiness, and it is accordingly a highly important part of the wife's rôle.

But it is not the most important part. The wife can not be content to be merely the administrator of the material home, or even the creator of the material home. Yet wives who know themselves to be efficient housekeepers are too frequently so proud of their achievement that they can see nothing beyond it. (Nay, they are occasionally so proud that they consider the husband to be made for the home instead of the home for the husband; and the stricken man, caught in the ruthless wheels of one machine while at work, finds himself caught in the ruthless wheels of another machine while at rest!) The major part of the wife's rôle consists in creating and administering the home as a social organism.

The husband will naturally take some share in this business, but he has less time—and also less inclination—for the job than his wife. No amount of change in the relations of the sexes will appreciably affect the truth of the maxim that the wife's sphere is the home. If the home goes wrong for any reason other than a money famine or some incurable vice of the husband's, the fault is the wife's fault.

The wife must always be *thinking creatively* of the home as a social organism. Hers should be the care of saving it from dullness, monotony, narrowness, and ugliness. She is and forever will be the active center of it. The home will take its color and tone from her. Therefore her first duty is herself to be agreeable to the eye and to the ear. She will not make the best of home and marriage unless she makes the best of herself—at all hours. Think of what this involves.

AND she absolutely must exercise charm, whether things are going right or going wrong. (Any chit can be charming when things are all going smoothly.) Women were born to exercise charm. Every one knows it and admits it. And the wife has no justification for failing to exercise charm until she is dead. A large proportion of unmarried, especially pretty ones, suffer from the illusion that in order to exercise charm they need only continue to exist. A mistake! To exercise charm is an active and not a passive function. It can not be efficiently done without thought and hard work. It is sometimes very trying and exhausting, like earning money—but it is not less essential than earning money if life is to be fully lived.

Let a wife develop herself to this marvelous personal enterprise, and the rest of the social running of the home—making and keeping a circle of friends, taming the brute that survives in most husbands, arranging diversions and diversity, and forty other things—will ensue with a surprising ease.

But even now we are only at the beginning of marriage. There is much to follow.

The next article in this fascinating and solidly constructive series on "How to Make the Best of Life" will continue the discussion of "Marriage," so vitally begun in this issue.

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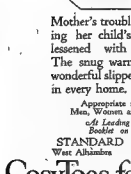

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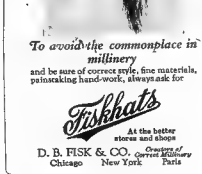

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

beginning to come in now. We've got to sell it or we're swamped."

John moved his chair a few inches back from the table and leaned back in it. "Do you mean to say," he asked, quietly, "that you've committed yourself as deep as that without having made any arrangement whatever in advance for turning the stuff over or for carrying it? You're in a very serious position if that's the case."

"You've known that that was the case from the beginning," Joe said. He was as quiet now as John, and very alert. "You made no criticism of that plan at the April meeting."

"I certainly assumed that your program involved taking care of your commitments," John assured him, steadily. After a moment he went on. "Times have changed a lot since April. That was the end of a boom. This thing that's on us now is the beginning of a panic, I think. That's the general expectation here in New York, anyhow. I very much doubt if you can sell that flax here before the first of the year—and not then unless times change for the better."

"Well, if you are right about that," Joe said, after a thoughtful silence, "why, it takes us over into your department."

"My department?"

"I mean we'll have to be carried. Up to now I have carried my end of the load. I've made thirty million pounds of raw linen out of stuff that farmers were burning in the fields. There it is. It's good, useful stuff. It's got value. There's no argument about that. And now I ask your turn. That's plain enough, isn't it? We're all in the same boat."

"If that's your position," John answered mildly, "of course we'll have to take some action on it. It's much too important a matter for me to deal with offhand. Come up to my office—say Wednesday afternoon—oh, about four o'clock—and we'll have something in the way of a program to offer. I've got to run along. I'm taking the Century this afternoon. You aren't taking that train, are you?"

Joe shook his head. "Waiting over till Monday, I think," he said. "All right. Wednesday afternoon at four, then."

JOE went back to his hotel, a modest little one in the upper Twenties, withdrew to his own room, where already he had passed the morning, drank the whisky he needed, telegraphed his address to Jennie MacArthur, and said she could look for him Tuesday, and then spent most of the afternoon writing a letter to Violet.

It was the only balm he could apply to the burning pain of his disappointment. The letter began stiffly—it was the first love-letter he had ever written to Violet, or to any woman for that matter—but after the first few sentences he ceased to be conscious of it as a thing that must go through the post-office in an envelop, to be read at Lake Forest on Monday morning along with the rest of Violet's mail. It became a simple, natural outpouring of a coiled spring of emotions which had been wound up by waiting past the breaking-point. He reproached her with having spoiled his plan by not coming to New York, and then reproached himself with having, perhaps, spoiled hers by having come to Chicago. He told her crudely how he wanted her and how unbearably too hard the waiting had become. He didn't want her by crums and bits, John Williamson's leavings. He might come to Chicago early in the week, or he might not, but in no case would he come to her until she sent for him. She must know her mind by now.

There were sheets and sheets of this.

The utter recklessness of dispatching a missive of this sort to a woman who was living upon any sort of terms with her husband was apparent enough to him, but it suited his mood. He gathered the scrawled and blotted sheets into an envelop, addressed and stamped it, took it out, and dropped it down the chute by the elevator. Then he came back to his room, lay down on the bed, dressed as he was, and almost at once fell deeply asleep.

He was awakened several hours later by a pounding on his door, and when he opened it and angrily demanded what the devil the row was about, he was told by an obviously relieved bellboy that Chicago was trying to get him on the telephone. They had rung his bell several times without rousing him. He was still in a half-stupefied condition when he went to the telephone. He made out that it was Jennie MacArthur who was calling him, but she was talking about some stock. Had he been selling any?

"Stock in what?" he asked.

"Stock in the Greer company, Joe," she told him. "Have you been selling any of yours?"

He told her she must be crazy to ask him a thing like that. Of course he hadn't. What had put such an idea into her head?

"Well, there's a lot of it for sale," she told him. "Up in Fargo and other places. There's a lot of it sold already, I guess. It's the other crowd that's selling it, then."

He asked her, angrily, what other crowd she meant.

"I'll write you all I know about it tonight," she told him, in a rather odd-sounding voice. "I'll send it special

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

It Clamps Everywhere $5 —stands anywhere

The LAMP with the CLAMP

Adjusto-Lite
A FARSERWARE PRODUCT

Adjusto-Lite is the handy, economical light for home, office, store, studio—everywhere good light is needed. HANGS CLAMPS—STANDS. The name says it—it's quickly adjustable. A turn of the reflector sends the light exactly where you want it. No glare—no eyestrain. And—*economy.*

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Every woman should have a pair of Dr. Edison Cushion Shoes for walking or standing

It is the practical comfort shoe for the woman who is much on her feet, whether housekeeper, business woman, nurse, clerk, teacher, or just "mother."

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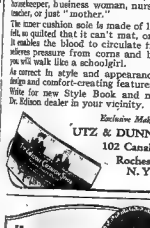

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Wrinkles will vanish and your face will fill out with

GLENDER LINES

and a springing step will make you feel and look years younger—today, to-morrow. Glender Lines restore the glow of health, a sparkling in your eyes, clear skin and wholesome cleanliness.

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Nature has made health, vitality and youth a confidence. Any woman who knows I have helped her obtain their health and beautiful, will tell you so.

If you write me about your health problems I will send you a personal letter, free, with suggestions to make you healthy and beautiful.

From grads' letters

"Last year I weighed 216 pounds. Now I weigh 146. It is surprising how easy I diet. I feel many years younger."

"I haven't had a cold, or catharsis since I began your work. Jaundice has gone away nicely."

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100 th perfect lettering, including two cards, name engraved, $2.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.50

Stanhope St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

delivery so you'll get it the first thing Monday morning." He told her this would be all right, he guessed, and at that she hung up. He undressed and went back to bed.

His memory of this incident when he awakened Sunday morning was, oddly enough, perfectly clear. And of course now that his mind was working again, the inference from what she had told him was clear, too. For a long time he lay contemplating it—it and other matters, too, in a sort of crystalline detachment.

Williamson and Corbett and Crawford had sold out—stood from under. They had sold their stock right up there in the flax country, too. Under his own nose. But why had they done it? They were playing him for a fool. Well, he was one. He had been quite unaccountably for—for months, blindly unaware of what was going on about him. Williamson had started back to Chicago under the settled conviction that he had been a fool.

He didn't waste much time trying to forecast the terms of the offer they would have ready for him Wednesday afternoon. The broad outline of the situation was plain enough. In default of selling his flax, he would have to borrow the money to pay for it, and as the price of finding the money for him they would exact their pound of flesh; namely, his share in the enterprise which his imagination had conceived and his energy made real. That particular form of hocus-pocus under the polite name of reorganization they resorted to didn't matter.

Well, he was broad awake now. Certainly he would need all his wits to meet this next week. No good wasting time going to Chicago to listen to the terms of the bargain they'd propose to him. He'd tell Jennie to go to the meeting.

He wanted a drink. That was the first thing. He went over to the bag. There stood the bottle, but it was empty. Quite. It had been practically full when he had opened it on coming from his lunch with Williamson, and he hadn't been out of the room except to walk down the corridor to mail that letter to Violet.

The contents of that letter, forgotten until now, began coming back into his mind as he stood glaring at the disordered desk and the empty whisky-bottle.

He had been drunk when he wrote that letter. . . . So getting away from that. He had been drunk, too, when Jennie telephoned—and she had known it. That letter to Violet! What could he do about it? It was too late to risk the comparative publicity of a telegram. Williamson himself would be home before it arrived. Then the fat *would* be in the fire— He needed a drink. He would be able to think after he had had a drink.

He was on the way to the bell to summon the boy who provided him with liquor when he stopped short, turned back, and lay down again upon the bed. He was clammy with sweat. His whole body was crying out for that drink he wanted. But the thing that frightened him was the realization, brought home at last, that this was what had been the matter with him for months. . . . And no one had known it all along. His shame over the habit gave him away; his careful concealment from his associates of the amount of whisky it took to see him through the day.

He got up and took the empty bottle and the glass into the bathroom, washed them out thoroughly, and then washed his hands. The only way to quit was to quit.

THERE had been nothing in Joe's experience that was comparable with the torture of the ensuing days.

He was starving, for food was something he could hardly bring himself to touch; he was consumed by a thirst which seemed like fire, except that no drink he would take could satisfy it; he was dragged down by a heavy lassitude; his nervous irritability was that of a man excoriated; he was utterly and terribly alone. Worst of all was the obsession that, should he take that drink, of whisky would make him instantly himself again. He asserted to himself that this was a lie; that as a matter of fact he was better man than the muzzy-witted fool he had been for the past six months; but this was an assertion that he had constantly to make anew.

The only thing that supported him was the other fight he was engaging in—the fight to keep himself and the enterprise which he had made a part of himself out of the waiting clutches of John Williamson and his friends.

Jennie's letter when it came on Monday morning made it clear that she was always been waiting and ready for a good while. There was no doubt in Jennie's mind, nor in Joe's, that the other crowd were completely unloaded.

Joe got her at once on the telephone and told her that he was going to keep on trying to market the flax crop. He was going after a new lot of people. Jennie should go to the meeting and receive their terms, and transmit them to him. Also she was to avoid saying anything about his plans or present whereabouts. He ended the conversation by telling her that she wasn't to feel discouraged. He believed he was going to win out yet.

It surprised and encouraged him that he could command so cheerful and natural a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

Z-I-P IT'S OFF *Because* IT'S OUT

Madam, do you shave? Horrors, No! Do you use depilatories?

WHETHER you use the blade or an ordinary depilatory you merely take away surface hair. Both methods throw the strength back into the roots and tend to create heavier growths.

Do not confuse Zip with ordinary depilatories. Zip not only removes the hair but also devitalizes the roots and further applications will invariably destroy the growth. This is done without electricity.

Zip is praised as an effectual remedy for superfluous hair whether heavy or fine.

Guaranteed!

Used by women of discernment, actresses, and Beauty Specialists for face, arms, underarms, limbs, body, perfect hair line back of neck and new arched brows.

When in New York don't neglect to call at my Salon to have FREE DEMONSTRATION Treatment. This convinces the most skeptical.

Three types of Superfluous Hair. Which type have you. Write for FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which explains. FREE.

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COLORLESS!
contains no staining artificial color. 50c. By mail, 60c

Tells Secret of Quickly Making *Your* Skin Beautiful

By Marie Franzan

An amazing improvement can now be made in any complexion, almost overnight. Famous beauty specialist tells of the discovery of the three types of skin and the special treatment for each.

IT is now easy to have really beautiful skin, free from blemishes! Any complexion can quickly be transformed to natural, radiant beauty! The secret has been found in a scientific discovery concerning the basic nature of skin.

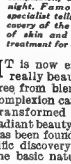
This new discovery brings amazingly rapid results because it is based on the fundamental fact that each skin—*your skin*—is *different*, there are certain scientific peculiarities about it! Unless you know what these are, you may be doing very great damage to your complexion everyday.

But the interesting and surprising thing is this: If you do know what type of skin yours is, and if you use the treatment especially designed for it, you can make such an improvement in it as would seem almost too good to be true.

I need a few more sales representatives. If you are handling local territory, or entire State, write me for special offer and sales plan.

Marie Franzan.

Which is *Your* Type of Skin?



Caused by excessive secretion of the sebaceous glands. The sebaceous or fatty glands of shiny appearance—a tendency toward enlarged pores and blackheads. Looks coarse, pasty, dull. Needs a skin food with special penetrating properties, a pore cleansing and to remove excess oil and refine the texture and texture of the skin.

Note how the oil glands are shrunken and inactive, or do not supply sufficient nourishment. Skin lacks the fine fat-and-cuff texture of the oil. Skin is thin, dry, flaky, and inclined to wrinkle easily. Needs a skin food of special penetrating cleansers and special creams to supply what is lacking and make it smooth and soft.

Clear, firm, delicately colored. Note normal size glands; fair and smooth texture of skin. Normal amount of oil. Needs a pure skin food to keep it in perfect condition. Weather and seasons faded and emotions.

This remarkable discovery is the conclusion of years spent in study based on the known fact that it is wrong for all women to attempt to use the same skin preparations. The result is the discovery of the *Three Types of Skin* and the right treatment for each!

Find Your Type Now

These are the three types of skin: Oily, Dry, and Normal. Which is yours? You can tell from the descriptions given. Now you see why, if your skin is oily, you must use a special treatment to remove the excess oil, to eliminate its shiny appearance, to overcome the tendency toward enlarged pores and blackheads.

On the other hand, if you have a dry skin, be careful not to use ordinary soaps and preparations which increase this condition. Beware of a dry skin, for it ages quickly, developing wrinkles and becomes colorless. Or if you are blessed with a normal skin, see that you don't use preparations designed for dry or oily skin. The normal skin too has its special requirements to keep it functioning properly and to preserve its healthful vitality. So first determine which type of skin you have. Then use the special treatment designed especially for this type.

See for Yourself the Amazing Results

The complete treatment for each type may now be had in a combination set which includes a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of Youthful Beauty Secret, together with an interesting book-

let that tells all about the three types of skin and their care.

You have only to use the combination set known as the Laxtone Beauty Combination (which is described for your type of skin in accordance with directions in order that you may see this without risking a penny and see its wonderful results. A special offer is made in the coupon below.

Make this 5 Days' Trial

Simply indicate on the coupon below whether your skin is Oily, Dry or Normal, and send to me—Marie Franzan—care of the Laxtone Company, and I will send by mail the Laxtone Beauty Combination for that type. When it arrives, pay the postman only $1, the special low price.

Then, after 5 day's trial, you are not more than delighted with this experiment, your money will be refunded without question. This is my offer. Mail the coupon below before it is withdrawn.

Just indicate your type of skin on the coupon below and mail it today.

THE LUXTONE COMPANY
Dept. 1911, 2703 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

THE LUXTONE COMPANY
Frank M. Wade, Pres. Dept. 1911,
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I enclose herewith by the special treatment for my type of skin. Send me the Laxtone Beauty Combination, containing a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the powder and cream for that type. I will pay the postman only $1 on delivery. If I am not pleased at the end of five days, the money is to be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied. I do not like it.

For Oily ☐ Dry ☐ Normal ☐
(Please check your type of skin.)

Name .....
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results from the use of this fragrant complexion cake, requiring three months in the making and composed of the very affinity oils of the skin itself.

It cleanses—nourishes—beautifies—ridding the pores entirely of dust, blackheads, and blemishes—producing a smoothness as velvety as roses' petals.

SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

Sempre Giovine—Meaning "Always Young"

Oh, Youth! Tender as the blush of early dawn and fresh as the sparkling dew! What can I do to preserve thee! This longing finds echo in every human heart.

Youth is not merely a matter of years — for the old may look young and the young may look old. A fine, clear complexion gives youth to the appearance. Keep your complexion "always young" with Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay.

50c

Prove to yourself that such a wonder beauty cake really exists by sending your name and address for a 7-day trial size cake free. It will show you why those who use Sem-Pray-Jo-Ve-Nay are "always young."

Sem-pray-Jo-ve-nay Company
Dept. 2134
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THOUSANDS of older people have been using Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) since it was first offered to the public more than thirty years ago. They have found this remedy a real help in relieving and preventing constipation and the train of distressing disorders which accompany irregular elimination. To them, the red and black box has been a medicine chest for thirty years.

What Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) has done for others it can do for you. Nature's Remedy is *more than a laxative*. It acts on the liver, stomach and kidneys, and by increasing the activity of the eliminative organs aids materially in relieving and preventing constipation, biliousness, headaches, the tired and out-of-sorts feeling, and rheumatism. Try an NR Tablet tonight; see how much better you will feel tomorrow. At all druggists.

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NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients; then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box.

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Dennison's

Can You make an attractive Scrap Basket?

—an intimate boudoir lamp or breakfast tray? You can easily learn and you will be delighted with this new Dennison product, crepe paper rope.

Write for leaflet, "Rope Work." It's free. Write Dennison, Dept. D11, Framingham, Mass.

What Next?

We have all kinds of BEADS and BUGLES

Six Illustrations of Widths and Sizes of Beads
Beaded Bags Pearl Beads
Bead Looms Cut Metal Beads for Woven Chains
Beads, No. 8, S. F. Pearl Beads for Woven Chains
Send 10c. for Illustrated Book for Woven Chains 1-2
All colors of beautiful CUT LUSTRE BEADS for the new CALIFORNIA VINE KNITTED BAG
Send stamp for descriptive circular and samples
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Beautiful assortment of serges, broadcloths, silks and other fine wool dress fabrics, in lengths from 1 to 6 yards, enough for dresses of a medium height, skirts to make suits or coats. *MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.*
Send no money. Make your own selection. Pay postman on delivery. Mail orders filled promptly.
DEPT. 581, KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

tone. It sounded all right to her, evidently —and her relief at it was plain to him. Yet it seemed to him that his own voice was that of another man. He himself, if he could have spoken, would only have cried out in torment. This strange sense of duality persisted throughout the week. He himself was there, but he heard the other man presenting his case. Presenting it well, lucidly, persuasively, while he, Joe Greer, was hardly capable of consecutive thought.

He had begun, as he told Jennie he meant to do, with a new crowd, none of them as big as the men in the inner ring; but on Friday, when he had talked to a dozen of them together at a prearranged lunch, this reawakened sensitiveness of his told him the tide had turned against him. He tried to shout this instinct down, but he knew he was beaten.

He went back to the hotel, and there found Jennie's letter containing in full the terms offered by Williamson, Corbett, and Crawford. The mental effort involved in reading the letter was an agony in itself. In the broad outline, however, it was simple enough. The first move had been on Monday morning, when the three of them formally tendered their resignations as directors in the Greer company, the reason being offered in each case that they were no longer stockholders in the company. They now proposed to organize a new corporation which would enter into a five-year contract with the Greer company to buy the entire output of raw flax which the Greer company was committed to buy from the subsidiaries, at the price which the Greer company had paid the subsidiaries plus a broker's commission of one-eighth of one per cent. The Greer company was given thirty days in which to accept this offer.

Joe grinned savagely over the neatness of the thing. He was to be left undisturbed in control of the Greer company. The Greer company was to be saved from bankruptcy, allowed to collect its meager royalties, if it could, and a broker's commission of one-eighth of one per cent. upon its sales. The subsidiaries, too, would be paid the letter of their bond. They'd get their manufacturer's profit—twenty per cent. over the cost of material and labor for processing the flax. In a word, they and the Greer company were to be left holding the bag. All the real profits would go to the new corporation.

And yet there was nothing, so far as Joe could see, illegal or even unethical about the proposal. Well, they hadn't got him yet. He still had thirty days in which to keep on trying to find either a more favorable market for the flax, or credit that would enable him to carry it. He went out to find Gordon Snell, the man whom New York insisted upon overwhelming with easy money. Snell wasn't in business over the week-end, but he made an appointment with Joe for Monday afternoon.

Joe was nearer discouraged than he had been before. It did not seem likely that a babbling fool like this could be a source of efficacious help—and yet he knew of no other. When he went to the desk in his hotel to get his key they handed him a telegram. He had supposed it was from Jennie. He had, to clarify the fact, to open it. But the woman's name which was signed to it was not Jennie's. It read:

Arriving Pennsylvania station to-morrow morning nine forty-five for few hours only.—VIOLET.

HE WAS still incredulous when he saw her walking toward him, down the platform. Frightened, and thrilled at the same time with a sense of great adventure, as he could see she was, she looked more the look of a schoolgirl to him. Not merely that; she looked to his enraptured, sleepless eyes like a professional angel come down to change the whole face of the world.

Her face brightened joyously when she saw him, then in an instant composed itself into the look of amicably indifferent recognition appropriate to being met in the station by a man whom her husband might have requested to look after his wife.

He took her dressing-case from the red-cap, tipped the boy, and said to her, "You've just about time to make the other train. We'll go around this way."

With a demure gleam of mischief which made him want to kiss her where she stood, she accepted this, contentedly, as a maneuver for getting away at once, out of the Chicago crowd that was pouring along the platform.

"I don't care where we go," she said, when they had emerged levelled and were walking down a transverse corridor, "only I must be back here in the station at six o'clock. That's what I am supposed to be getting in from Chicago."

"That'll be all right," he assured her. "I'll get you here on time. You can leave it all to me." For an instant the sense of the furtiveness of their escapade elated him. He caught her through, slid his arm inside hers, and pressed it against his body. She returned the pressure, but at once, with a nervous glance around, released herself. "If we're going where we can really be alone for a while," she said, "there's no good taking chances here."

She hesitated a moment in clear surprise when she found him showing a pair of tickets and taking her through the gate to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Your Son!

You're proud of him—you believe in him—you want him to make good. IS HE—

Getting a good start now?
Earning his own spending money?
Learning to do business in a business-like way?
Developing self-confidence?

Why not let him join the livest organization of regular fellows in the country?

We'll show him how to earn money for himself—have a Bank Account of his own—develop his business instinct—learn to act like a man—and become a member of The Young Hustlers Division, a national organization made up of thousands of energetic, wide-awake boys between 9 and 16 years of age, all over the country.

You might also tell him that he can win any one of *250 Big Prizes!*

Simply have him write his name and address on the coupon below and mail it to us right away. Complete business instructions will be sent to him and we will do everything possible to help him succeed.

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(N.)

Date.....

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Gentlemen:—I want to earn my own spending money and win some of those Big Prizes. I would like to join The Young Hustlers Division, so please send me full particulars and a copy of The Big 44-Page Prize Catalog.

My Name .....

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FREE
20 Treatment tin on receipt of your name and address
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Druggists have it 30¢

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No. 472 Hand-made dress of nainsook. Six rows of shadow stitching and French dots in front. Both sides are tucked. Ruffle dips and lace on neck and sleeves. Infants' to 2 years. Postpaid $1.90. No. 4602—Special value (no illustration). Wool Cashmere coat. Collar and cuffs daintily hand scalloped. Inverted and lined with sateen. Postpaid $5.95. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DeLis Hand Made Infants' Wear

$1.90

Everything for little tots and the nursery too. Low in price. Beautiful hand-made French needlework. Layette (25 pcs.) $15 up. Infants' hand-made dresses $2 up. Money back if not satisfied. Get Fall Catalog. Also special Xmas folder.

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Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
EUCALYPTOL
PETROLEUM JELLY

will do it.

A small application of it in the nostrils heals the infected membranes of the nasal passages.

The best way to cure a cold is to *check* it. Keep a tube of "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Jelly ready for instant use.

CESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Consolidated)
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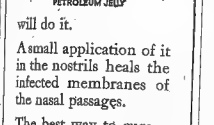

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Individual Instruction. Dr. Earle gives individual instruction to every woman who writes him. Whether you are fat or thin, he will tell you just what to do. Don't send a penny. Don't even send postage. Write to-day. Address Dr. Edward Earle, Dept. 7492, 1819 Broadway, New York City.

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"Last year I weighed 246 pounds. Now I weigh 146. My reduction is over 100 pounds. I do not feel any fat, and I am very much stronger."

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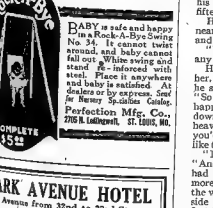

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

one of the Long Island railway-trains, but she asked no explanation, and he made none until they were seated in an almost empty coach.

"This is a little branch line," he said. "It goes down to one of the beaches where there's nobody about, this time of year. I found it when I was wandering around, just a week ago to-day. Had it all to myself, including a little hotel that a fat man is keeping open because he hasn't there, I guess. It was only last Sunday I was there," he added, "but it seems like the longest year I've ever lived."

She had stripped off one of her gloves and nestled her bare hand into his, upon the seat between them. At this confession, tho she misunderstood it, she darted a glance around, and perceiving that there was no one else in their part of the car—not even a brakeman—she raised his hand and stroked the hairy back of it with her lips.

"Poor old Joe!" she whispered.

He had a blissful hour before they left the train at the little way-station he had picked out, despite the rattle of the windows, the slamming of the doors, the sudden stops and starts, and the bawling of the brakeman, which kept beating a dreadful tattoo upon his drawn nerves.

She was looking around pretty dubiously, he saw, at the surroundings they descended into from the train.

"Where are we going?" she asked. "We've got to find some shade somewhere."

"I don't believe there's any on the beach," he said. "There's a veranda on the hotel over there, tho," he added.

She cast another dubious glance at the shabby little gable-roofed building his gesture had pointed out, and for a moment stood still, visibly casting about for an alternative. Just before they reached the inn she stopped and faced him. "Joe," she asked, "why did you bring me here? The place looks so perfectly disreputable."

"I don't think it's that," Joe said, "but it does look as if it was closed. There used to be some chairs and things standing around on this veranda." He tried the door and found it locked, but after rattling and knocking upon it for a while, they heard heavy steps within, and presently the fat proprietor came and opened it. He was in his shirt, but the garment was clean and he was freshly shaven.

THE interior made a strong contrast with the outside look of the place. It was unpretentiously but agreeably furnished, and it was immaculately neat. There was a wide fireplace flanked with settles, where the fat man said they could have a fire whenever they wanted it. He'd have lunch ready about one, if that would suit them. He took childlike pleasure in Violet's approval of the place, which she warmly expressed.

Willibaldy, he set about to refurnish the veranda, carrying out, with Joe's help, a small rattan davenport, two or three chairs, cushions, and striped cotton blankets, gay-colored.

"It's perfect, Joe," Violet said. "I suppose he thinks we're a couple of honeymooners."

He leaned against the rail, devouring her with burning eyes. She had tucked herself up in a corner of the davenport, taken off her hat, and dropped it, negligently, on the floor beside her.

"You look the part," he said.

"You don't," she retorted, returning his gaze. "You look horribly tired—and ill. Oh, don't sit still any longer. Come here where I can feel you. Wait, tho. It's horrid to have to do it, but look up the train first, Joe. For long we've been going to have. I've absolutely got to be back in the Pennsylvania station a little before six."

He consulted a time-card that he had in his pocket. "That means leaving at four-fifteen, to be sure of it."

Her eyes filled up with tears. "And it's nearly noon now," she cried. "Four hours—and I thought it was a whole day."

"Well, never mind. We won't waste any of it."

He had dropped down on the sofa beside her, but she wasn't content with the way he sat. "You're so tired," she protested. "So deadly tired. Can't you just be happy, and relax for a little while? Lean down on me, like this. No! you're not too heavy—not half as heavy as I thought you'd be—Joe, is it all my fault you're like this?"

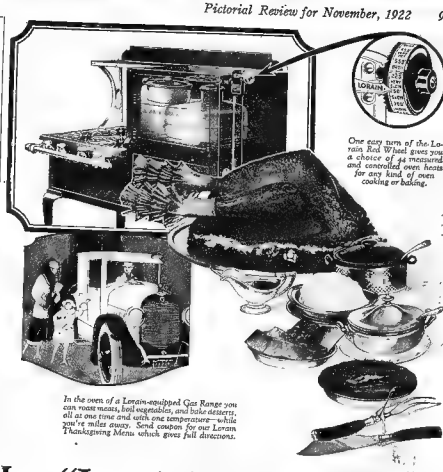
"It's not your fault at all," he told her. "And it isn't all your doing either. I've had a terrible two weeks—and there are more of them in sight. But I'm through the worst of it, I guess. I'll come out right side up in the end, anyhow. It isn't the first fight I've had, by a good many."

She said dryly, "I'd like to see John got the better of for once. Don't you let him beat you, Joe. I'd always think it was my fault."

"John Williamson?" he asked, slowly. "Don't worry about him. He hasn't got me yet."

She wanted to know, over a little laugh, what John he thought she meant. "I believe you're going to sleep," she added. "You're so tired. Don't try to talk. Keep still, like this. Isn't it ridiculous? I'm the one that's supposed to be sick. I'm packed off to Dr. Brown. He's got a place

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

out here on Long Island for nervous wrecks, where he treats good-for-nothing women like me. A mixture of Freud and Christian Science he gives us. It works pretty well, too. I've been to him once or twice for insomnia— Well, I had it all right after I got that letter of yours, Joe."

Despite her effort to hold him where he was, he sat erect. "You must have hated me for that," he said.

"Silly; I adored you for it—but it frightened me out of my five wits. It was wild to take a chance like that, Joe. But I'm glad you did it once. I never knew what it was before. I felt as if I had to go to you then, without waiting a minute. And of course it got worse during the week, as I found out what John and the others were doing to you. I was afraid if John tried to talk to me about it I'd blow up and give everything away; so I didn't dare talk to him at all. Locked myself up, and had a nervous breakdown. It seemed pretty real at the time—even to me. But I was all right again as soon as he suggested Dr. Brown. I had to be, or he would have insisted on sending somebody down with me. He suggested Margaret Craven, as it was. I promised to stay with Alice Wentworth instead of going to a hotel, and I told him I'd telegraph her what train to meet me at. I did—but it wasn't the one I was on. And that's how I got our day—It isn't much, is it, for all that? Four hours—and already they're slipping away."

"They're enough, tho, if we don't waste them—" No, you've got me about half hypnotised now. I haven't any grip on my mind when you hold me like that. We've got to talk this thing through somehow; find out where we are, and what we're going to do."

She drew a long sigh. "What's the use of spoiling this, Joe? That's all we should do, trying to talk. It'll be time enough on the train, when we go back, won't it? After all, there can't be very much to say. It's so heavenly still here. Put your head down, where you can see the clouds that make those big purple shadows— Do you know what I wish? I wish Mount Vesuvius was right behind us here, and after we'd been here a long time—as long as we wanted—it would all at once smother us with ashes, the way it did those Pompeian people."

He had yielded to her arms again. "If that's what we wanted," he said, "we shouldn't have to depend on Mount Vesuvius. It can be managed more handily than that. But it'll be a long while before I'm ready to die, even like this. There's too much left to be lived through. I'd like to sail into the Bay of Naples with you, for one thing, and have a look at that old volcano— Do you remember something you said the first time we talked together, about wishing you could be there with me when I had my first look at all that? It's going to work out, some time, you know. I've known it, in a way, ever since you said it— We *could* do it, at that. To-morrow. There's a Dutch boat sailing for Lisbon— Oh, it's all right to laugh, but it's going to happen some day."

"There isn't a city in Europe, Joe"— her voice was somber enough now—"where we wouldn't be running into people all the time who knew me. And who'd know what I'd done. Oh, it's a lovely dream, my dear, but it will never come true."

AGAIN, and this time huskily, he disengaged himself from her arm. He rose giddily to his feet, pulled up a chair, and sat down on it. "You see," he said, "we can't get away from it. It keeps coming back. We've got to talk it out; decide what we're going to do."

"I don't *want* to talk!" she said, fiercely, at the end of a tight-drawn silence. "Talking won't get us anywhere."

"I guess you're right about that," he agreed. "That's the way I feel about it, too. It's always simplest to do a thing first and save your talking till afterward. This is what we'll do, Violet. There's a Chilean liner sailing for Valparaiso Saturday. That'll give us time to get our passports and anything we need. They know me down there, and they'll take you for granted as my wife without a question. There's nobody who'd think of asking a question. We'd leave all this clean behind. Start fresh, both of us, on a life that was worth living. Something we've never had a chance at. I've never had a wife—I haven't even a legal one now—and you've never had a husband, either. That's the truth. You know it, yourself; found it out at last. He'd divorce you if you asked him to, and then we could make it all square—go anywhere we liked. And in the meantime— It's better than mucking around here in this. There won't be anything hard about it, either. Not after you've once said you'll do it. And you will. It's written down in the books that you will!"

"That's a crazier dream than the other, Joe," she said, uneasily. "I *wish* you wouldn't talk like that."

"There's not a thing in it," he contradicted her, "that isn't plain common sense"; and he went on for a while to enlarge upon the practicality of it. He had a thousand dollars in his pocket, and ten thousand more which was almost as accessible. He'd been keeping it handy, for years, on the off chance of some emer-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Scientist Discovers Skin Laxative

WOMEN, give thanks to Mr. McGowan—an English scientist, scarce out of his twenties. His discovery means that a beautiful skin is now a mere matter of personal cleanliness: made beautiful while you wait!

The element he has found physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, for it is applied outside. Put it on; slip into your easy chair; in less than an hour the skin pores seem literally to relax. Impurities clogging your facial pores are instantly banished; even the pores themselves are contracted and rendered invisible. The new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous.

Cleanses Pores and Beautifies Any Complexion in Forty Minutes!

The scientific name of this new element is Terra-derma-lax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. Soon, you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In half an hour wipe off with a towel—and with it every blackhead, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. Terra-derma-lax must be fresh, so every jar is dated and shipped direct.

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Prescription cost of this marvelous beauty clay has been $5. But as an introductory offer, just one jar (full size) will be sent for $1.56—the bare cost of materials, plus postage! See offer below:

With each jar (two months' supply) comes McGowan's own directions. Pay postman the small, actual cost charges of $1.56, plus the few cents postage on delivery; or if you expect to be out, $1 bill enclosed will bring jar prepaid. In either case, use for whole skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and astonishing benefits, may have money back.

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Please send two-months' supply of freshly compounded Terra-derma-lax. I will pay postman $1.56 plus postage. My money is to be refunded unless results delight me within five days. [204]

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THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12701, blue, 25 cents (1/), contains a design 26¾ inches wide by 45 inches long for the center of a bedspread, to be tufted.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12702, blue, 30 cents (1/6), furnishes 2 designs, one for each side of a tufted bedspread. The designs measure 10 by 40 inches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12703, blue, 35 cents (1/6). Two motifs 15¾ by 58 inches are contained in the pattern for the top and bottom of a tufted bedspread.

Nos. 12701, 12702, 12703
Used on Tufted Bedspread.

No. 12665
Oval Table Cover

No. 12630
Napkins Appliqué

Enlarged Detail of
Tufting, Used Above
on Spread

No. 12708
Cushion in
Appliqué

No. 12697—Appliqued Pillow

No. 12666

No. 12515

No. 12516

No. 12517

No. 12517

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12515, blue, 15 cents (9d), includes 3 motifs to decorate a 11-centerpiece 16⅜ inches in diameter, shown with 1 motif cut from it.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12516, blue, 20 cents (1/-), includes design for 6 plate doilies 7½ inches in diameter. They match the centerpiece 12515.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12517, blue, 20 cents (1/-), is a bread and butter doilies 7 inches in diameter, and 6 tumbler doilies 4 inches in diameter is furnished.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12697, yellow, 15 cents (9d), contains design for appliqué work for pillow 17 by 19 inches. The design measures 16¾ by 17¾ inches. The flowers are appliqued to the background with blanket stitches

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12708, yellow, 20 cents (1/-). The design illustrated above to the right is worked in appliqué on a pillow. The design measures 18 inches in diameter and is carried out in colored satin patches on a background of black satin

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12579, blue, 20 cents (1/-), provides 6 yards of 2 designs 1 by 1¾ inch and 1 by 1¾ inch, including the scallop. The designs are worked in outline and buttonhole stitches, and are used for shelving as illustrated. Color may be employed in the embroidery, if desired.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12666, blue, 25 cents (1/), furnishes 3 yards each of the 2 designs together with scalloping; used for kitchen shelving or for a cupboard. The design is 2⅞ inches deep; the smallest motif is ⅝ inch high the largest 2 inches.

No. 12579
Suitable Representations on the
Kitchen Shelving

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Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

"Surprise Them" on Thanksgiving

HERE is a new way of serving cranberries for Thanksgiving. It is so luscious and fluffy that I am sure, whenever served, it will be a most pleasing surprise.

It is easily made and a delightful accompaniment to turkey or chicken. I am giving the recipe below, and suggest you clip it out so it will not be forgotten.

CRANBERRY FRAPPÉ

¼ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water
3 cups boiling water
2¼ cups sugar
1 quart cranberries
4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Cook cranberries in boiling water until soft; then force through a purée strainer. Add soaked gelatine, sugar and lemon juice, and freeze.

Here, too, is a recipe for a delicious Thanksgiving dessert:

MARSHMALLOW PUDDING

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Macaroons or chopped nuts
Whites of three eggs
Pinch of salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar and as soon as dissolved set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water; then add whites of eggs (well beaten) and flavoring; beat all together until mixture thickens. Turn into shallow pan, first dipped in cold water, and let stand until thoroughly chilled. Remove from pan and cut in pieces the size and shape of marshmallows; roll in macaroons, which have been dried and rolled, or in chopped nuts. Serve with plain or whipped cream. Mixture may be divided, flavoring half with lemon and whipping two squares melted chocolate into the other.

Other suggestions for Thanksgiving Desserts and Salads are—Nut Frappe, Marshmallow Cream, Angel Parfait, Pineapple Mousse, Chocolate Sponge, Royal Pudding, Orange Trifle, Perfection Salad, Luncheon Salad, Jewel Salad, Fruit Salad Supreme.

THESE and many other recipes are found in my books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Sent free for 4c postage and your grocer's name.

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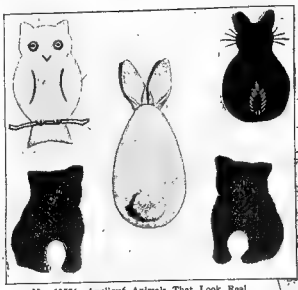
Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Same Sparkling Gelatine with Lemon Flavoring in separate envelope

Designs that Make Fashion—Appliqué Frocks for Kiddies

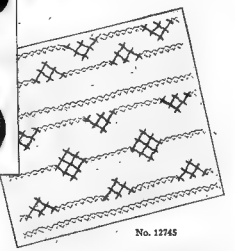
THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12698, blue, 25 cents (1/3), provides designs of 3 animals to be stuffed—a dog, a cat, and a rabbit. The dog measures 11 by 11 inches, the cat 9½ by 10¾ inches, and the rabbit 6¼ by 15 inches. Outing flannel, gingham, denim, chambray, or muslin, are all suitable for the outer covering. Both the dog and rabbit are illustrated below.



No. 12734—Appliqué Animals That Look Real

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12734, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), furnishes 5 animal motifs for appliqué, with duplicates.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12745, blue or yellow, 40 cents (2/-), furnishes 2¾ yards of the 7-inch border and 5 yards of the 2-inch border. The crosses in this design are large and easily worked. They are used to trim dresses and blouses. Six strand cotton is used for the work, and colors may be employed in carrying out the larger crosses.

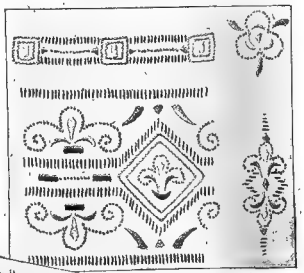


No. 12745

No. 12700—To Bring Joy to Baby

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12700, blue, 15 cents (9d), furnishes a design for a rag doll in the shape of a clown which measures 9 by 16½ inches. The outer covering may be made of white linen or gingham.

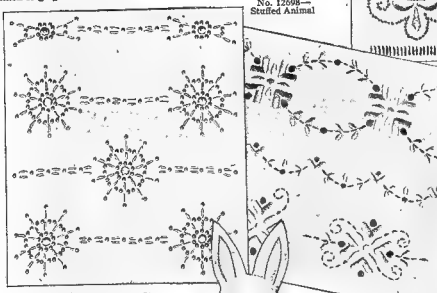
No. 12698—Stuffed Animal



No. 12718—Attractive Dress Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12718, blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), contains 2 borders and 3 motifs which may be worked in silk or beads. There are 4 yards of a 1¾-inch border, 2 yards of a 10-inch border, 6 transfers of the small motif and 2 transfers of the large one. The third motif is not illustrated.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12716, blue or yellow, 35 cents (1/6), furnishes 2 borders and 2 motifs of conventional flower designs, 2 yards of a 5-inch border, 4 yards of 1¾-inch border, and 4 of each of the 2 motifs.

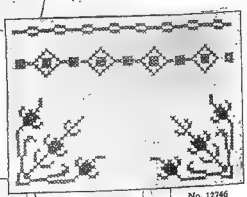


No. 12747—Shows the Charm of Bead Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12747, blue or yellow, 40 cents (2/-). Two borders are contained in the pattern. There are 2¾ yards of a 12-inch border, and 5 yards of a 1¾-inch border, both of which are appropriate for beading. The small circles may be worked with the small round beads, and the lines in bugle beads. Floss may also be used to work this design—the small circles being worked in French knots and the lines in running stitches.

No. 12716

No. 12698—Stuffed Animal



No. 12746

No. 12684—Stories Told in Appliqué for the Child's Dress

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12684, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), provides 2 each of the designs illustrated above which may trim charming clothes for the kiddies. Several of the designs are also adaptable for the plain embroidery stitches as well as appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12746, blue or yellow, 40 cents (2/-), furnishes cross-stitch designs. Eight yards each of the 1¾- and ¾-inch borders, together with eight 5-inch motifs are contained in the pattern. The crosses in this design are large and easily worked. Six strand cotton is used. The design may trim either grown-ups or children's wearing apparel.

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PATTERN AGENTS
J. G. STANFIELD'S SONS.

Pre-Christmas Suggestions in Readiness

Original Embroidered Novelties

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions 272, 10 cents (5d), offers many attractive novelties, illustrated below. Use Shetland floss and No. 5 needle.

No. 273 Powder-bag and Detachable Pockets, Below

No. 273 Belt, Above. Tooth-brush Holder, Below

No. 273 Above Is Shown Collar-and-Cuff Set

No. 272 To the Left Is Fly-swatter Decorated

Transfer Design No. 12752, blue or yellow, 35c (1/6)

No. 12751—Appliqué Motifs for Apron

No. 12756—Monogrammed Alphabet, 2⅝ and 4½ inches 75 cents (3/6)

No. 12755—Monograms in sizes 2¾ and 4½ inches, 60 cents (3/-)

No. 272—Embroidered Bag of Woven Grass Fans—Charming as a Work-basket

No. 272—Woven Grass Fan Finely Decorated

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12752, blue or yellow, 40 cents (2/-), furnishes 3 basket designs in 2 different sizes, with 4 duplicates.

No. 272 Lingerie Hanger to Add Daintiness to Its Apparel

No. 272 Lamp Mat

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12753, blue only, 30 cents (1/6).

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12754, blue only, 40 cents (2/-).

12753 and 12754—Beautiful Luncheon set and Asbestos-mat Covers to Match

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PATTERN AGENTS
J. C. STANFIELD'S SONS

Knitted Apparel and Designs—Kindly Thoughts for Coming Season

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12758, blue or yellow, 60 cents (3/-). Border below.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12759, blue or yellow, 50 cents (2/6). Shown below.

No. 12751 Charming Appliqué Adorns Gingham Apron

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 268, 15 cents (6d), contains directions for the shawl illustrated above.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 269, 15 cents (6d), furnishes directions for boudoir set, combing jacket and cap, illustrated to the right, and slippers below.

No. 12751

No. 12752

Knitted Set for Baby No. 270

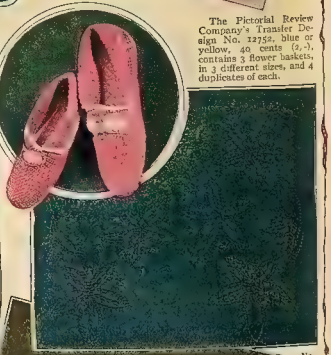
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12751, blue or yellow, 35 cents (1/6), furnishes flowers and butterfly; also reverses.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 270, 15 cents (9d). Illustrated above

Embroidered Scarf—See Directions in No. 272, 10 cents (5d)

Crocheted Slippers No. 269

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12752, blue or yellow, 40 cents (2/-), contains 3 flower baskets, in 3 different sizes, and 4 duplicates of each.



No. 12758

No. 12759

No. 12760

No. 12757

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12760, blue or yellow, 60 cents (3/-), furnishes design for panels and borders, and

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 271, 15 cents (9d). To make this sweater of silk (above) one requires 4 hanks of silk, 250 yards on each hank and 3 balls Angora.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12757, blue or yellow, 40 cents (2/-), contains 2 rounds of border, and 2 sized motifs, with many duplicates.

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PATTERN AGENTS
J. G. STANFIELD'S SONS.

Themes that Received Their Inspiration from Paris

Dress 1361

Dress 1337
Embroidery 12718

Dress 1328
Embroidery 12715

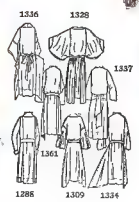
Dress 1336

Dress 1288

1336—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch black roshanara crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch green crêpe de Chine for facing sleeves—1¾ yard banding for trimming collar—¼ yard 20-inch écru veiling. Narrow panels are inserted in the side seams falling in soft folds and extending below the hem-line. A dainty lace-trimmed écru vestee fills in the deep open front.

1309—Ladies' Long-waisted Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 4 yards. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch Mandalay (brown) Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Mandalay Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections. Long sleeve sections that are slashed up from lower edge are attached to the kimono sleeves and are finished with deep hems. The circular skirt is made longer at the sides, falling in soft folds below the hem-line. The girdle of marcasite adds a smart touch to this attractive and fashionable frock.

Dress 1309



Dress 1334

1288—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch otter (dark brown) duvetyn—1¾ yard 40-inch tan crêpe de Chine for facing—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The side-front and side-back seams are left open part way and finished with arrowheads forming panel effect.

1334—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch orion (blue) Poiret twill—1⅞ yard 40-inch rose Canton crêpe for facing panels—¼ yard 40-inch white Canton crêpe for vestee—1⅜ yards silk soutache braid for trimming. The deep open V front is filled in with an inset vestee of white Canton crêpe and the closing is arranged at the left side of the vestee. Inserted panels faced in rose fall gracefully in points below the lower edge of the dress.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

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PATTERN AGENTS
J. C. STANFIELD'S SONS,

Touches of Fur Add Chic to Afternoon Costumes

Dress 1281

Jacket 1365
Skirt 1051

Dress 1356
Embroidery 12592

Dress 1339
Embroidery 12715

Blouse 1345
Skirt 1348

1889—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch brickdust Canton crêpe—½ yard 40-inch fog (gray) crêpe de Chine for facing sleeves and vestee. A novel tunic is given to this frock by the flowing sleeves which are cut in a deep point at the lower edge and faced in a contrasting shade. Embroidery, in design 12715, forms a quaint border on the dress and it may be carried out in a shade of fog and brickdust rope silk to harmonize with the material used for the dress.

1281—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch navy blue velours—⅛ yard 40-inch ninnia (red) Canton crêpe for collar and sleeve sections—10¾ yards silk braid. This makes a serviceable frock for street wear and a smart touch of contrast is introduced in the collar and sleeve sections. A narrow belt holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

1365—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 38 inches. No. 1051—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 yards 54-inch gray tweed—⅝ yard 8-inch fur banding for collar—2 yards narrow fur banding for pocket and sleeve trimming—3½ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket. The large fur collar may be buttoned high to the neck or it may be rolled back with the fronts of the jacket. For double warmth the jacket may be interlined.

1356—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch comet (blue) velours—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vestee—⅛ yard 5-inch squirrel banding for collar—1 yard 6-inch squirrel banding for sleeves. Fur trimmed frocks are very much in vogue this season and in this case it is used for the collar and for trimming the flowing sleeves. Embroidery, in design 12592, also helps to decorate this frock and it may be worked in flat satin stitch with rope silk.

1345—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 1348—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 40-inch nuncio (lavender) crêpe de Chine—4 yards 40-inch allover lace.

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PATTERN AGENTS
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Styles Reflecting Influences of the Smartest Designers

Blouse 1289
Skirt 1346

Dress 1359
Beading 12561

Dress 1340

Dress 1293
Beading 12704

Dress 1313

1293—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch rangoon (brown) satin—2⅝ yards 40-inch rangoon Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections and panels. The Georgette sleeve sections are gathered to narrow wrist-bands. The narrow panels extend below the skirt forming an uneven hem-line. Elaborate beading, in design 12704, forms a deep border on the skirt and is also applied to the sleeve sections. The design may be carried out in jet, steel, or colored glass beads.

1289—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 1346—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch green Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch cream allover lace for vestee—2½ yards lace banding—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A dainty vestee of cream-color lace fills in the open front of the blouse. Panels are inserted in the side seams and hang in points below the hem-line.

1359—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch liberty (blue) Canton crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The uneven hem-line is also featured in this smart afternoon or street frock by means of narrow side-front panels extending in points below the skirt. Beading, in design 12561, decorates the panels and also the applied front. Colored glass, jet, steel, or wooden beads may be used in working the design.

1340—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch check prunella cloth—⅜ yard 54-inch plain brown prunella cloth—3¾ yards silk braid. This smart straight-line street frock has an inserted panel which extends in a point below the hem-line.

1313—Ladies' One-piece Draped Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Vatican (purple) brocade—1⅜ yard orange braid for piping collar—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress is draped up at the left side and finished with a fancy ornament. This frock is especially adapted to the tall slender woman and is most attractive when fashioned of brocade in bright shades of purple, green, yellow, or blue. Black velvet would also be smart.

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PATTERN AGENTS
J. G. STANFIELD'S SONS.

Note the Captivating Grace of Drapes and New Sleeve Whims

1298—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1305—Ladies' Two-piece Circular Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 3¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe—2¼ yards 40-inch lemon Canton crêpe for facing sleeves and skirt—¼ yard 36-inch lining for foundation yoke of skirt. The skirt of this costume is longer at the sides which fall in soft folds from the shirrings. A smart allover beading design, 12612, is applied to the blouse. The design may be carried out in jet, steel, colored glass, opalescent, chalk, or crystal beads, or embroidery may be used carried out in French knots or running stitch.

1291—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1348—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch comet (blue) Canton crêpe—2½ yards 40-inch comet (blue) Georgette crêpe for panels. The blouse of this costume is made sleeveless with wide straps, forming loops, attached to the trimming-band which is applied to the oval neck. Four loose picoted panels, shirred and attached to the upper edge of the skirt, hang below the hem-line.

Blouse 1298
Skirt 1305
Beading 12612

Blouse 1291
Skirt 1348

Dress 1154

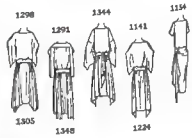
Blouse 1141
Skirt 1224
Beading 12662

Dress 1344
Embroidery 12749

1344—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch tan crêpe de Chine—2¾ yards 40-inch tan Georgette crêpe for sleeve sections and panels. The Georgette sleeve sections are cut in a point at the lower edge and the wide side panels extend below the hem-line in a point. The sleeve sections and the panels are elaborately embroidered in design 12749. The design may be worked in rope silk floss, or if desired beading may be used or a combination of embroidery and beading.

1141—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1224—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 40-inch bittersweet (terra cotta) moroccan crêpe. The shoulder edges of the blouse are caught together and tacked, showing the arms between the tacking and the underarm edges are allowed to hang free. This skirt also displays the uneven hem-line by means of narrow side panels extending below the skirt in points. Beading, in design 12662, trims the blouse and may be carried out in crystal, chalk, opalescent, jet or colored glass beads.

1154—Ladies' One-piece Draped Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch nuncio (lavender) brocade. This makes a charming afternoon or evening gown for the tall, slender woman. The dress is draped gracefully at the left side and a gathered panel is tacked over the side opening falling in soft folds below the hem-line. A fancy ornament is arranged on the gathered panel to conceal the joining.



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PATTERN AGENCY OF
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Smart Top Coats and Street Suits Cut on Straight Simple Lines

1320—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32½ inches. No. 9974—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch velvet—2¾ yards 9-inch fur banding—2¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket. The jacket is fastened at the neck by link buttons. Fur trims the collar, flowing sleeves, and pockets. The skirt is gathered at the top and closed at the left side seam.

1365—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 38 inches. No. 9905—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4¼ yards 54-inch velours—¾ yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar and cuffs—3½ yards 36-inch pussy willow taffeta for lining jacket.

1136—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9168—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for jacket and facing tunic—5 yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe for skirt—2 yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. Braiding, in design 12663, forms an allover effect on the jacket and may be carried out in soutache braid stitched with tiny running stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

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Frock Expressions of the Favorite Modes of the Winter

Dress 1360
Embroidery 12759

Blouse 1345
Skirt 1348
Braiding 12319

Dress 1250
Embroidery 12715

Dress 1299
Beading 12748

Dress 1248

Dress 1360
Embroidery 12646

1360 — Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Roman crêpe—4½ yards satin ribbon. The side gores of the dress extend below the hemline in deep points. Picot edge ribbon attached to the girdle loops underneath the hem. An allover effect is given to the blouse of this frock by embroidery in design 12759. Silk floss may be used to carry out the design in flat satin and running or darning stitches.

1345—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 1348—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The U-shaped neck and the edges of the applied front are outlined with a braiding border in design 12319. The design may be carried out in soutache braid held in place with tiny running stitches.

1248—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine—⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for vestee—4⅝ yards trimming—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A dainty vestee of crêpe de Chine fills in the deep open front. The right side-front of the dress laps over the left side and is cut in a point at the lower edge. The trimming also adds a novel touch to the frock.

1300—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. Flowing sleeve sections are attached to the short kimono sleeves and the edges are finished with picoting. The wide side gores are cut longer than the front and back of the dress and fall in a deep point. Embroidery, in design 12645, trims the front of the waist and also the kimono sleeves. The design is very attractive and may be worked in raised or flat satin stitch combined with running or outline stitches. There are many other materials from which to make such a dress. Among them crêpe Romain, crêpe de Chine, Poiret twill, or crêpe satin. All shades of brown are popular from beige to tobacco, and the design may be embroidered in colors to correspond. The embroidery may be interspersed with beads.

1250—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for sleeve sections. Style is given to this simple afternoon frock by the jacquette blouse effect which is so popular this season and the gathered sleeve sections of contrasting material. A peasant border is applied to the sides of the dress and may be carried out in the Bulgarian colors so much in vogue. The design, 12715, may be worked in flat satin and darning or outline stitches. Such materials as satin crêpe, crêpe matelassé, satin-faced Canton, or Poiret twill would look well made up from this model with the embroidery in a corresponding shade instead of the Bulgarian colors. Bagdad réd embroidered in black would be very effective as would navy crêpe embroidered in the Bulgarian colors or one of the new brown crêpes beaded in iridescent beads.

1299—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 7¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—2⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for facing panels and sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This frock also introduces the new jacquette blouse effect having a sash attached to the extensions tying in a large bow at the center-back. The wide side panels which are rounded off at the lower edges extend below the lower edge of the skirt. The flowing sleeves and the front gore of the skirt are beaded in design 12748. Crystal, chalk, jet, iridescent, or colored glass beads may be used, or if embroidery is preferred it may be worked in running or darning stitch. Such a dignified model could also be made of tobacco crêpe satin, and the panels faced with orange crêpe. Or a dark plum colored wool or crêpe would look well embroidered in iridescent beads.

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PATTERN AGENTS
J. G. STANFIELD'S SONS.

Gowns for Daytime Wear of Youthful Inspiration and Charm

Dress 1343
Embroidery 12718

Dress 1352

Dress 1332
Embroidery 12717

Blouse 1345
Skirt 1353
Beading 12749

Dress 1336
Beading 12681

Dress 1354
Embroidery 12667

1343—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine—¼ yard 36-inch satin for collar. The side gores fall in points below the lower edge of the dress forming an uneven hem-line. Elaborate embroidery, in design 12718, trims the front gore of the dress and also forms a border on the narrow cuffs of the flowing sleeves. The design may be carried out in flat satin, running or outline stitches in rope silk floss. The dress is closed at the back and tiny covered buttons or bone buttons may form the closing. The oval-shaped neck-line is finished with a becoming two-piece satin collar. Turn-back cuffs, with their attractive embroidery, finish the three-quarter length flowing sleeves.

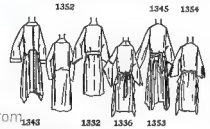
1352—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch serge—⅜ yards narrow silk braid. This serviceable little frock of serge is draped at the left side-front and closes under an ornament. Silk braid adds a smart touch to the shawl collar, long plain sleeves and to the right front gore which laps over the left side. This type of dress is equally suited to any of the new and fashionable silk crêpes. Instead of the braid narrow ciré ribbon may be used to trim the frock.

1332—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch roshanara crêpe—2 yards 54-inch fur banding—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Smart features of this roshanara crêpe frock are the flowing sleeves, the seams of which are left open part way showing the arms and form a point at the lower edge, and the skirt which is laid in plaits in a draped effect at the left side-front. The right side of the skirt is lapped over the left and is cut away at the lower edge, and a band of moleskin fur is applied to the lower edge of the dress. The oval neck and the flowing sleeves are embroidered in a quaint design, 12717, and may be worked in flat satin and darning stitches in the Bulgarian colors which are so popular this season. Or if preferred, the design may be carried out in silk floss the same shade as the dress itself. If embroidery is not preferred, beading in glass, iridescent, steel, or bronze beads would be equally effective. The dress is closed on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The one-piece flowing sleeves are adjusted in the armholes of the front-closing underbody. The novelty girdle is finished at the left side-front with a cabochon. A matching cabochon is placed on the right shoulder.

1354—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for facing sleeves and panels—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The embroidery, design 12667, which is applied to the flowing sleeves and to the girdle may be worked in darning or single-stitch embroidery, flat, or raised satin stitches.

1345—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 1353—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Hem-stitching gives a dainty touch to the vestee and to the flowing sleeves which are pointed at the lower edge. The panels of this attractive afternoon frock are beaded in design 12749. Crystal, chalk, or colored glass beads may carry out the design.

1336 — Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for facing the panels and the flowing sleeves. Narrow panels are inserted in the side seams and fall in soft folds giving a cascade effect and extend below the hem-line in points. The narrow collar and the inserted panels are beaded in design 12681 which may be carried out in chalk, crystal, opalescent, or colored glass beads. In place of beading embroidery may be substituted worked in French knots or running stitches.



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J. G. STANFIELD'S SONS.

Should She Thank Him?

HE is as much in doubt as she—and both are embarrassed. They have attended the theatre together. He has escorted her home. Should she thank him for the pleasant evening? May she invite him into the house if she wishes? Or should he thank her for the pleasure of her company? Is it correct for him to ask permission to call?

The woman who knows the correct thing to do and say on all occasions has charm and grace. The man whose fine repose and ease of manner characterize him as cultured and well bred is always welcomed wherever he goes, is always admired and respected.

Etiquette makes it easy for everyone to be cultured and charming, to avoid embarrassing blunders and humiliating errors. By knowing the correct form of speech and manner at all times one can mingle with the most highly cultivated, the most brilliant people, and yet feel entirely well poised and at ease. Etiquette is a comfortable shield that protects one from embarrassment in one's contact with men and women.

Why is Rice Thrown After the Bride?

—Very much for the same reason that an old slipper is thrown after a newly married couple. And do you know why a teacup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white, why black is the color of mourning?

They say that a man is known by the way he eats. Countless little problems of table etiquette are constantly confronting the man or woman who does not know what is correct and what is incorrect. Do you know whether olives are taken with the fingers, or with a fork? May asparagus be taken up in the fingers? What is the cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Should a roll be cut, or broken?

And at the dance, puzzling little problems often confront us. Do you know how a man should ask a woman to dance, and how she should accept? Is "cutting in" permissible in polite society? How should introductions be made—should the man's name be mentioned first, or the woman's.

In the Book of Etiquette, the famous two-volume set, you will find the answer to every problem of conduct that is puzzling you. Nothing is omitted, nothing forgotten. And you will not only find all the important rules of etiquette, but you will actually discover the origin of each rule, each custom. As interesting as a story—yet the Book of Etiquette is one of the most authentic, authoritative and exhaustive works on the subject ever published.

FREE to You!
The Famous
Book of Etiquette

Not a cent in advance. Just the coupon —and the complete two-volume Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. Glance through the table of contents. See how much you know about correspondence, about formal dinners, about introductions, weddings, dances, speech, dress. Don't miss the illustrations. Read a chapter or two. Examine the books thoroughly at our expense for 5 days.

Within the 5-day free-examination period decide whether you want to return the books without obligation or keep them and send us only $3.50 in complete payment. You to be the sole judge. You decide whether or not you want to be one more day without this splendid Book of Etiquette. We advise you to mail the coupon at once, before the free-examination offer expires. NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc., Dept. 8411, Garden City, N. Y.

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Name .....

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☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full leather binding at five dollars, with five days examination privilege.

The Mode for Man—Fancy Masquerade Costumes

1232—Men's Golf Shirt. Designed for 14 to 18 inches neck. Size 14½ requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch madras. For sports wear such as tennis and golf this would make a very comfortable shirt, and if made up in khaki it would be suitable for camping and hiking.

1373—Men's Knickerbockers. Designed for 32 to 50 waist. Size 34 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tweed. The lower edges of the knickerbockers are plaited to straight bands which are fastened with buckles. Cheviot, homespun, or serge are also suitable fabrics adapted to these knickers. There are many cotton fabrics such as gabardine, linen, crash and khaki that may also be used and would be serviceable as they can be easily washed.

Knickerbockers 1373

1387—Ladies' Dutch Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch voile for guimpe, tunic and hat—3⅞ yards 36-inch sateen for dress—⅝ yard 27-inch crinoline for brim and headband. The one-piece gathered tunic forms an apron effect. This makes a very original and smart-looking costume for masquerade wear, and may be made up in any shade desired.

6385—Boys' Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch sateen. The suit is gathered at the wrists and ankles to form ruffles, and the neck is finished with ruching.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

Masquerade Costume 1316 | Clown Suit and Hat 4486 | Dutch Costume 1327

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PATTERN AGENTS
J. G. STANFIELD & SONS.

The Jacquette Blouse Is Enhanced by Embroidery

1184—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe Romain. The front of the blouse is elaborately beaded in design 12662. The design may be carried out in crystal, chalk, opalescent, or colored glass beads.

1101—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The collar is embroidered in design 12715 which forms a peasant border. Several shades of silk floss may be used in carrying out the design in flat satin and outline stitches. The band to which the blouse is gathered terminates into a sash at the left side.

9815—Ladies' Slightly Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery in design 12312, is applied to the round neck, sleeves, and to the front edges of the blouse. The design may be worked in single-stitch embroidery with silk floss.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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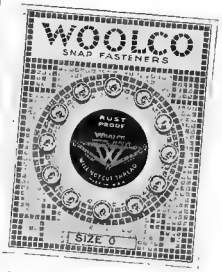
Seven sizes—for all weight fabrics
In black and bright nickel



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PATTERN AGENTS
J. G. STANFIELD'S SONS.

The Latest Expression of the Always Popular Slip-on Dress

Dress 1330
Embroidery 12576

Dress 1338
Embroidery 12715

Dress 1329
Cross-stitch 12317

Dress 1371
Braiding 12426

Dress 1342

Dress 1333

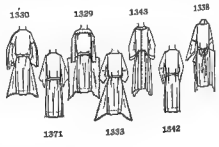
Dress 1343

1330—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch taffeta. Interesting features of this afternoon frock are the gathered sleeve sections, which extend beyond the wrist-bands in points, and the inserted panels falling below the lower edge of the skirt in points. Embroidery, in design 12576, worked in vivid shades of red, green or blue trims the front of the waist. Flat satin stitch may carry out the design in heavy rope silk. If preferred the design may be carried out in crystal, opalescent, chalk, iridescent or bronze beads. A casing is stitched underneath the dress and elastic is inserted to regulate the fulness and give the popular bloused effect.

1329—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. The neck is gathered to a narrow band in front while the back is gathered to a straight yoke which is cut in one with the sleeve straps. Cross-stitching, in design 12317, is worked on the sleeve straps and on the yoke. Cross-stitch is very popular this season and it may be carried out in a shade harmonizing with the material of the dress, or several shades may be introduced. The inserted panels are finished with picoting and hang gracefully below the skirt.

1338—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for facing sleeves. Embroidery, in design 12715, trims the dress and may be carried out in flat satin and outline stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



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Science Finds the Way to Banish Gray Hair

In Youthful Appearance Lies the Secret of Admiration, Attention and Social Success.

A Clean, Colorless Liquid Discovered Which Restores the Hair to Its Natural Color

Time Baffled in Its Attempts to Make Us Look Old. Youthful Appearance Quickly Returns. Years Seem Actually to Roll Away

The One Liquid Applied to Any Gray Hair Brings Back Its Original Color. The Quick Results Are Remarkable

IT SEEMS almost unbelievable that a liquid having no color itself, when applied to gray hair will cause the exact original color to come back, no matter what that color was.

But Science has finally given us just such a liquid. If you once had brown hair and are now gray, the use of this preparation will give you brown hair again; if your hair was red, or black or blond, it will take on its original red or black or blond color. Several people can use the same liquid from the same bottle and each will have his original color of hair once more. The one liquid gives the desired results for all.

By the use of this remarkable preparation thousands have seen their grayness disappear and have regained their youthful looks. Many even look ten years younger. To appear young is to have such a tremendous advantage in both social and business life that nobody wants even a trace of gray to appear or to remain in the hair.

Ask the woman who has seen the triumph of younger looking rivals; ask the man who, prematurely gray, has been refused advancement or even employment because regarded as "too old"—ask them what grayness means and you will realize the joy which this gift of Science offers to those to whom gray hair has come.

This preparation which has brought such amazing results to so many people comes in the form of a clean, colorless liquid, combining properties which not only restore the original color, but have a beneficial effect in keeping both hair and scalp clean and healthy.

It is very properly called Kolor-Bak—and one of the most satisfactory things about it is that it is so simple and easy to use. You apply it yourself in your own room. No need to go to hair specialists or beauty parlors. And results come so quickly that it is hardly believable. It is as easy and agreeable to use as water.

Every scientist, every physician, knows that gray hair is hair that has ceased to receive its normal supply of coloring matter or pigment from certain tiny cells (called follicles or papillae) in the scalp, because these cells have become inactive from illness, shock of some kind, scalp disease, dandruff, infection, neglect of the hair, or lack of circulation, etc.

It is simply amazing to see the change which takes place when Kolor-Bak is used, no matter what the cause of the grayness.

You not only see the former color return, but you find also that the restored color has not a "dyed look," nor does it appear streaked or faded.

You also see wonderful "life" and lustre in your hair which appears to take on new vitality. That faded appearance is gone, any brittleness is absent also. Your hair is luxuriant, brilliant, soft, beautiful as it ever was in youth. Years seemed to have rolled away—your aged look has gone with your grayness.

Kolor-Bak is actually a scalp and hair tonic because of its cleansing, stimulating qualities which promote health and strength—thus aiding Nature to bring about a normal condition of the hair.

It gives a cool, refreshing sensation to the scalp—makes it clean and makes it feel clean. It is not sticky, greasy, mussy or unpleasant to use. It is just a clean, colorless liquid which contains ingredients known to be beneficial to hair and scalp.

Also Brings Relief for Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Thousands have found that Kolor-Bak works wonders in the most persistent cases of dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. It quickly cleans the pores of the scalp matter which impedes circulation and evidently removes the germs which feed upon the nourishing matter which should be absorbed by the cells and follicles. Thus it helps to keep the hair from from becoming brittle or falling out. By removing the cause of the trouble it brings the scalp and hair to a normal condition. The dandruff goes, the itching ceases and the hair grows thick and glossy, healthy and strong.

Don't Be Discouraged. Those Gray Hairs Can Be Banished.

Thousands Tell What Kolor-Bak Does

"Have used Kolor-Bak to my utmost satisfaction where others have failed."

"What do I think of Kolor-Bak? Simply wonderful. No more gray hairs for me and dandruff a thing of the past."

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

"One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

From everywhere come words like the above, praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

Special Free Trial Offer

To give you the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a special proposition, particulars of which will be sent by mail to thos who ask for it. No money to send, only the coupon.

No matter what you have used, make this trial of Kolor-Bak and learn for yourself what science has done to banish gray hair. Of course you will want to compare this efficient method with other kinds of treatment—and we want you to make the comparison at our risk. All that we can say, convincing as it may be, means nothing beside an actual test of Kolor-Bak.

When you see that wonderful change come over your appearance, when you see youth return in the glorious abundance of healthy, luxuriant hair restored to its original color, when you enjoy that clean feeling which freedom from dandruff brings, when you see your hair stop falling out and when you are rid of itching scalp—then you will know Kolor-Bak as thousands of others know it.

(Concluded on page 108)

Gray—"Too Old" for the Job.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray. It was falling out. My scalp itched terribly. Showers of dandruff and scurf appeared whenever I combed my hair.

Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching. The dandruff disappeared. My hair stopped coming out and most wonderful of all my hair is again its original color not one gray hair left. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak!

(A typical letter.)

Send the Coupon—Today

Don't put this off a day. Send coupon which not only entitles you to receive the free trial privilege, but brings our valuable book on Treatment of the Hair—free.

This is an opportunity you should not miss if your hair is showing signs of grayness. Offer is free. You incur no obligation.

No need to send any sample of your hair as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair regardless of former color. Mail only the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 1195, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian customers supplied from our Canada Laboratories.

Hygienic Laboratories,
204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 1195, Chicago.

Please send your Free Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free book on treatment of the Hair and Scalp.

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Address .....

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"Wearever"
FAULTLESS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RUBBER GOODS

EVERY HOME needs at least two good water bottles. A water bottle is not a luxury; it is a household necessity. But be sure your water bottle is the best. Demand No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle which is *moulded-in-one-piece* of fine rubber. It has no seams to leak, no bindings to loosen. Its patented oval neck makes it strong where other bottles are weak, makes it easy to fill and comfortable in use.

No better syringe is made at any price than No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe. Like No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle, it is made of best quality rubber, without seams, bindings or overlays. No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle and No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe sell at Pre-War Prices. Get them from your local dealer If you have any difficulty in obtaining them, advise us.

The Faultless Rubber Co.
Dept. 2118, Ashland, Ohio

An Ideal Christmas Gift

The wise woman is already selecting her Christmas presents. You will find few articles more acceptable than Faultless Tea Aprons. They are reasonable in price, practical and highly attractive in appearance. Made of rubber, they are easily cleaned with a damp cloth.

These aprons have plain colored body with pleated border in distinctive color, with two color shoulder-straps. There is a wide range of color effects—red, blue or green body with white trimming, and white body with blue, green, red or white trimming. The child's apron is decorated with suitable cut-out designs.

The adult size retails for $1.00 and the child's for 85c.

Faultless Tea Aprons can be obtained from your dealer or if you have any difficulty in obtaining them, order direct from factory, enclosing purchase price.

The Faultless Rubber Co.
Dept. 2118, Ashland, Ohio

A New and Better SPONGE

The new rubber, Faultless Natural Sponge has so many advantages over any other sponge that it already enjoys a big sale wherever it has been introduced.

It is the natural sponge color and looks like a fine quality natural sponge, but it gives better and longer service. It is smooth and soft and is a real delight to any skin. Its rubber fibres are strong and tough and you can wring it out like a washcloth. The Faultless Natural Sponge can be sterilized in boiling water without injury; it can thus be kept really clean and sanitary — something impossible with a natural sponge.

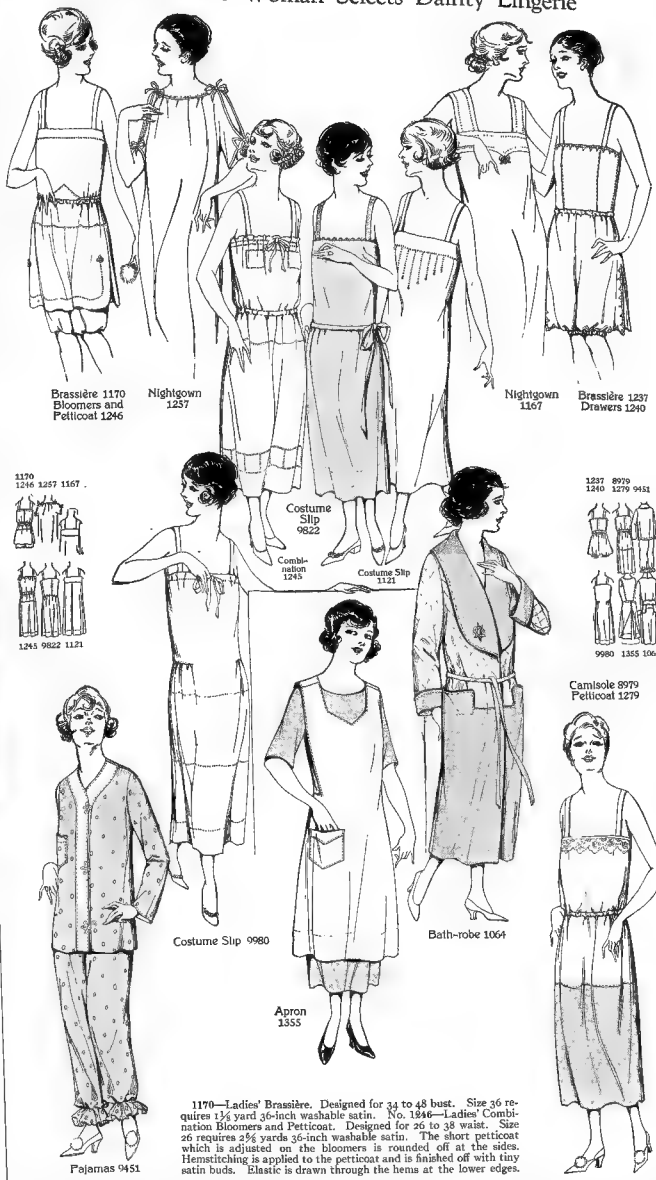
The Faultless Natural Sponge is an easy and reasonable way to solve the Christmas Gift question. Three sizes: 25c, 50c and $1.00. Get them from your local dealer, but if you have difficulty in obtaining them, order direct from the factory, enclosing purchase price.

The Faultless Rubber Co.
Dept. 2118, Ashland, Ohio

Faultless
Nurser Nipple
Pat. July 18, 1916
Fits Any Wide-Mouth Bottle

Doctors and nurses everywhere prescribe the Faultless Nurser Nipple as the correct way to feed babies. For thorough cleansing it is easily turned inside out. Patented valve prevents collapsing. Baby cannot pull it off. Order six at a time, 15 cents per nipple, six for 75 cents. From your dealer or direct from us if he is out of them. Enclose purchase price. The Faultless Rubber Co., Dept. 2118, Ashland, Ohio.

The Fastidious Woman Selects Dainty Lingerie



1170—Ladies' Brassière. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch washable satin. No. 1246—Ladies' Combination Bloomers and Petticoat. Designed for 26 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch washable satin. The short petticoat which is adjusted on the bloomers is rounded off at the sides. Hemstitching is applied to the petticoat and is finished off with tiny satin buds. Elastic is drawn through the hems at the lower edges.

1257—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2½ yards ribbon for bows. The nightgown slips on over the head and the shoulder seams are left open part way showing the arms and finished with bows of satin ribbon.

1245—Ladies' Combination Camisole, Step-in Drawers and Petticoat. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch washable satin for the camisole, drawers, and petticoat. The two-piece slightly circular petticoat is attached to the step-in drawers.

9822—Ladies' and Misses' Costume Slip. Designed for 36 and 40 bust, and 16 years. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard edging —2½ yards ribbon. The slip closes at the back and the bodice front is laid in plaits at the underarm seams. Shoulder straps of self-material or ribbon are attached to the upper edge of the bodice.

1121—Ladies' Costume Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch radium silk. The slip is finished at the upper edge with a straight double band. It is laid in an inverted plait at the center-back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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J. G. STANFIELD'S SONS

Simplicity—Best Style Feature of the Newest Costumes

Dress 1362
Beading 12612

Dress 1331

Dress 1332

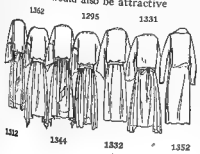
Dress 1312

Dress 1344

Dress 1295

Dress 1352

1312—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The side gores extend below the hem-line in points. To give a blouse effect elastic is inserted through a casing which is stitched underneath the dress. Beading, in design 12612, forms an allover effect on the waist and side gores of this frock. Crystal, chalk, or colored glass beads may be used, or embroidery worked in running stitches or French knots would also be attractive



1338—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 18 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch black roshanara crêpe—2¾ yards banding for trimming—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This makes an attractive frock for afternoon or street wear. The one-piece flowing sleeves are adjusted in the armholes of a front-closing underbody.

1391—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe Romain—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe Romain for facing side gores—2¼ yards 7-inch fur banding. Like many of the new frocks this season, wide fur banding is used for the trimming and is applied to the flowing sleeves and also to the front gore. The circular side gores are made longer than the front and back forming an uneven hem-line. To give a touch of contrast a lighter shade of crêpe Romain is used for facing the side gores. A sash of self-material or ribbon is worn around the waist-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

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PATTERN AGENTS
J. G. STANFIELD'S SONS.

Have a trial tube of this distinctive tooth-paste free

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

THIS is the first time a free trial tube of Ipana Tooth Paste has ever been offered.

And this trial tube—a week's supply—is large enough to show you the three merits which are distinctive with Ipana.

In the first place, it heals the gums.

Thousands of dentists prescribe it for patients whose gums are soft and tender—for Ipana contains Ziratol, a gentle healing agent.

Second—it is a perfect cleanser, yet no grit is there to mar the enamel.

And third—flavor. Flavor is easy to talk about, but until you have had your first trial tube, you will never realize what a smooth, snappy and delightful flavor Ipana has and what a clean "after-feel" it leaves in your mouth.

Fill out and mail the coupon below—then you'll know how good it is!

Get a sample of Ipana Tooth Paste NOW

Ipana is sold at all drug stores in large tubes at 50c

Bristol-Myers Co. 59 Rector Street New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Smart and Appropriate Clothes for Childhood

1351—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—½ yard 32-inch check gingham. This makes a serviceable pair of play rompers for the small girl or boy, and is given a touch of contrast by adopting check gingham.

1374—Infants' Hood and Cape. Designed for one size. Requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch cashmere. The hood and cape are cut in one piece, and elastic is inserted through a casing at the front of the hood to draw it in closely and form a frill. Scallop, in design 11659, outlines the hood, lower and front edges of the cape. The scallops may be padded and buttonhole-stitched.

1349—Infants' Coat. Designed for one size. Requires 2 yards 36-inch silk poplin—1¾ yard 36-inch silk for lining. The round collar and the turn-back cuffs are scalloped in design 11659. Buttonhole-stitch in mercerized floss may carry out the design.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

1375—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch chevIot—1⅜ yard 36-inch sateen for lining. The coat may be buttoned high to the neck as illustrated or the collar may be rolled over with the fronts of the coat forming revers.

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PATTERN AGENTS
J. G. STANFIELD'S SONS.

Attractive School Frocks for the Small Miss

1376—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Bolivia cloth—¼ yard fur banding—2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. For the young girl's best wear this would make a smart-looking coat. The raglan sleeves are finished with band cuffs. The collar is closed high to the neck.

Coat 1376

Dress 1175

1175—Girls' Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine. The applied trimming bands on the front of the dress are stitched to form pockets at the top. Trimming bands are also applied to the back of the dress. The round neck is finished with a two-piece round collar.

Knicker-bocker Dress 1372

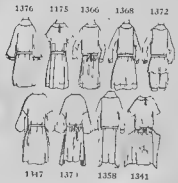
Dress 1368

Dress 1366

Dress 1341

1366—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115



Dress 1347

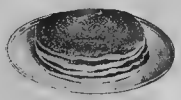
Dress 1370

Dress 1358

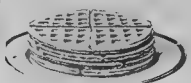
"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA says:

Ef yo' makes only pancakes with my flouah yo' sho' is cheatin' yo'self, honey

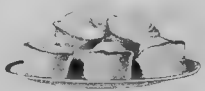


Because it's so simple to make Aunt Jemima Pancakes—nothing to do but mix water (or milk if you wish) with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and bake 'em—you've probably never read the printing on the back of the famous red package.



What's there?

For new users of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour there's something about the flour itself—that it's made according to Aunt Jemima's old Southern recipe, that it's ready-mixed with powdered sweet milk in it, and so on.



But for you, who *know* why Aunt Jemima Pancakes are famous, there are three other time- and money-saving recipes.

One for waffles, the kind that the finest Southern cooks would be proud of. Another for muffins that fairly melt in your mouth, muffins that turn out right every time. And a recipe for crunchy, golden bread sticks which go so well with luncheon or dinner soups and salads.

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Sleeping-bag 4942

Kimono 8402 Scallop 11747

4942—Infants' and Children's Sleeping-bag. Designed for ½ to 3 years. Size 1 requires 2½ yards 36-inch eiderdown—1 yards 36-inch satin for lining bag and hood. This makes a comfortable bag for outdoor sleeping as it covers the entire body.

8402—Infants' Kimono. Designed for one size. Requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch flannelet—1 yard satin ribbon for tie strings. The round collar, the long plain sleeves, and the front edges of the kimono are outlined with dotted scallops in design 11747. The scallops are buttonhole stitched while the dots may be worked in raised satin stitch or eyelets.

1285—Girls' and Juniors' Two-piece Petticoat. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste —4⅛ yards lace insertion—2¼ yards lace edging.

Bath-robe 9728

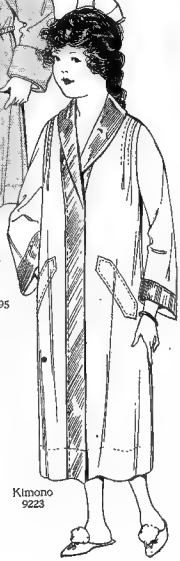
Petticoat 1285

Legging Drawers 6997

Hat 7557

Nightdrawers 8108

Bath-robe 8395



9456—Girls' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3½ yards 29-inch cotton crêpe—¼ yard 29-inch contrasting cotton crêpe for trimming neck. The front of the pajamas is shirred and the lower edges are gathered to form frills. For cold weather the pajamas may be made up in striped or plain flannelet.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

4942 1285 9728 8395

Pajamas 9456

7557 8402 6997 8108 9456 9223

Kimono 9223

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104.F. 8-11-22

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

1361—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 6⅜ yards 40-inch comet (blue) crêpe Romain—1⅞ yard 7-inch gray fox banding for side panels—3¼ yard 7-inch gray fox banding for sleeves—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The sleeves are adjusted in the armholes of the front-closing underbody. The gathered side panels, banded with fur, extend below the lower edge of the skirt.

1329—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch brickdust Canton crêpe —1⅞ yard 40-inch brickdust Georgette crêpe for sleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12715, forms an attractive trimming on this frock. The design may be worked in flat satin stitch in silk floss the same color as the frock or in a contrasting shade, or if preferred the design may be carried out in seed beads.

1397—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch banner (blue) satin crêpe—1⅛ yard 40-inch cream Georgette crêpe for facing. Gathered panels extending below the lower edge of the skirt are attached to the trimming-pieces on the waist. The trimming-pieces and the upper parts of the panels are embroidered in design 12718 which may be worked out in single stitch embroidery in silk floss of a contrasting shade. The front of the dress is slashed and finished for closing. The sleeves are slashed up from the lower edge.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

1322—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 47½ inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch veldyne—4¾ yards 36-inch silk for lining. The flowing sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

1378—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch polo cloth—4 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. The raglan sleeves are finished with straight turn-back cuffs. Smaller pockets are applied on the large patch pockets.

1317—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch herringbone cheviot—4⅝ yards 36-inch sateen for lining. The sleeves are trimmed with applied trimming straps. The coat hangs free at the back and the narrow belt is slipped through openings in the underarm seams.

1271—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch duvetyn—4½ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining—⅝ yard 36-inch extra lining for foundation back. The front of the wrap is in one piece, the back gore gathered at the upper edge and attached to a long-waisted foundation. The back of the wrap, which is gathered at upper and lower edges, falls in blouse effect over the back gore and at the sides.

1227—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch covert cloth—4¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. The back of the coat is laid in plaits and the fulness held in with a belt.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

1364—Men's Union Suit. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch soisette. The combination is closed in front.

1367—Boys' Union Suit. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch madras.

4614—Boys' Clown Suit. Designed for 4 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin—1 yard 36-inch muff for ruches. Large black pompons trim the sleeves and trousers, and are used for fastening the jacket. The long trousers button in front.

1316—Ladies' Long-waisted Masquerade Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 3¾ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch black satin—1¾ yard 40-inch white satin for underwaist. The four-piece gathered skirt is attached to the outer waist, which is closed at the back. The sleeves are sewn in the armholes of the underwaist. Black silk pompons form an effective trimming.

4486—Men's Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 10 yards 36-inch sateen. The collar is gathered to form a ruching and the trousers and sleeves are also gathered to form a frilling.

Photo by Campbell
Posed by Irene Castle

Frock by Jesse Woolf & Co., N. Y.

Irene Castle's frock of Corticelli Crepe Tremaine

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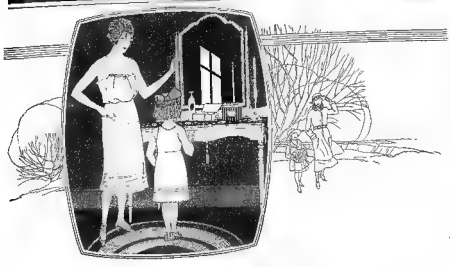

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

9955—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch satin crêpe. The lower edge of the blouse is embroidered in design 12444 and may be carried out in running or flat satin stitches.

9476—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch voile—1 yard lace insertion—1¼ yard lace edging.

9770—Ladies' One-piece Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery, in design 12467, trims the front of the blouse and may be worked in running or outline and flat satin stitches in silk floss.

1297—Ladies' Two-piece Circular Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 4⅞ yards. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch broadcloth.

1060—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 26 requires 1½ yard 54-inch velours. The skirt closes at the left side-front.

1333—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch satin—4¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe.

8094—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Bodice Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch broadcloth—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

9785—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 26 requires 3½ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

1371—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting satin crêpe for inserted panels and facing sleeves. Braiding in design 12436 forms an allover effect on the inserted panel. Soutache braid may be used stitched down with tiny running stitches.

1333—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe Romain—1 yard 40-inch tan crêpe de Chine for vestee and facing sleeves and pointed panels.

1343—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 3¼ yards. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—3 yards ruffling—6 yards silk braid—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for facing side gores and sleeves.

1342—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—12 yards silk braid.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

1167—Ladies' Slip-on Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

1237—Ladies' Brassière. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch coutil—1¼ yard lace edging. No. 1240—Ladies' Two-piece Step-in Drawers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch batiste—1⅞ yard lace edging.

9451—Ladies' Pajamas. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 29-inch cotton crêpe—½ yard 29-inch contrasting cotton crêpe for trimming-band.

9080—Ladies' Costume Slip. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch radium silk.

1855—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch percale.

1064 Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Bath-robe. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust, and 16 years. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch quilted satin—2¾ yards 36-inch plain satin.

9979—Ladies' One-piece Dart-fitted Camisole. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅛ yard lace banding. No. 1279—Ladies' Two-gored Slip-on Petticoat. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Size 28 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for the yoke.

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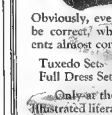

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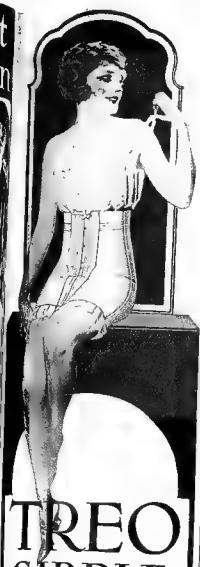

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

1312—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting satin crêpe for sleeve sections and trimming-bands—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1344—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 5 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards 36-inch allover lace.

1295—Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 5 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—3 yards 7-inch fur banding for sleeves and panels—¾ yard narrow fur banding for trimming the oval neck—2 yards 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for facing panels and sleeves.

1352—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch charmeuse—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

1350—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch chambray.

9805—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine—3 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

1377—Boys' and Youths' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch herringbone cheviot—2⅝ yards 36-inch sateen for lining. The coat has an inverted plait at the center-back.

1096—Girls' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Polo cloth—3¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Stitching finished off with arrowheads gives a smart touch to the collar and cuffs.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

1368—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch men's wear serge—⅝ yard 32-inch plaid gingham for collar and inserted vestee.

1378—Girls' and Juniors' Knickerbocker Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch corduroy—1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste for blouse.

1341—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch voile. Narrow panels are inserted in the underarm seams and hang below the hem-line.

1347—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch velvet—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for sleeve sections, inserted vestee, and sash—1⅝ yard fur banding.

1370—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tricotine—½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for sleeve sections and trimming.

1358—Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅛ yard 36-inch taffeta for collar, cuffs, vestee, and trimming—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

9728—Boys' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch velveteen—⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting velveteen for trimming—7⅝ yards cord for girdle and trimming.

9097—Child's Legging Drawers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1 yard 54-inch broadcloth. The leggings are drawn in at the top with elastic or a drawstring to fit the body. No. 7557—Child's Hat. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch velveteen—1¼ yard for banding—¼ yard 27-inch lining.

8108—Child's Nightdrawers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch flannelet.

8396—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for 1½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch blanket cloth. The one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs and the neck with a round collar.

9223—Girls' and Juniors' Kimono. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 29-inch challis—1 yard 36-inch satin for trimming-bands.

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Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

gency that would call for it. That would be enough to give him a start, and a start was all he ever wanted, anywhere. Down in that part of the world opportunities for a man of his profession were thick as dandelions. They went to seed faster than you could pick them. "I'd never ask you to take a chance with hardship," he assured her, earnestly. "I can keep you as safe from the—meanneeses of life as John Williamson can."

Her uncontrollable restlessness as he talked, her frantic attempts to turn him aside from the theme, served only to feed his elation. For that hour he was fully himself again. The hesitude was conquered, the tortured nerves in tune, the gnawing, obsessing need of alcohol forgotten. He revealed the thing he wanted her to see, not in tame descritive generalities, but in flashes of concrete reality, fragments of his own experience, illuminative sparks of the most minute detail.

It was the new who resisted his arms, but he won her to them at last and stilled her protests in them; quieted her trembling.

"After all," he said, when he had kissed her—for the first time that day, "this is what matters." His voice, harsh as it was with passion, subdued itself to the ear that was so near his lips. "You're in love with me. You've found out what it means at last. You can guess what it will be like. I'm in love with you. And I *know* what it will mean. I'm not a green boy, guessing—nor an ox who has forgotten. You can't go back, now, Violet!"

She did not return his kiss, but she lay unresisting, acquiescent in his embrace.

She may have thought, during a handful of minutes, that she would go with him. He sensed victory at last, at least. But when they heard the innkeeper coming heavily toward the door to tell them their lunch was ready, she struggled erect like one startled out of a dream.

BEFORE their host, while he was waiting upon them, she amazed Joe—tho it was a faculty of hers he had often wondered at before—by the perfection with which she played her part. But when at last the proprietor left them, with a bell to ring when they should be ready for their final course, she turned straight back to their own affair, and in an even voice tore his hopes to pieces.

"It's no good, Joe," she said. "It will never happen—that thing you've been talking about. I know you had spoken about it before—and that you're coming when I'd be ready to go away with you—Break my own life altogether, and try to hold on by yours. I've kept myself down sometimes that I would, but it's never been anything but a dream—never can be. I suppose if I had any real courage—but I haven't, Joe; not a scrap."

He contradicted her roughly, trying to put a conviction behind the words that was not there. It was her tone that told him the truth, not the things she had been saying.

"I am in love with you, and I'm not with John—never was, I guess. All the same, love isn't the only thing in the world—not for me." Her voice ran thin, betraying an almost hysterical note. "Why, down in that country—Mexico, wherever it is—those people would all be foreigners, talking a language I don't know a word of. I wouldn't have anybody but you. I want people around me. Joe, I'm—I'm afraid. Joe, it isn't thinkable; that's all. It's simply frantic to talk about asking John to divorce me. John! That's the one thing, now! He didn't want you to talk about it. I knew you'd spoil this one little day of ours if you did."

"What did you want this day for?" Joe asked.

She dried her eyes, and echoed his words with a stare and a slow-burning blush.

"I wanted to see you," she stammered. "I knew you were unhappy, and I was miserable, and I thought—" She broke off there, and after a moment's silence finished with a flash of anger. "There's something beastly about you sometimes, Joe."

"I guess that's true of most of us," he said, dully, "but I didn't mean to be beastly then."

Her response to his humility was another lightning change of mood. Her hand darted out across the table and rested upon his. "I'm sorry, Joe," she said. "I wish we could be a *little* happy."

Down in the buried recesses of his spirit there had been a shattering burst of laughter at his dramatic, unbelievable fool. It was that caressing touch of Violet's hand that seemed somehow to have set free the whole house of cards. It had happened before the innkeeper had come back to make a suggestion that there was room and time for a few days, or he would have been surprized by the momentary gleam in Violet's face with which she responded to it. He had looked for it in vain, throwing it would be there. What a fool he had been, with his chivalry and his precious ideals! Well, they understood each other, now!

They finished their lunch in silence, after their host had withdrawn once more, and then, still without a word, returned to the veranda. When she had seated herself upon the davenport he sat beside her, but

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

not very close, and with his hands clasped between his knees. She asked him what time it was, and he told her quarter to three.

"Just a little more than an hour left," she commented, forlornly. "Will that be long enough, do you suppose, for you to forgive me up in? I don't think I can bear it if you don't."

"There's nothing to forgive," he said. "You're perfectly right about it—about the craziness of my plan, I mean. I've been a fool. And I've times of being what you call a beast."

"*I don't* call you that! Except when I'm so frightened I don't know what I'm saying. Of myself, Joe, more than of you. I'm the worst coward in the world; that's the truth about me. But I wish I didn't make you so unhappy."

"You don't need to worry about that," he said. "You've been a lot kinder to me than I deserve."

"But I'm unhappy, too," she sobbed. "Oh, I wish I knew what to do!"

He pulled her up then in his arms and kissed her, and she, with a deep-drawn sigh, returned the kiss. "We've still got an hour," he said, and for a long while after that they spoke of nothing more to the purpose than the sailing gulls and the sheets of white foam left by the receding tide.

She asked him, tho, at the end of a protracted silence, what he was thinking about.

"I've been trying not to think about it," he confessed. "But I am a beast, and I can't get it out of my head."

She neither spoke nor stirred until he went on.

"All you'd have to do to-morrow would be to have your wife Mrs. Wentworth from actually putting you on the train. You come down to the same station, but you take our little car instead. And I'm on it. And we come out here and have our little—holiday. Two days out of a lifetime—that's all I know is impossible. But you asked what I was thinking about, and that was it."

"Do you want me to do it, Joe?"

The simplicity of the question, and the intensity of the emotion that propelled it, literally, for an instant, stopped the beat of his heart. His eyes, wide open, bore, but through the blur he could see hers, wide with a sense of great adventure, gazing up at him.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know whether I want you to or not."

Her arms tightened about him and she uttered a shaky laugh. "I love you for saying that. I'll come, Joe. I'll give you those two days—"

"And you'll get to be starting back now. You go find the man and tell him. He'd better not see me like this."

JOE made his arrangements, and they caught the train and contrived, very tidily, how her meeting with Mrs. Wentworth at six should be made plausible.

Violet managed her meeting with Alice Wentworth with entire success. But Alice made her jump, tho, by saying—holding her off in both hands for a good look, "You've been improving, Violet. I've never seen you looking prettier, or any younger, hardly, since I was your bridesmaid. Have your secret, please, Mrs. Wrenn; and give him your trunk-checks, too."

"My trunks!" Violet caught her breath. "You poor dear!" Alice cried. "What does it matter whether you send them up or leave them down? And in your wisdom you might stay with us a day or two; that's all. But if you want to go straight on to-morrow, I'll send them up." She checked herself, by good-humored violence, of the checks and handed them over to the grave, kindly-looking servant.

Save for panicky flashes of elation and terror, about equally combined, when she thought of to-morrow's adventure, Violet was near enough her natural self by the time the drive to the big brown house in the Back Bay had been accomplished. Of course she'd come down to dinner, and she'd love a rubber or two of bridge afterward. There was time to write a letter with her, really, except that she couldn't, quite.

"I guess you'd better telephone John if you feel equal to it," Alice said when she'd come up with her to her room. "He seems to be rather jumpy about you. At least he sounded that way to me this afternoon when he telephoned."

"What was he telephoning to you about?" Violet heard herself ask in a voice that sounded strange enough, only rather far away.

"Lie down a minute," Alice commanded, quietly, after a look at her. "It's all right. There hasn't anything happened. He tried to telephone to you, that was all, and when they told him you were here he asked for me. He seemed to have the idea that you'd get here this morning, and couldn't quite get it through his head that you hadn't. I'm sure you weren't expecting you till six. It was about something your cousin, Margaret Craven, had meant to ask you before you went, and somebody's address, or such a matter. She was having lunch with him and he said he'd telephone and find out for her. It's absolutely nothing to bother about, you see."

There was a long silence. Finally Violet said, "I see what happened. John thought I was coming on the Broadway. I was, but I missed it. And he always laughs at me for missing trains, so I didn't call him up

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

Myra Armstrong settled back comfortably in the luxurious Pullman chair

Her Great Adventure

How a Woman's Spare Time Was Turned Into Ready Money

Story By Herberta Woodward
Illustration by Johanna Thornsraven

Mrs. Paul Armstrong leaned back contentedly in the luxurious depths of her Pullman chair. The gentle swaying of the great coach soothed her into a dreaminess that found expression in languid eyes which idly drank in the beauties of the swiftly changing scenery. Mrs. Paul Armstrong was thinking.

This was the day of days to which she had so eagerly looked forward these past five years. Five years of waiting—and it seemed but yesterday that despair clutched heavily at her heart—her roseate dreams of the then future but mocking mirages of something that could never be.

Yet it had come to pass. Here she was on the journey she had been planning for so long. With keen satisfaction she contemplated the dress she wore. Never before had she been able to dress this way, and she sensed, womanlike, the attractiveness of her appearance.

And she had brought all these things into her life solely through her own efforts. Nobody had helped her. It was her victory and hers only.

She glanced at the tiny watch of white gold which gleamed on her wrist. Fifteen minutes more and she would greet the mother whom she had not seen for ten years. And she would be proud of how she looked. How happy she would be during the next four weeks of that long delayed visit. To Myra Armstrong this was her great adventure and the climax was near.

Idly she began turning the pages of the magazine on her lap. Suddenly she stopped. There it was, the advertisement of the firm through which her fondest hopes had been realized. Her thoughts flew back over the months and in her mind's eye she saw plain as day another advertisement, the one she had answered when resolution had taken firm hold on her spirit and urged her to achieve the thing she wanted so much.

How well she remembered that first letter she had written to the Gearhart Knitting Machine Company. The promptness with which she had decided had astonished even herself and never a regret had there been during the months that followed. She was glad—glad, oh how glad she was that it had all come about.

If anyone had told Myra Armstrong five years back that she could go into business and actually earn money she would have looked at them in amazement. Married young, she had learned no trade or profession and had been taught to lean upon the members of the family and look to them for everything. What they could not give her, she had learned to do without.

She had not been married long when misfortune entered her life. For some time her husband was out of employment. Business depression continued their extremity for a longer period.

Uncomplainingly she had accepted the inevitable, resolutely stilling every desire for pretty things, saving every penny, economizing until it seemed that they were living on air alone. It had been hard—very hard, for there was one desire that could not be quieted. It was to see her beloved mother who lived so far away.

Always is there something that impels towards success. It may be a great desire, a great ambition or a great love. In the end it wins if it is strong and great enough. It was love and desire that impelled Myra Armstrong to take up home knitting and relieve the financial stringency which threatened her health and happiness.

She had been attracted by more than one advertisement offering the means of home employment. One had not appealed to her as entirely reliable, another she put aside because there were veiled insinuations of unreasonable earnings, with homes, automobiles and grand pianos pictured as possibilities from the results of home knitting. She sensibly concluded that she could expect none of these and being sensible she wanted nothing more than a fair opportunity to turn her spare time to account for a fair remuneration. Finding the Gearhart Company a long established and conservative firm with a reputation for the squarest kind of dealing, the Gearhart Standard Knitter had been her choice.

Myra Armstrong remembered well the day the Knitter had arrived. She could hardly wait to unpack it and start knitting the Allwear Hosiery she had read about so much. It had not been easy at first. The precise, machine-like movements of the scores of needles were a little confusing but she was determined and, with the aid of the instruction book, soon mastered the operation. If thousands of other women could do it, she could and she *did*.

The start was slow, she remembered. The first pair of socks took some time but gradually her speed increased until one time she found she had earned nearly three dollars in a single day. And it was all done during spare time.

This hosiery she sent to Gearhart who guarantees under a three-year contract to accept and pay for all the Standard Allwear Hosiery a man or woman can turn out. Soon she found that she could sell the hosiery to stores and neighbors at good prices. Everybody admired the handsome, strong, well-knitted woolen socks. Now she was in business for herself—and indeed she had been right along, just as much as any manufacturer who makes a product for another to market. After a while her little business became established and although she had the three-year contract to fall back on whenever she desired, yet neighbors and local stores took all she could turn out. Then came a day when the name of Myra Armstrong appeared on a little bank book; her savings grew; the lines of worry disappeared from her face and she sang as she worked.

The months passed quickly; for they were pleasant months to live. The simple things she needed came one by one, not costly things but good and serviceable. Then the long cherished journey to her mother.

"Bless that advertisement," cried Myra Armstrong almost audibly as the brakeman cried her stop. "I don't see why any woman need sigh and wish for the reasonable necessities of life when, with a little determination, a few dollars and the Gearhart Home Knitter, she can so easily find the key to her desires."

This illustrative story is frankly meant to interest the reader, man or woman, in a fair way, with the possibilities of utilizing spare time at home in the knitting of Allwear Hosiery.

The Gearhart has more home workers associated with them in the production of Allwear Hosiery industry. Everything is made as easy as possible for the beginner. A three-year contract is given which obliges Gearhart to pay you a liberal price for knitting all the Standard, well-knitted hosiery you can turn out, free yarn is sent with each machine and all possible assistance rendered in getting started. Gearhart Knitting Machines do their work well and speedily when intelligently operated, they make less noise than a sewing machine and a mere child can run one and the children, mittens and other things.

Those who do not care to dispose of their product themselves will find the three-year contract furnishes a ready market. If you wish to turn your spare time into profit, you will find Gearhart Home Knitting a pleasant and practical occupation. Simply clip the coupon and mail to the Gearhart Knitting Machine Company, Clearfield, Pa., and full information will be mailed you immediately, including your Guide Book and free samples of knitting. Address Dept. P R N.

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

and tell him— I suppose I ought to telephone him now——

"My dear," said Alice, "you can't talk across the room to me, let alone to Chicago. I'll wire John that you've got here all right —or telephone, if you'd rather."

"No Wire is better," Violet murmured.

Despite their protests, she did come down to dinner and played bridge furiously all the evening. It was her last night out, she told them, and the only thing in the world she dreaded was going to bed. Doctor Brown could make her do it, but nobody else could. And, indeed, when she knocked on Alice's door, about five in the morning, she was not undressed beyond a negligée, nor had she lain in her bed.

She was beaten by then. The night had been too much for her. She had kept up the fight—Joe's fight, she put it—as long as she could. Her terrors had abated her desire for him, and even made her believe at moments that she whole-heartedly hated him, but they did not rid her of him. She trembled at the thought of his rage if she were to fail to meet their rendezvous. What would he do? What *might* he do—a man like that! She could herself she wouldn't be safe from him for years—never—if she disappointed him that morning.

But, even so, she was less afraid of him than she was of Margaret Craven. Margaret had never liked her much, and had for years been distinctly romantic about John. She took John's part in their small quarrels and lectured her by implication about her duties to him. John scolded her—was forever doing things for her. Whenever, in Violet's absence, he needed a hostess, he called her in. Lunching with him to-day! Of course she was!

It had never, tho, until now occurred to her to regard Margaret seriously. In the matter of Joe Greer, she had from the beginning taken Margaret's enmity lightheartedly enough.

But to-night her vision of that lunch—Margaret talking about her with pretended affection and concern, egging John on to telephone to her—awakened a horrifying surmise. Violet had been careless about Joe before Margaret, last Summer. She might have guessed a good deal.

Mightn't she, then, have suspected this New York trip from the first? And wasn't that why she had made John telephone? Well, the trick had worked. The alibi was exploded. How would Margaret have played that hand? Would she have laid down her cards? Had she already started John to New York to find her?

It would work out to a handsome revenge for Margaret if she had persuaded him to do that. But was revenge what Margaret wanted? Or was it Violet's own place—her secure place with John, long coveted, that she thought she saw a chance to get?

It was when her thoughts reached this destination that she knocked on Alice Wentworth's door. She told Alice, in a manner of the most intense calm, that she must go back to Chicago at once—on the very next train that left. She didn't care what road—only not on the Pennsylvania.

SHE gave John, who met her in the La Salle Street station at seven o'clock the next morning, the most electrifying surprise he had experienced since she had told him, twenty years before, that she would marry him. The sort of hug and kiss she bestowed upon him on the platform was unusual enough, but what she said to followed. She made light of her illness as they walked through the station to the car in which he'd driven down from Lake Forest to meet her. She'd had a silly attack of the flutters, had got over it, and had come home quickly as she could to reassure him that she was all right. He'd have found this rather hard to believe had not her looks completely belied her.

After they were seated in the car, with the chauffeur waiting to be told where they wanted to go, he asked her, perplexedly, so that it would be easy for her to refuse—if she'd like to have breakfast at the club with him before she drove home.

"Can't you come home to breakfast with me, John?" she asked. "Just for the ride and the visit?" And behind Jeffrey's stationary backs, as they rolled up Sheridan Road, she sat close to him and held his hand!

Three or four miles from home he told her he had Margaret out there to look after her and stave things off that she mightn't want to bother with.

"That's all right if she doesn't stave you off," Violet said, with a small nervous laugh.

"As long as she's there," she went on a moment later, "I think I'll tell you something now. Because she makes it hard, somehow—this is what I mean, just now—for me to talk to you. Well, that's all it is, really. I don't want you staved off, John, by anybody. I don't want to be—let alone. To go my own way. That sort of thing. I know I've made you think I did. That's a trick most women have, I guess. But they don't mean it. At least I don't. Not any more. I'd like to have you with me—all the time. Day *and* night."

He looked at her gravely; almost—if that had been possible for John—suspiciously. "Violet," he asked, "have you been frightened by anything? Or anybody? Are you afraid of anything now?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

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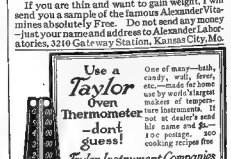

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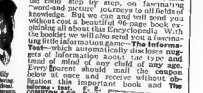

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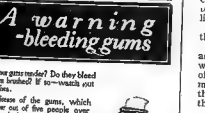

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

She met his look steadily. "There isn't a thing. There's only one thing. And that is that some day you may get tired of me." At the look this drew from him she uttered a sobbing laugh and flung herself upon him. "It isn't a night watchman I want you for," she said.

FROM the ninth of October, when Joe telegraphed Jennie for information on the totals of the drafts that were coming in, his office heard no word of him until within a week of the expiration of Williamson's offer. It was an anxious time for Jennie, saved from being desperate only by a continual asseveration of her faith that Joe would turn up in time, bringing some sort of means of salvation with him.

But on Tuesday, the second of November, just as she was getting ready to leave the office at the end of the afternoon, a boy from the Stratford Hotel brought her a note written in lead pencil, in a hand so little like Joe's that momentarily she doubted the signature. It asked her simply to come up and see him as soon as she could, telling her the number of the room he was in. He had scribbled the words, "It's all right," after signing, but this she took as referring merely to the propriety of her visit.

With a heart-sickening premonition that everything that mattered had utterly gone wrong, she went along with the bellboy to the hotel and had him show her up to Joe's room.

He called in answer to her knock, "Come in, Jennie. That's you."

It was then nearly six o'clock, fully dark long since out-of-doors, yet his room was unlighted save for a small night-lamp upon the bed-stand. Joe, alone, was sitting in an easy chair that had been drawn up to one of the windows, a rug across his knees. He looked round at her and nodded toward another chair that shared the embrasure, but made no other move.

It was all she could do not to weep. It did not seem possible that the six weeks since she had last seen him, in Fargo, could have made such devastating changes in the man she knew. He was shrunken, chilly-huddled under his rug; the hand he finally offered her was slack and his voice spiritless, despite the pitiable effort he made at his familiar manner. She stood speechless, holding the limp hand he had given her in both her own.

"Oh, let's get it over with!" he exclaimed at last. "Sit down. You want to know what's happened, I suppose. I'm licked—that's the short of it."

"You're sick," she retorted. "That's the main trouble."

"See that in the dark, can you?" he asked, with a drawn grin. "Well, you're wrong. What you see is only a by-product of the biggest drunk I ever had, I guess it must be—it's been. I wasn't there, except at the start, till after it was all over, but that's my best judgment on it."

"Celebrating something, were you?" she asked, keeping back the tears.

"You might say I was, in a way. It wasn't over having sold our flax, tho, nor borrowed the money to pay for it. Not a pound nor a dollar. But celebration isn't a bad word for it, at that."

"They've really been at you, then, have they, Joe?"

THERE was a long-stretched silence. "It wasn't they that beat me," he said at last. "They couldn't have done it. It was the other thing— I guess you know that, don't you? Didn't you see anything queer when you came up to Fargo in September? Not about them; about me?"

She nodded. "Whisky, you mean?"

"I give you my word I didn't know it then, Jennie. I thought I was all right. I'd happened to find out that it did stop that headache of mine if I drank enough of it, and so far as I could see that was all it did. Big fool of course. I must have been doped with it, for weeks up there, not to have seen what Williamson's crowd was doing. I didn't find out what was the matter with me until the night you telephoned—and hung up on me."

"And of course you couldn't quit then," she commented; "right in the middle of everything."

"I did, tho. I stopped dead. Didn't have a single drop of whisky or any other sort of booze all that week. It was funny about that. My body was crazy, but my mind must have been near right. I all but landed that Chicago bunch. I had 'em coming right along. But they must have had a talk with their bankers, because on Friday afternoon they began to blow cold. I dropped them right there and went to Snell. Left him with a date—for Tuesday, I think. Or it may have been Monday. The same day. I guess that was it. Along in the afternoon."

She was puzzled by the phrase "the same day," but nothing would have induced her to ask him what he meant. She could see his eyes glowing in the dusk of the room.

"I had a funny week-end, Jennie," Joe went on. "I'm glad I didn't murder anybody. I'd run amuck, both of that. Part of me had. But part of me must have been all right; clearer than ever that I had to get that money from Snell, so I kept my appointment with him on the dot.

"The queer thing was I didn't want a

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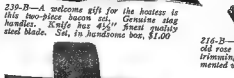

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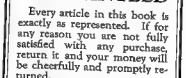

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THE GREERS

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drink. I remember it struck me I was cured of that, anyhow. What I couldn't stand about Snell was that he was so slow. I didn't let him see that, tho. I was making a pretty good start with him; getting him warm. Of course I didn't know, except from his say-so, that he had any real money, but I was going to get him anyway.

"I don't know where the bottle of hooch came from. I suppose I got it out of his desk. I'd forgotten all about it. Forgotten I wasn't drinking, see? I guess I poured out that first little drink without noticing—just as you'd light a cigaret. Drank it the same way. And then I remember the queer look there was in his face when he watched me pour out my first real drink.

"I can't remember much beyond that, except in bits. I think we kept on talking business for a while. And then we went to places. Different places. I don't know when he left me—that is, I don't remember—it seemed like Sunday. Then I found I was pretty sick, and seeing things, so I took myself in a taxi up to Bellevue Hospital. They kept me there till yesterday. Then I had 'em telegraph Bennett and send me out here. Got in this afternoon about three o'clock and had to get here to fix things up with you, and I wasn't sure when our option on Williamson's offer ran out. There's still a day or two, isn't there?"

She nodded, a little absently. "Yes, that's all right. We have till Friday." She sat for a while very still, watching quietly and trusting to the dark that he shouldn't see. Then she reached for both his hands and held them in a tight clutch.

"If there's anything, Joe—anything in the world that I can do—to help you, tell me, and I'll do it."

"Why, there's quite a lot," he said, rather flatly, "but I can't seem to remember any of 'em. Not *compos* by streaks, that's what it amounts to. Wait a minute! I've got the gist of it. Nathan's coming round pretty soon with a power of attorney, just as broad as he can draw it, for you. I'll sign it, and then you can act for me in everything, see? Say what you like to Williamson. Make any sort of bargain you please. Don't have to bother with details after that."

She was appalled by the prospect of assuming, single-handed, so great a responsibility. She must have, she insisted, some inkling of what Joe wanted done with Williamson's offer. Was she authorized to accept it as it stood?

At this there was a flare of something that looked like the old Joe. "I'd see 'em damned before they ever got hold of our flax on those terms. I'd pull the whole thing down. Put the company in bankruptcy. See how they'd look then!"

"If we go into bankruptcy," she pointed out to him, "most of the subsidiaries will go too, and then Williamson's crowd will be able to get the flax for practically whatever they choose to pay for it."

The flare died down as suddenly as it had sprung up. Joe heaved a long sigh. "You're right about that, I guess," he said. "You'll just have to do whatever seems best to you. I'm through, Jennie. For this round anyhow."

She caught eagerly at the hint in that last phrase. Doctor Bennett, she supposed, had the cure in charge.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Bennett's got a place in mind where they've got a system for treating my complaint. Going down there with me to-morrow. Turns 'em out as good as new, they say."

Presently he spoke again. "There's one thing I was forgetting. I want some money. About a hundred and fifty dollars in currency. Bring it around to-morrow morning early, will you? Bring it yourself and see that I get it."

Evidently it was a relief to him that he'd succeeded in remembering this. This concluded the business, and now he relaxed. He didn't want to talk. He wanted to talk. Let Jennie ring up the dining-room and order herself some dinner. He had his own meals at nursery hours. Nursery meals, too. But these weren't reasons for starving her.

She didn't feel much like eating, but she did as he asked, and was rewarded by the pleasure he took in the convivial atmosphere which her coming, when it arrived, created. He mocked himself, but not bitterly. "I never thought I'd be asking a lady to dinner with me like this," he observed.

She tried desperately to think of something light-hearted to say, but found herself speechless.

"I know what you are thinking about," he went on, in a darker tone. "You're thinking that if I'd taken your advice, another time we had dinner together, about a letter I wanted to write to Pasadena, I wouldn't have been loitering around the streets, seeing red. Well, I give it to you. You were right about that, Jennie."

She gathered her courage and plunged. "I don't think you'd say that, too, if you could see Beatrice as she is now."

"You been seeing her?" he asked.

"Once in a while. Not often. She came into the office two or three weeks ago, on her way through Chicago."

"Hasn't been coming to you for money, has she?, Jennie, if you've given her any——"

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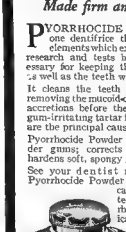

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

"She's never asked for any. I'm going to tell you something, Joe. I guess I ought to have done it long ago. She sent back that thousand dollars you gave George when you discharged him. He insisted on it, she said. She sent a check for it in that letter you had me tear up, unopened. But when I told her we'd torn up the letter, she said she'd let that settle it."

He surprised Jennie by laughing at this. "That's like Trix," he remarked. She had plenty more to say now, but decided to wait and let the silence work. After a while he said, "I suppose she's got a baby by now."

"No," she told him. "No signs of one yet. But Trix has developed a lot in this last year. I said she was happily married, and I think she is, but even if it doesn't work out any too well, she won't be smashed by it. She's been studying hard; learning a whole lot of things. She's found a way of earning money, quite a lot of money. It's a funny way, but she's as proud of it as can be."

SHE broke off there, thinking if she waited she could make him ask, but he did not speak. The silence suddenly took on the quality of granite.

She uttered, at last, a forlorn laugh. "Trix won't ask about you, either," she explained. "She *is* like you, Joe. Getting more like you every day— Oh, it's a crime, that's what it is! When two people adore each other the way you do." She turned on him with an impetuous gesture of appeal. "Joe, she isn't far away. She'll come to you like a—like a bird if you'll just let me send her a ten-word telegram."

His response to this was a veritable snarl of anger, like that of a wounded beast. "None of that, Jennie. Drop it, and drop it quick. And don't come and see me like *this!* I'll see her again some time. But it'll be when I'm up; not when I'm down like this. I'll be sitting on the world again some day, Jennie, and then we'll see what Trix has to say. She had her last shot at me when I was flat on my back, and what she did to me was aplenty. Next time it's going to be different."

This brought him round to the old refrain, his defeat by Williamson's crowd and how it had come about.

"I've been wondering," he said, "what it was gave 'em the idea of selling out in the first place. I suppose they must have got on, somehow, back in August or so, to the fact that I controlled the majority of the stock, and that made 'em think about getting from under. Well, they know how to keep their faces, that bunch!"

"They'd known it longer than that," she told him. "Since before the April meeting."

He stared at her. "What makes you think so?"

"Oh, Henry made it pretty plain from something he said the other day." She wished, uneasily, that she hadn't started this, but it was too late to stop now.

"Do you mean Henry himself knew about it then?" he persisted, and she nodded a reluctant assent.

"Henry Craven," he repeated, blankly. "Henry Craven— Why, Jennie, I'd have sworn I knew everything that went on behind that little man's eye-glasses. And he's known, you say, ever since way back last Winter what that bunch was cooking for me? He liked me, too. He liked both of us. And he never cared a damn for them. I know he didn't."

"He's loyal, tho," she said. "He's the most—scrupulous man I've ever known. His duty was to Williamson, of course."

"They're a different breed, Jennie," he said at last. "They're a herd. Locking horns and shoving among themselves until an outsider comes along, and then they all face the same way and put down their heads. They know how to wait, too. Wait for him, that's all they do. I made good on my process; made thirty million pounds of valuable stuff out of something that had always been thought worthless, but they got me. This time."

Nathan came in about then with the power of attorney, and the deed that had been read and talked over and signed, Doctor Bennett appeared and made no secret of his disapproval of their business with his patient. So Jennie, as soon as it was possible, took her leave.

Joe stopped her on the way to the door with a last reminder. "Don't forget that errand I gave you. And be sure and come back first thing to-morrow morning and tell me about it."

"I won't forget," she promised, but she went away with a very divided mind. He had made it plain that the hundred and fifty dollars he had asked her to get him was not going to be mentioned to Doctor Bennett. Wasn't it her duty, in the light of Joe's condition, to tell? She demolished this question with a violent negative. Joe was still her boss, and he knew what he wanted better than all the doctors in Chicago. They had got him, indeed—as Joe said—"this time." Was it believable that there could be a next time? During the dark of that night, at least, this was beyond the capacity of Jennie MacArthur's faith.

There has not been, and of course there never will be a "next time" for Joe Greer, if one means by the phrase a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

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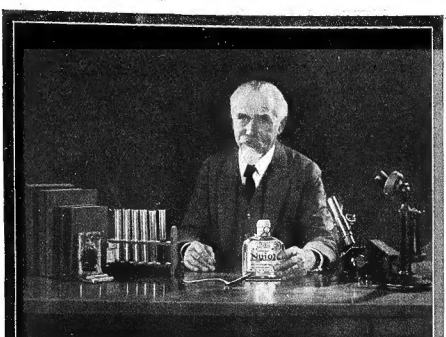

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THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

return-match with John Williamson and his allies. This story, which began—if a story can be said to begin—on the April day in 1919 when they organized the company, ended on the Friday in the Fall when Jennie went to Williamson's office and signed, under Joe's power of attorney, the contract the financiers offered her. They were completely and finally the victors. The spoils of Joe's process for making linen of the straw that had once been burned in the fields belonged to them; not to Joe, whose imagination had conceived the process; nor to the small, careful, modestly prosperous folk who built the mills; nor to the farmers who grew the flax.

Reluctantly one concedes the improbability of any other outcome, even if Joe had never summoned his disturbing daughter from California to live with him, nor sustained a concussion of the brain and resorted to alcohol as a cure, nor fallen in love with his antagonist's wife. Unimaginative, soft, irresolute, kindly, as these stalled folk seemed to him to be, their qualities are more than he can cope with. They are truly gregarious; they are, by tradition and temper, collectors, harvesters, stowers-away; and a man like Joe, who had no real interest in property beyond the dynamic use of it as a part of the processes of getting something done, stands little chance against them.

There's another side to the thing, tho. If John Williamson's jolly little daughter Dorothy is ever swept from her moorings by some storm of passion, as Beatrice was swept, into an alien world, that experience will be determinative for the rest of her life. And if ever you find John huddled under a rug, shuddering from the exhaustion of alcoholic excesses, defeated, abdicating under the broadest power of attorney his lawyers know how to draw, you will be safe in prophesying that this is the end of John Williamson. But Joseph Greer and his daughter are actuated by a livelier principle—kinetic, not static; the river, not the reservoir. They may come crashing down over the falls—but they make their way.

Something about like this, tho not formulated in quite these terms, was the conviction Henry Cravens found Jennie abiding in when he talked with her about Joe for the first time after the capitulation. This was not until the very end of November. He'd been seriously ill with bronchitis—and glad to be—for three weeks. It was not upon Joe, however, that their conversation began.

SHE had greeted him with a double handshake and a spontaneous revelation of her pleasure in seeing him about again, and her concern over his illness. He flushed at her friendliness and said as he took the armchair she pulled up for him, "I ought to have said my say before I let you shake hands with me. Before I've finished you may want to take it back." He wouldn't be laughed out of this, either.

He took three envelops from his pocket; one of them he told her was his resignation of his office as treasurer, and one his resignation as director. These he passed over to her. The third he kept in his hand. "About the directorate, I don't care," he said. "I'll leave it with you, and if you want to keep me on for a while, to avoid having only a minority of the board left, why, I'll be glad to serve. Whenever you want to make up a new board, you can just fill in the date. But the other resignation, as treasurer, I've dated as of November first, and that you must accept. I'd have got out before if I'd been free to do so."

REALLY there was no room for argument about this; the company in its clip-winged condition couldn't afford a treasurer at a thousand dollars a month. She was horribly unhappy about it, all the same, and after a troubled moment of hesitation she broke out:

"Henry, don't mind, *please*, but—what are you going to do?"

He smiled rather dryly after telling her he didn't mind. "I thought for a while that I was going to have the satisfaction of doing something decent at my own expense, but it doesn't seem to be coming out that way. Mr. McGregor—he's the president of our bank, you know—came to see me on his own hook night before last to see if I wanted to come back to my old job with them. Mac's just a professional banker, and he'd never have come to me unless he'd thought I was—as good as he could get. So I said I'd take it, then and there.

"John was surprized—and seemed a little annoyed—when I told him about it. He said their idea had been to give me the same job I'd had here, in the new company. I guess I made it plain to him—tho it's very hard for me to say some things to John—that I didn't want anything to do with the new company. Anyhow, he asked me, with that smile of his, you know, if that applied to owning stock in it. I—I suppose you'll find it hard to believe, but I had to ask him what he meant by that.

"He said he'd put the proceeds of the sale of my stock in the old company—all but five shares so that I could stay on here as director—into the new, but that of course I needn't, go in unless I liked. I told him I didn't," and thought that was the end of it— At least——

"Jennie, when a man's been kind to you for half your life—the kindest person you've ever known, and that's John, you can't say things to him as you'd say them—on general principles. I tried to make myself believe he understood. But this morning, in the mail, I got John's check for thirty-seven thousand dollars, with a letter from Rollie Mill saying it was what was due me from the sale of my stock in the Greer company. I went round to his office, but I couldn't even see him. All I could get out of Rollie was that it was perfectly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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THE GREERS: *By Henry Kitchell Webster*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

straight bookkeeping; he'd figured it out himself.

"Well, that's what's in this other envelop, Jennie. I feel as if it was—blood-money. Something I'd sold Joe for. And if there's any way it can be used *for* him, I want you to take it and use it."

She told him, terribly embarrassed by a fear she'd break down and weep over him, that there was no such use for it. "Joe isn't broke," she assured him. "He'll even get quite a decent little income out of the Greer company, and he's got more or less besides in various things. You take that check, first thing to-morrow morning, and buy Liberty bonds with it!

"And don't go on feeling guilty about it, either. You didn't sell him out. He said to me, when I saw him last, that he had never expected you to tell him anything." And after spending a few minutes more upon him in argument and reassurance, she exclaimed, out of a full heart, "Oh, *Henry*, I'm glad you're back in the bank! It makes one less person I have to worry about, anyhow."

HE HAD begun to smile over the touch of exasperation which was unmistakably mingled with her good-will for him, when he saw in a flash that she was seriously worrying over some one else.

"I'm going to have dinner to-night with Trix and her husband. They're in town and it's their wedding anniversary. I've got to make up my mind what to say to her about it, or whether to say anything. Of course he's her father, and——

"You see, Joe's disappeared from that place Doctor Bennett took him for his cure. Just—vanished. Without leaving a trace—Well, of course, that's the way Joe would do it if he did it at all."

"How long ago?" Henry asked.

"Tuesday; after breakfast, some time. They notified Doctor Bennett that night, and he came straight around to me. Four days ago, that is, you see."

"Four days," Henry repeated, somberly. "He couldn't vanish, could he? There's a lake right near that place, isn't there, Jennie?"

"That's what Doctor Bennett is nearly out of his head about. That's one of the things. He never killed himself, Henry. I'm perfectly sure he didn't. No, that isn't feminine intuition. I always knew he meant to run off. He had me bring him a hundred and fifty dollars in currency that morning, on the quiet."

"It strikes me as rather funny you did that," Henry remonstrated.

She gave a short laugh. "It didn't strike Bennett as funny. He pretty near took off my head. But I'd like to know why I shouldn't have done it. Joe's not a criminal nor a maniac. He wouldn't have gone to that place at all if he hadn't been too tired to argue about it. He can cure himself in his own way. Why, Henry, he quit drinking for a whole week down there in New York, right in the thick of everything. Then something happened to him—he didn't tell me what—and he began again. I think he's gone away to cure himself now. Anyhow, he'd never have taken a hundred and fifty dollars if he'd meant to jump in the lake. You can see that."

"What's being done to find him?" Henry asked.

The muscle in Jennie's jaw defined itself. "Not a thing," she said. "That's what Bennett and I have been fighting about. I won't have it, Henry! If he wants to disappear it's his own business. He can go where he likes, and come back when he gets ready. Of course it's hard for the people who are fond of him, but he never did think much about things like that. For all I know, there may be a few people that he wouldn't mind having believe he'd drowned himself. But it would never occur to him that you or I or Trix would think he had done that; and the only thing for us to do is to wait until he comes back."

"What does Beatrice think about it?" Henry asked, dubiously. "Of course if she agrees with you, there's nothing to be said."

"Well, there you are," Jennie confessed, miserably. "That's why I hate to go to dinner with them to-night. You see, Trix doesn't know. She doesn't know anything, I mean. Doctor Bennett would tell her in a minute, of course. And she could give him all the authority he needs for starting a search. But he doesn't know where she is. That made-up name she uses when she does exhibition-flying at fairs and things wouldn't mean anything to him, if he happened to see it. And she's going to California in a day or two. She's got a contract to do some stunts for the movies, but if she got the idea that he was down and out—wandering around, like a lost dog—she'd drop everything and try to find him; and the worst of it is she'd most likely succeed. It would be about the worst thing that ever happened to Joe if she did." She drew a long breath and leaned back in her chair. "Well, I have talked it through, anyhow, Henry," she concluded. "Much obliged."

She came back to Henry's own affairs when he rose to go, gave him both hands again, and wished him luck. "This office won't seem like the same place without you," she said.

That was a dreary Winter for Jennie, and would have been hardly endurable but for the companionship, out of office-hours, of Henry Craven. They were much together, especially after Margaret returned to Italy in January. They went to most of that season's plays together; dined at least as often as once a week, sometimes in odd little restaurants, sometimes in Jennie's flat. They talked life over endlessly: ideas, people, their own experiences and states of mind. Sometimes, but not often, they talked of Joe, of whom in all those months nothing had been heard.

Finally, along in the Spring, Henry asked her to marry him.

He did it out of a clear sky rather, a little desperately (perhaps the expectation of his sister Margaret's return from Italy within a fortnight nerved him against further procrastination), one night as Jennie was driving him home in her car from a play. It was a comedy which Jennie hadn't enjoyed very much—her sense of humor was not her strongest point—about an abysmally stupid woman who by dint of industrious meddling and doing everything wrong, miraculously brought everything out right for her distracted husband.

"I suppose," Jennie said, indignantly, as they drove over the bridge, "there are plenty of successful business men who would be just as infatuated over a fool of a woman like that as he was."

"Well," Henry said, "I'm not a successful business man. You've got to admit that. So I ought not to be suspect." He didn't say another word until after they had crossed Chicago Avenue. Then he declared, "You know what I'm trying to say, Jennie. I want you to marry me. Do you think you could make up your mind to that?"

"Oh, wait!" she cried, with a gasp. And, indeed, it was not the sort of question to ask a lady who was driving through that pelting traffic.

He told her in his kindest way not to mind. There was no hurry.

SHE threaded the little car through the southbound stream at the mouth of his street, and pulled up at the curb before his door. Then she folded her arms over the wheel and for a moment put her head down upon them. "I'm all right," she told him. "Only, you gave me sort of a shock, Henry."

"Why, I've been getting round to it for months," he protested. "You must have seen that!"

She owned she'd thought of it once or twice. "But only as a thing that couldn't possibly happen. I guess I'm as great a fool about this sort of thing as——"

"As I am about business. Well, then, that's all right."

She said indignantly this wasn't what she meant. It was the woman in the play she had been thinking of. "All the same," she went on, getting herself together, "I think I'm right about this. You've never had much—well, romance. You've had no chance for it. Not since you were a boy and fell in love with your cousin Violet. Now, with your sister independent, and your own income, and your job at the bank, you're free. You ought to fall in love with somebody ten or fifteen years younger than I am; pretty and mysterious and exciting and all that."

He laughed. "When it comes to mystery—for me—you leave this crop of flappers nowhere. You're the most wonderful person I've ever known, Jennie."

SHE caught her breath at that, and laughed in turn, but he did not continue on this tack. His own feelings were clear enough, he said. He knew what he wanted. But the point was, what did she want. How did she feel about him.

"I don't know," she said soberly. "I like this pretty well as it is. I don't believe I could ever want anything very different unless—well, unless I was sure you did. Unless you wanted something different—terribly."

"I don't believe I'll have any trouble convincing you, Jennie," he told her. And then, with his familiar considerateness, since he saw she was shaken and distressed by doubts, he covered her hands with his, and said she wasn't to worry about it, anyhow. She could have all the time she wanted for making up her mind.

"You're a dear, Henry," she said, with a catch in her voice. "If I ever marry anybody it will be you."

He was well pleased with the beginning he had made, and he looked forward to going up to her flat to lunch with her the following Sunday, in the fearful hope that the matter might be explicitly and finally settled after all, before Margaret got home.

But on Saturday afternoon, within a few minutes of his homecoming from the bank, she amazed him by appearing, in a radiance of unsuppressed excitement, at his own door.

"I couldn't wait for to-morrow," she said. "I could hardly wait to get here. I almost spoiled it by telephoning. Henry, I've heard from Joe—a long letter. He's all right again; just as I've always said he'd be."

It was strange that Henry's heart should have sunk at that, but it did. "Oh, that's wonderful!" he said. "Come in and sit down, and tell me about it."

"I don't believe I *can* sit down," she confessed. But she made him do so, in an easy chair, and light his pipe. Impatiently, she squeezed the tears out of her eyes. "I don't know if I can talk either. You see, he's the old Joe again, as he hasn't been—oh, hardly since you've known him, Henry. That letter, it was like a boy's letter—a schoolboy's. Some of the things in it, you don't know whether to believe or not. He never cared whether you did believe him or not. Only laughed.

"He told me the way he disappeared from that place where Doctor Bennett took him. He was walking around the grounds, thinking he would just walk away as he was—he had that money with him, of course—when he heard a couple of men on the other side of a clump of bushes talking Spanish—a sort of Spanish—and he sat down and talked with them. They were part of a gang that was building a road, a concrete road, right by the sanitarium. They were being worked awfully hard, trying to finish that stretch before frost.

"One of them didn't like it and said he was going to quit. Joe gave him some money, and promised him some more, to go to the village and buy him some common clothes and a razor, and things, and bring them back there. And then he shaved off his beard and dressed in the working-clothes, and went and got a job with the gang, having everything interpreted for him into Spanish before he would understand it. He was right there through all the excitement over his having disappeared. He must have enjoyed that—tho the work pretty near killed him, he said.

"It only lasted three or four weeks before they had to stop on account of the frost, but he got interested in roads by that time. Thinking about them. Thinking about getting something that would be better than concrete. So he went down to New Jersey to some of the big chemical plants there, and looked around and asked questions. Joe can get anybody to tell him anything, of course. And then he began to get an idea.

"He has set up a little laboratory of his own—I don't know where he got the money, but he always kept some handy—and he thinks he's on the trail of what he's looking for. Something that will be cheaper than concrete, and just about as easy to lay—when you know how to do it; and as good for horses as it is for motor-cars. He's almost ready, he says, to go at it in a big way. If he gets it, it will be about the biggest thing there is. He says his name is going to be spelled with a small letter some day, just the same as Macadam's was."

"You don't suppose he has got hold of a thing like that, do you?" Henry asked.

She turned upon him sharply. "When he says he has it he'll have it," she retorted. "It will be all there, from beginning to end—and it'll work. His flax process worked, didn't it?"

Henry blinked, and acknowledged that it did. Then he laid down his pipe and clasped his hands. Jennie was no longer looking at him.

"Oh, I don't care whether it works or not, as long as he does—his mind, I mean—in the old way. If that doesn't turn out right he'll find something else. He says that by Fall, he thinks, he'll need me down there. He will when we really get going, anyway."

IT WAS then she looked around at Henry Craven, sitting very still in his easy chair, his hands between his knees. She uttered a little cry of dismay, stood gazing at him for a moment without moving, and then as the tears came she went over to him without a word and kissed him.

"Oh, I understand," he told her. "Please don't feel unhappy about it. I haven't a doubt you're right. And nothing is spoiled that we've got."

"I love you better than I do him," she said, turning away again. "At least I think I do. I've never dreamed of marrying him, and never would—even if he wanted me to. But in another way—a sort of office way—I've *been* married to him all along. And now he's coming back, and wants me again——"

Once more he told her in his kindly, reassuring voice that it was all right and that he understood, but something in his look filled her with panic, and she said with great emphasis that she must be running on at once. He made no effort to detain her, but at the door, as he held it open, he asked:

"How about lunch to-morrow? Am I still invited on the old terms?"

"Of course!" she said, and he shut the door behind her rather quickly.

THE END

Here close, for our readers, the stirring adventures of Joe Greer and his daughter. Turn now for a new world of adventure to "Butterfly," by Kathleen Norris, on page 5.

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